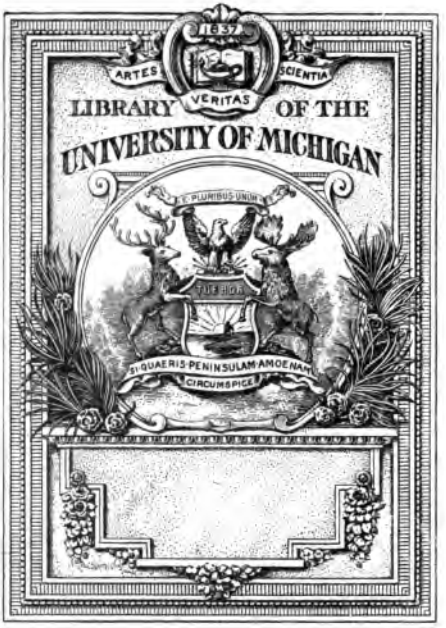
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THE

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A

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ART. I.—*Euripides Restitutus, sive Scriptorum Euripidis Ingeniique Censura, quam faciens fabulas quæ exstant explanavit examinavitque, earum quæ interierunt reliquias composuit atque interpretatus est, omnes quo quæque ordine natæ esse videntur disposuit et vitam scriptoris enarravit* J. A. HARTUNGUS. Hamburgi: 1843, 1844.

THE Greek Drama, like every other phenomenon of importance, stands in various relations, and may consequently be regarded from various points of view. When we speak of it as possessing both a historical and a universal interest, as belonging not only to ancient Athens but to all time, we do but vaguely and inadequately express the manifold complexity of its bearings. It has one aspect for the writer of Grecian history, and another for the historian of Greek literature; the lecturer on dramatic art will look at it through a third medium, and the professor of poetry through a fourth. Nor need there of necessity be any uniformity or correspondence between these its several aspects. Its significance cannot have been the same in all cases; the influence it has exerted may have been different, while the essential difference of the subjects must have contributed still further to diversify the results. The tragedy of Athens may be inferior both in poetical and in dramatic power to that of the Elizabethan era; yet its effect on the life and thought of the nation may have been appreciably greater. The requirements of the Attic stage may have been lower and less diligently consulted than those of the theatre at Weimar, but such a conclusion would not warrant us in inferring anything with regard to the comparative merits of Greek and German poetry. These are merely a sample of the distinctions which may be taken; and obvious as they may appear when pointed out, it would be no difficult matter to prove that they are not always observed in practice. The fault lies, not in adopting a one-sided view, for that, as we have seen, may be justified and indeed rendered necessary by the circum-

stances of the case, but by failing to perceive that it is one-sided, and thus making it do the duty of a complete account.

The necessity of bearing this many-sidedness in mind becomes greater when we have to pass judgment not on the Greek drama generally but on its individual representatives. If a regard to the principle of compensation be essential to a fair and liberal estimate of the whole, much more is it required in justice to the constituent parts, the relation of which to each other may be said, in the language of Socrates in the Protagoras, to be that of the features of a face, rather than of the particles of a piece of metal. Only three of the Greek tragedians remain to us, and those in a very imperfect state; and it would be hard to expect more than a sort of generic likeness among them. What with them and with the scanty notices of the ancient critics, the conception which we moderns have contrived to form of Greek tragedy is tolerably harmonious: but its harmony by no means excludes a progressive development, of which the last stage is sufficiently distant from the first. Had it not consisted of at least three strongly marked varieties, it would scarcely have been able to strike so many roots all around it: how can we imagine that each of the three is to contain those qualities which are the result of all taken collectively? Æschylus is commonly understood to be distinguished for his intense lyrical power: Sophocles for his consummate dramatic skill: Euripides too has characteristics of his own, though of a different kind from either. To censure any one of them because he happens to fall short in some one or more respects, without taking into account what he may have done in others, is not only one-sided but absolutely unjust, as it may be that the deficiency complained of is precisely that which is incidental to the peculiar excellence which he has most successfully cultivated as his contribution to the general stock.

Of course in thus asserting the independent position of each of the three tragedians, we are not to be understood as wishing to exclude comparison. The use of the compensation principle is not to supersede criticism but to direct it. Schlegel complains that Euripides has departed from the true idea of Greek tragedy: and though at first sight it may appear that the censure is arbitrary and gratuitous on the face of it, as it is from the works of Euripides as well as from those of his two rivals that we have to infer that idea, a little consideration will teach us that we must assume some standard, if we wish to pass a judgment at all. A purely positive inquiry, in art as in morals, finds itself reduced to a stand-still the instant it attempts to move. It will be well, however, for a critic's own sake, that in assuming his standard he should be guided by other consi-

derations than his individual fancy. Even those who have entered on the question in a spirit of philosophical research are found to disagree as to what constitutes the essence of the Greek drama. Schlegel, about the beginning of this century, decided the matter much to his own satisfaction and to that of the general public: but of late years he has been overruled in his own country, while even here, where, thanks to his vindication of Shakspere and the paternal relation in which he is supposed to have stood to some of Coleridge's thoughts,[1] he still enjoys a great name, murmurs are beginning to be heard against his authority. Professor Blackie, in a Discourse prefixed to a recently published translation of Æschylus,[2] disputes his view of the artistic structure of Greek Tragedy, his opinion about Destiny as the prevailing sentiment of the drama, his conception of the functions of the Chorus, besides one or two minor positions, declaring in plain homely English that he has said many things that look very wise but are simply not true. Both the German and the Scotch Professor would agree in rejecting the proposal of an appeal to Aristotle, who is not only deprived of the prospective judicature over the modern stage, which a hundred years ago was conceded to him by both critics and authors, but called in question as a judge of the drama which he saw before him. In the same way, we recollect, Bishop Thirlwall, in his well-known Essay on the Irony of Sophocles, rebuts some presumable objection from the Poetics by asking whether a treatise on Poetry by Bacon would have been regarded as an absolute authority on a problem in Shaksperian criticism. We hope it is not merely academical prejudice which inclines us to believe that the judgment of Aristotle in his own province ought not to be thus summarily set aside. Whatever may be the superiority of the moderns in matters which, being equally open to us and to him, have all the advantage of accumulated experience, we cannot so readily admit that we are likely to be

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[1] Coleridge may have borrowed from Schlegel, as the singular constitution of his mind seems to have made him, in various instances, an unconscious appropriator. But that this in no way detracts from his genuine originality will be evident to any one who compares his notes on Shakspere with Schlegel's Lectures. The former contain more profound remarks on the subject, though expressed, perhaps unavoidably, in a cumbrous and impracticable style, than are probably to be found in any single writer: the latter abound in passages of considerable rhetorical beauty, but their æsthetical value seems to lie rather in the standing-point which they assume towards the past than in any distinct contribution made to our knowledge of him. The extent of Schlegel's critical or discriminative power may be estimated from his Appendix on the Spurious Plays, where he classes 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' and 'Sir John Oldcastle' among Shakspere's best and maturest works, and rather patronises the opinion of a literary friend that in 'The Puritan' Shakspere must have wished for once to write a play in the style of Ben Jonson.

[2] The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus. Translated by J. S. Blackie. 2 vols. 1850.

beforehand with him in the full appreciation of things which were yet living in his time, and are more than two thousand years removed from ours. If Bacon's Essays could be compared to the Ethics for comprehensive views of human nature, we might argue that his opinions on Shakspere would have been entitled to similar deference: as it is, we feel that the writer of the Essay on Love could never have been a very competent judge of the author of Romeo and Juliet. Aristotle could not foresee the romantic drama any more than the moral code of Christianity; but he is still held to be a great psychological analyst, and it would be strange if the perception which enabled him to see so far into human character at first hand had utterly deserted him, when he came to look at it through the medium of what he himself defines to be imitation. The Poetics are indeed unmistakeably imperfect, sketchy and undeveloped, perhaps disarranged, perhaps interpolated; yet so far as they go we are inclined to accept their testimony, agreeing as it does for the most part with the evidence which the plays give of themselves. Besides, Mr. Blackie's quarrel with Aristotle has reference to questions of fact rather than of opinion—to the ancient *αἰσθητικὴ* rather than to modern æsthetics. It is true that the attack is made in the name of antiquity, Aristotle's spirit being objected to as not sufficiently antiquarian. Nevertheless, scanty as are the direct historical notices in the Poetics, we prefer trusting the older authority, considering how much the question relates to the feeling and impression of the times, and how little, after all that historical science has done, we in the nineteenth century are able to realize those more delicate shades. It is not a question like that between Livy and Niebuhr, a dispute between an uncritical *littérateur* and a philosopher of unrivalled acumen, on subjects peculiarly inaccessible to speculation in ancient times, and removed several centuries off even from an inquirer in the Augustan age.

We feel, too, that by a natural reaction from the modernising spirit of the last generation, we are in some danger of fancying the institutions of antiquity more distinctive and alien than they really were. Mr. Blackie, in his anxiety to keep clear of unseasonable modern associations, discards the very name of Tragedy from the Greek Theatre. The name which he substitutes for it, Lyrical Drama, or Lyrico-dramatic Spectacle, is doubtless more fully descriptive and precise: still we doubt whether the word Tragedy can be fairly made out to be so inapplicable as he believes it to be. He appears to us to exhibit in his own person an example of the verbal tyranny which he so studiously deprecates. Because Tragedy in its early acceptation meant a goat-song, he seemingly thinks that it may be designated by that

description from first to last. We had always been willing to believe that the name had lost a great part of its original force even in the time of Æschylus, and that to talk of Euripides as gaining the prize of the goat-song would merely be a mystification. What reason can there be for saying that in a play like the Antigone, for instance, 'the old Hellenic spectator only felt a hymn to Jove?' Would it not be nearly as correct to speak of Marlowe's or Shakspere's plays in terms borrowed from the old mysteries, out of which the English drama was historically developed? Mr. Blackie does not preserve the *juste milieu* which he promises: in his title he merely asserts the plays to be lyrical dramas: but in his discourse he so exalts the lyrical element as to keep the dramatic quite out of sight. The success of Euripides as a dramatist is said to be the strongest possible proof of the undramatic nature of the stage for which he wrote: and though Æschylus' dramatic power is freely admitted, the admission is made quite incidentally and, as it were, out of compliment to Sir Bulwer Lytton. Aristotle is taken roundly to task for having asserted that Æschylus abridged the Chorus and made the dialogue the principal part of tragedy, as if his words might not be very well understood to refer to the Chorus as it originally existed—that portion which is sung while the other actors are off the stage—the dialogue being made to include all conversation, whether carried on in iambics or in any other measure. There is also a tendency to overrate the impediments which the circumstances of the dramatist necessarily imposed upon him. Mr. Blackie speaks of the limited number of actors as producing 'this evil, that the persons in a Greek dramatic fable appear, not 'contemporaneously, but in succession, one actor necessarily 'playing several parts,' and reminds us that 'the commonest 'fabricator of a novel for the circulating library knows how 'necessary it is to keep up a sustained interest, that the character, 'when once introduced, shall not be allowed to drop out of 'view, but be dexterously intermingled with the whole complex 'progress of the story, and be felt as necessary, or at least as 'agreeable, to the very end.' Every one knows that a Greek tragedy is not so complicated as a play of Shakspere, much less as a novel by Dumas; but with this reservation we question whether the readers of the classical drama will generally complain that they see too little of the principal characters—in fact we are inclined to think that the objection must have occurred to Mr. Blackie himself merely as a logical inference from the admitted fact of the paucity of actors. Now Elmsley has asserted that, in several cases at least, the whole of a part was not given to the same actor—a cross division which must have

been considerably prejudicial to the scenic effect, but which at any rate operated in favour of the poet, enabling him to introduce his chief personages as often as the nature of a comparatively simple plot might appear to require. This is worth notice, as, though Mr. Blackie is quite ready to make light of the acting in comparison with the singing, he is yet more anxious to show that the plays were never calculated for reading. No doubt he is perfectly right in contending for the prominence of the musical element, and finding the English parallel to Greek tragedy in the opera rather than in the legitimate drama. A reading age is naturally apt to test the remains of its hearing predecessor by its own standard; ordinary readers see the Greek plays discussed on poetical and dramatic grounds and so forget that they ever stood on any other, and even scholars, absorbed in correcting the text or meditating on the poetry, may be tempted to regard them as things only belonging to the study. Such representations as that of the Antigone are never likely to be frequent; and, whenever an isolated case occurs, it will probably be regarded by the majority of the spectators as an experiment tried for the satisfaction of scholars upon a subject for which it was never really intended, much as the friends of Cornelius Scriblerus looked upon his endeavours to educate his son after the manner of the ancients. Under these circumstances it is always well that we should be reminded that the Greek drama was developed out of extempore songs to Bacchus, poured out by performers, who, from a combination of religious ecstasy and animal excitement, a union singularly characteristic of early Hellenic belief, were for the time not themselves, and that it was never wholly without traces of its original character. Its structure, especially at the time of Æschylus, with whom Mr. Blackie has been most occupied, though he repeatedly includes the two later dramatists in his observations, was not unlike that of a modern Oratorio: and in reading the different plays it is proper, as he tells us, to recollect that we have only the text book of the music. But we are disposed to believe with Schlegel that the poetry, after all, was the principal feature. The Greek music is known to have been sufficiently simple, the chorus not requiring the intervention of a composer, but being generally trained by the poet himself, who, though doubtless better qualified for such an office than a modern poet would be likely to be, cannot have had all the advantages which a division of labour confers on the professional musician; while the surpassing beauty of the poetry as poetry, admitted as a point of contrast by Mr. Blackie himself, shows that the other requisites can hardly have found room in the mind of the author for more than a secondary consideration. At any rate we can hardly go

wrong in claiming for the poetry a coordinate rank with the music, though we need not follow Mr. Keble, who turns Aristotle's assertion, that a drama ought to tell its own story to the reader, into an objection against one of the finest scenes in Sophocles, that where the body of Clytæmnestra is discovered to Ægisthus, as though what is undoubtedly gained in dramatic effect must necessarily be deducted from poetical merit.

But the chief thing to be borne in mind is that the Greek drama was not stationary but progressive, and that we are bound to regard its latest manifestations at least as much as the early beginnings out of which it rose. Its constant tendency was to become less of the song and more of the regular tragedy, in the Aristotelian or ordinary sense of the word. With regard to the dramatic qualifications of Æschylus, critics are at issue, even Sir Bulwer Lytton being balanced by an equally eminent Whig authority, Mr. Macaulay: we have no objection however to admit, on a mere perusal of his plays, that their lyric grandeur is their principal glory, and that his power of representation, though marvellous in its own way, is not sufficiently varied to be considerable as character drawing. But it is equally plain, even to the commonest reader, that in Sophocles and Euripides the work of the Chorus is very greatly reduced: both the choral odes and the lyrical part of the dialogue are abridged, while the strictly conversational element, that of which, according to Aristotle and Horace, the iambic measure is the natural exponent, appears more prominently, and the plot, that which supports and justifies the name of *δρᾶμα* or action, acquires greater length and complication. Sophocles and Euripides were contemporaries; but as the latter is known to have set up much more consciously and avowedly as a dramatic reformer, we shall be right in considering his as a later development, and in pointing to the extension of his *στιχομυθίαι* and the irrelevancy of his choruses as a proof that the dramatic, properly so called, was fast superseding the lyric. Agathon, another disciple of the new school, who, though younger than Euripides, seems not to have survived him, is reported to have offered a still greater slight to the chorus, satisfying its requirements by introducing certain lyrical insertions (*ἐμβόλιμα*), the name of which seems to imply that, if not actually taken from other plays, they were at any rate as applicable to one as to another, and were of no sort of use in carrying on the action. The chorus had broken its original connexion with Bacchus for the sake of the drama, which was now to discard it, and thus render it doubly *ἀπροσδιόνυσον*. The final metamorphosis of the old goat-song by the exclusion of all singing seems to have been averted by the decline of tragedy itself; but comedy, the Song of the Revel,

which lived longer, actually underwent this last change, and, to the horror of conservative critics and their modern followers like Horace, dispensed with the Chorus altogether. Schlegel indeed treats with scorn the notion that the tragic Chorus would have shared a similar fate, believing apparently that it was artistically necessary as representing 'the ideal spectator,' and consequently indestructible: but it is difficult to resist the evidence of history, or to see how the fact that Sophocles wrote a prose treatise on the Chorus proves that a post-Sophoclean school might not have done without it. It may be contended that such a change would have involved a total corruption of Greek tragic art, and that the classical drama could not have survived the shock, though such a plea is rather refuted by the example of comedy, which had at least as much to do with singing and dancing in its earlier days: still, even if we make the admission, the fact will remain that the tragedy of the Greeks had a certain tendency which, by natural progression, led it further and further from its dithyrambic original. We may say if we please that it reached its height at a particular period, after which it fell into decay: but we cannot deny that it had different aspects, and stretched out different ways; not being exclusively either a song or an idealized action, but affording no less scope for the exhibition of rhetorical dialogue or skilful construction of fable. Even as corruptions of the old tragedy these innovations would deserve attention, not only from the intrinsic importance of the process in itself—the successful corrupter of public taste being, as has been well said, only less great than its creator—but as being avowedly an onward step in a vaster development, leading directly to that more perfect form which has no resemblance to the goat-song except the accidental one of etymology.

For ourselves, we do not profess to have any sharply defined theory about the Greek tragedy, or any very firm conviction about its essential idea. We have not had the good fortune to arrive at it transcendentally, by intuition, and we doubt whether the plays themselves have as yet been sufficiently examined to bring out the result inductively. As we said a few pages back, it is necessary that some standard should be assumed; and therefore we must take up provisionally with such notions as we happen to have by us, a kind of floating capital of undefined tastes and perceptions, possibly available in particular cases, but not worthy of the dignity of being erected into a general proposition. Accordingly, in proceeding to speak of Euripides, we shall adopt a somewhat miscellaneous mode of treatment, discussing his various characteristics, intellectual, dramatic, and poetical, his relation to his own times and his influence on those that followed, rather than applying to him any one test, and

rejecting him if he should not happen to bear it. We can assure our readers that M. Hartung, with whose work we have headed our article, is not likely to object to such a multifarious ramble, as he himself has considered his hero in every conceivable light, though as he apparently believes that the poet will bear any comparison that can be made, from Æschylus and Sophocles down to Schacisperius, Schaxperius, or Shaxperius and Göthe, he may possibly complain of our desultory examination as not doing sufficient justice to these manifold excellences.

That which gives Euripides his greatest interest in our eyes is his position as the poet of his age. In deep and concentrated devotion to his art, and in exquisite delicacy of taste, he must undeniably rank below Sophocles; but he bears more of those marks which excite our enthusiasm and our sympathies for the Athens of the Peloponnesian war. It is curious, but not unaccountable, that the man who mixed so eagerly in contemporary speculation should have been handed down to us as austere and averse from general society, while his rival, who laboured for posterity, and did not care to impress his poetry with the peculiar features of the day, seems to have been easy and placid, taking life as he found it, and pursuing pleasure without stint or question. What the private *morale* of Euripides was, does not seem to be clearly made out. His writings are commonly accused of a relaxed tone, a charge which we shall come to afterwards: but that does not help us to decide the question. Tradition is very equivocal and indeed contradictory, there being stories on one side and epigrams on the other. M. Hartung is resolved to believe everything that is favourable, and to scout any evidence that may appear on the contrary behalf. He will not even allow that the poet's married life can have been unfortunate, endeavouring to set aside the rumours to that effect by an appeal to dates, into which we cannot pretend to enter, though we own that it reminds us of Mr. Rigby in Coningsby and his circumstantial evidence to prove that Lord Spencer was not dead. Partaking of the spirit of those around him, it is not likely that Euripides had any inducement to practise a very strict asceticism, in spite of the Hippolytus and the Ion, while at the same time we need not suppose him to have deviated into the opposite extreme. In other respects we seem to be able to make out more clearly what he was. Anxious to keep pace with the most advanced thinkers of his time, he sat under Anaxagoras and fraternized with Socrates. This naturally would expose him to some odium; and from the tenor of his writings he appears to have been more disposed to court than to avoid persecution, everywhere speaking of the σοφοί as a select brotherhood who are misunderstood and maligned by

their fellow-men. He evidently took pleasure in saying strong things in his plays, and when they were ill received he did not always content himself with a silent protest: on the contrary, he is reported to have come forward several times and replied to the expressions of disapprobation on the spot, and indeed on one occasion to have told the audience that he was there to teach, not to be taught. He also plainly made a profession of being a dramatic and poetical reformer: even if we had not the testimony of Aristophanes, which is as good on a broad matter of fact as it is bad on a question of character, we should easily discover that he held Æschylus rather cheap—and he carried this critical and antagonistic spirit with him into his compositions, where it is clear every now and then that he is thinking of himself and consciously introducing some novelty. Such a man was of course keenly alive to jealousy and ambition, and must have been readily susceptible of disappointment. Dissatisfaction with Athens had doubtless its share in leading him in his old age to seek honour in another country, though, in retiring to a foreign court, he was only following an example which had been set by Æschylus and was afterwards imitated by Plato. M. Hartung has again an opportunity of displaying his mingled scepticism and credulity in discussing the anecdotes connected with Euripides' stay in Macedonia. He is particularly unwilling to believe that his favourite poet can have been torn in pieces by dogs, except in a metaphorical sense, in which the devouring animal is Aristophanes; yet he admits that Archelaus himself was killed in consequence of the same quarrel which is said to have been fatal to Euripides. He appears however to be justified in supposing that his hero's fame increased rather than diminished after his death. The historical groundwork of the Frogs obviously is that Euripides was the rage with the people, Æschylus being supported by the few, or, as they called themselves, the wise and good; and Aristophanes dexterously attempts to reverse the judgment, by making Bacchus, who has been mad after the popular candidate, declare himself a convert to the claims of the old oligarch.

Having thus, rather from external than from internal evidence, formed a notion of the man, we shall know what to look for in his writings. Tragedy, as handled by him, may be expected to present its formally philosophical and rhetorical rather than its lyrical or its purely dramatic side. No doubt such a treatment has its own peculiar dangers, and may run into extravagances which are destructive of all dramatic propriety; but this does not prove it to be illegitimate, as the same unfortunate result can be alleged against other modes of handling. Æschylus, as we have already seen, has been frequently arraigned for the

undramatic character of his works, and even Sophocles, if we are to trust Mr. Keble's judgment, occasionally defeats his end by the means which he employs. Indeed it is on the rhetorical aspect of the Greek drama that Mr. Grote has fixed, as that which principally constitutes it an epoch in Athenian cultivation, and consequently most brings it under the notice of a historian. He even calls it a misnomer, because all is talk and nothing actually done—an assertion which may pass if intended as a joke, though in that case it would have come more naturally from Mr. Macaulay, or some other of the French school of writers, against whom the weighty and well-considered sentences of the History of Greece are a perpetual protest, but which would be unjust as a deliberate judgment, as, in spite of the ἀγγελικαὶ ῥήσεις and scenes of useless debate, we may infer not only from the well-known precept of Horace, but from the practice of the Greek stage,[1] that the transaction of matters behind the scenes was intended to be the exception rather than the rule, while the fact that the relation of things passed or passing elsewhere is made not by the poet, but by some one placed on the same level with the action and the actors, is a sufficient justification of the name according to its Aristotelian definition, showing that the spectators are admitted to see and hear something of what is supposed to have actually gone on, if not its most important part. And he expressly recognises in Euripides, as Schlegel and others have done, the man who was most zealous in carrying this habit into poetry, at the same time that he tacitly answers the objection that it was merely a private and intrusive element by showing that Sophocles also

[1] It may be worth while to substantiate this more fully than could well have been done in the text. It is not meant to deny that Mr. Grote's remark has some force both against the drama generally, which, if it is to have any artistic unity at all, cannot be made to represent the overflowing fulness of actual business-like life, and especially against the Greek drama which, as every one knows, had peculiar trammels of its own. Still, the assertion, in whatever sense it be taken, appears to be much too sweeping. Even deaths occasionally took place on the Greek stage—not only natural ones, like that of Alcestis, but violent, such as those of Ajax and Evadne. It would be wrong too to confound the whole action of a piece with what is really only its palpable and outward consummation. In the Œdipus Tyrannus and Electra of Sophocles, or in the Medea, the interest lies, not in the violent act which accomplishes the formal crisis, but in the real, though less tangible action, which is the preparation for it—in the gradual winding of the toils round the unconscious victim, or in the struggle of feeling in the avenger. The matter may be brought to an easy test. If any one in the course of his personal experience were to be brought into contact with an analogous case, would he not afterwards dwell on the whole tissue of fatal circumstances rather than on the fatal stroke itself? would he not feel that he had already taken in the full moral effect of the action, and that anything beyond was a mere physical result, the actual sight of which would affect the nerves rather than the mind? If it be established that the Greek drama, under its most successful cultivators, could be made to yield as much action as a spectator would wish to see, we may safely conclude that it was not undramatic, in any true sense of the word.

had his dialectics and his ethical questions to stimulate an intelligent auditory. It is true that in the case of Euripides the rhetorical tendency is both stronger in itself and more direct in its manifestations. Sophocles, whether from a personal and poetical sympathy with Æschylus, a proper aristocratic dislike to too much declamation and popular talking, or a naturally well-balanced mind, more intent on the general requirements of art than on the accidental feelings and opportunities of his own day, contrives to mask the purely intellectual and didactic parts of his plays very judiciously: in the Antigone, on which Mr. Grote enlarges, the dialogues are not felt to be forensic exercises, though they might very well answer such a purpose, and the general question on which the piece turns, ethically suggestive as it is, is not formally proposed, but left to be collected by the spectator. Euripides, with the characteristic impetuosity of a popular writer, cannot allow the drama to tell its own story, but enforces the moral himself by virtual appeals to the spectators; nay, he sometimes interrupts the general effect he is desirous to produce by discussing some incidental point about which he wishes his mind to be known. He even seems, on several occasions, particularly in one play which has not come down to us, to have adopted the tone, and perhaps the form of the comic parabasis—the Chorus, or some one of the actors, stepping forward to address the house in explanation or defence of the poet and his views, or on some equally irrelevant topic. We can understand such an innovation in a man of his temperament, but we cannot hesitate to pronounce that he was prudent in not venturing it more frequently. The relation between the stage and the spectators is always a delicate subject, requiring some allowance on the part of the latter, who willingly consent to the illusion, as though the actors were real kings and heroes, and they themselves ordinary mortals favoured by some unaccountable chance by being permitted to witness the august routine; and it is surely the wisdom of the tragedian not to break the spell by any wilful act of his own. It was the pride of the old comedy (a remark in which we find Schlegel has anticipated us) to outrage tragic proprieties as systematically and directly as possible, pointedly copying its form for the sake of turning it into ridicule: accordingly the comic characters are continually to recognise the existence of the audience, even while the action is going on, much more during the choral pause which is the place for the parabasis. Euripides, like a bold man as he was, lost no opportunity of showing that he did not fear this disenchanting power, by constantly performing the process himself, and exhibiting his heroes and heroines as plain men and women; but such experiments are always dangerous,

and in the case of his parabasis, though we have not got it to judge from, we need not scruple to condemn it in its absence.

Even if we look solely to his extant works, without torturing fragments and subpœna-ing grammarians, it will be but too easy to get up a *primâ facie* case against his rhetorical excesses. To quote Schlegel again, whose determined antipathy, as M. Hartung himself will allow, renders him the fittest person to open this *Lis de Euripide nimis litigioso,* 'Many of his 'scenes have altogether the appearance of a law-suit, where 'two persons, as the parties in the litigation, (with sometimes 'a third for a judge,) do not confine themselves to the matter 'in hand, but expatiate in a wide field, accusing their adver-'saries, or defending themselves with all the adroitness of 'practised advocates, and not unfrequently with all the wind-'ings and subterfuges of pettifogging sycophants.' In the Hecuba, that lady pleads her cause in a set speech on three separate occasions; first, against Ulysses in the matter of Polyxena; secondly, when she endeavours to induce Agamemnon to punish Polymestor; lastly, against Polymestor himself, after she has taken the law into her own hands: and in all three she shows a full consciousness of the character she is assuming, in one instance so much so, that she formally recommends people to take paid lessons in rhetoric. In the Orestes, Tyndareus and Orestes are the pleaders, Menelaus being arbiter; besides, the most important event in the drama, the fate of Electra and her brother, is determined in full assembly, though by a singular perversity it is not brought on the stage, but made known to us in the speech of a messenger; whether because the poet's partiality for declaiming yielded to his preference for a yet more unfortunate mode of transacting business, or because he wished pointedly to avoid the example set by Æschylus in the Eumenides, we leave M. Hartung and his more thoroughgoing apologists to decide. The dispute scenes in the Phœnissæ and the Medea are so much more conformable to a strict Sophoclean taste, that they might well be passed over were it not that we are tracing the tendency in all its exhibitions of itself. The Hippolytus gives us a set encounter between Phædra and the nurse, and also two speeches of Hippolytus, the one aggressive, attacking the whole female sex, the other defensive, asserting his own innocence. In the Alcestis it would be ungracious to mention the speeches of the dying wife and her husband, but the altercation between Admetus and his father is unmistakeably forensic. The Andromache contains at least two rhetorical efforts by the distressed mother herself, besides a dispute between Peleus and Menelaus, and a conversation between Orestes and Hermione, which bears more than one

mark of Euripidean σοφία. The Suppliants has the flavour in unusual plenty. The subject is political, and is duly improved; Adrastus, in asking for help, introduces that strange passage which is supposed to be intended as the poet's own claim to lead a comfortable life, (though Dindorf thinks it spurious, and M. Hartung, with greater probability, gives it to a fragmentary speech of Amphion, from the lost drama of Antiope). Theseus in refusing help makes a philosophical exposition of his views, beginning with the blessings of civilization; when he grants it it is at the instance of his mother, who delivers a state speech, and receives a state reply: the scene between the king and the herald opens with a debate on Democracy *v.* Monarchy, which is followed by another on the particular matter at issue: the speech in which Adrastus, probably, as Schlegel says, shadowing out an eulogy of some Athenian generals, describes the civic virtues of the chiefs killed at Thebes, is drawn forth by a request from Theseus, worded with the evident purpose of sneering at Æschylus, a fact which has not escaped M. Hartung, though he seems wrong in supposing the play cavilled at to be the *Seven Chiefs* rather than the *Eleusinians,* if we may conjecture about a work of which we know little beyond the subject: and, lastly, Evadne s father has an ingenious discourse on the evils of old age. If the Tauric Iphigenia may be fairly passed over, the other play of that name furnishes its full contingent, especially in the scenes between Agamemnon and Menelaus, and that where the king has to rebut the stern appeal of his wife, and the softer pleadings of his daughter. In the Rhesus, of which, by-the-bye, the genuineness is not quite made out, the disceptatory tendency is not full grown, but there are some slight indications of it in a speech of Æneas, in Hector's talk with Rhesus, and again, in his altercation with the charioteer. The Troades, besides two or three other speeches, of which one by Andromache, about the duties of a wife, is the most noticeable, contains a regular trial scene, Hecuba obtaining leave from Menelaus to exert her eloquence against Helen, who has been speaking for her own life. At first sight we are reminded of Shakspere's Queen Margaret and Queen Elizabeth, but the resemblance soon vanishes when Helen, having represented herself as a victim to the machinations of the gods, Hecuba grapples at once with the story of the Judgment of Paris, declaring it impossible that Juno and Minerva could have been anxious for the prize of beauty, as neither of them could have had an adequate motive, the one as having already a husband, the other as not wishing for one. The Bacchæ might be exempted, but for a speech of Tiresias, with a rhetorical exordium, and a middle full of scientific mythology.

The Heraclidæ has a sort of faint reflection of the Suppliants, in the dialectical match between Iolaus and the intrusive herald before Demophon; and in the closing scene Eurystheus secures his privilege of speaking before being led out to death. Helen again has to plead for her life in the play inscribed by her name, her husband being this time not her judge, but her fellow-prisoner; she makes, moreover, a singular speech about her own fortunes, asserting that she believes there is no parallel instance, either among Grecians or barbarians, of a woman being born from an egg. Ion contains sundry questions about the gods, and also a speech by the hero, setting forth the political inexpediency of his proposed removal to Athens. In the Mad Hercules there is another peril of life, which calls forth a defiant speech from Amphitryon, and one in a more resigned strain from Megara; Hercules himself too becomes oratorical at last, and protests against the miserable derogatory stories which are told of the gods. In the Electra we have a philosophical diatribe by Orestes on the virtues of the poor, the distribution of which, as compared with those of the rich, he declares to involve an insoluble question; an elaborate funeral vituperation of Ægisthus, and, above all, a scene in which a rival passage in the Choephoræ is deliberately taken to pieces, and ridiculed bit by bit, till we almost expect to hear the name of Æschylus mentioned—'the most annoying interruption,' Schlegel justly observes, 'and the most fatal to genuine poetry, that can possibly be conceived.' Even the Cyclops has a piece of tongue-fence, Ulysses on one side, Polyphemus on the other; though there a comic stroke may very well have been intended, and, indeed, the way in which Ulysses is handled seems to intimate as much.

Our readers will, we think, agree that this is a formidable array of proofs, ranging, as it does, with scarcely an exception, over the whole list of our author's extant works. It is true that some isolated instances may possibly be softened or got rid of. Mr. Keble thinks that the astuteness of Hecuba or Andromache may be meant to be strictly in character, representing the littleness and want of dignity which is occasionally brought out by misfortune, and that the Theban herald in the Suppliants may be compared with the various impertinents in Shakspere, who, by their unseasonable vivacity, really heighten the effect of a scene designed to be painful. Still, as the accomplished critic himself seems to feel, such special pleas are unsatisfactory after all that can be said; they may account for individual cases, but they in no way weaken the cumulative force of the whole series. Some other and more general consideration must be found, which may justify or explain the charges which it cannot rebut. We have already admitted that Euripides cannot

stand the tests which are generally used to establish the excellence of Sophocles. He chose to be the poet of his age, and he sacrificed much in order to attain the position. That his plays should contain whole passages utterly repugnant to our tastes, not only as moderns, but as representatives of the general feeling of all times, was unavoidable. From instinct or from principle, he took up a particular view of human nature, and carried it out everywhere. It was not only, as Schlegel and Mr. Keble say, that he wished to gratify the Athenians. Doubtless, this was one of his motives; doubtless, also, he knew his power as a man of genius, and aimed at creating a certain condition of society by the mere force of representing it. But the thought was due to something beyond the wish. The social state which he described did exist already, brought about not by his agency, but by the same agency which produced him, and though it had not yet diffused itself over Athens, there could be no question but that it was in the ascendant. In dramatizing human life, he could scarcely have ignored it altogether; even Sophocles had not done so, but he need not have recognised it in the full proportions which it was beginning to assume. His spirit, however, would consent to no such compromise; temperament, poetical taste, political sentiment, things in a Greek mind almost undistinguishable, all must have led him to identify himself, and, by consequence, his writings, with the current testimony. The Athenians were beginning to live for the courts of law and the public assemblies, and the residue of their daily intercourse with each other would naturally be conducted in something of the same strain. Whether, with Aristophanes, we denounce the phenomenon as monstrous, or, with Mr. Grote, say that it had not yet passed into unhealthy excess, we are alike compelled to attribute to it a very strong and pronounced character. Euripides, in idealizing, may have heightened it; but we know that the groundwork must have been there, if only as a basis for him to operate upon. Mr. Keble, as might be expected from his doctrine, that the highest poetry is always characterised by a certain delicacy and reserve, a dignified irony, which delights in suppressing, rather than in expressing emotion, complains of the manner in which Andromache, reproaching Hermione, is made to say all that is in her mind, and refers it to the original vice of the poet, who, like tiros in painting, portrays his characters not as they would appear, but as he happens to know them to be. The remark is undoubtedly just as a general truth of art, and not inapplicable to Euripides, who was always liable to put forward himself too prominently; but what we have said above is calculated, we think, to weaken the full force of the application. What would be uncongenial to us, and perhaps also,

(though this must be said guardedly,) to any healthy development of human nature, may have been natural to Athens as viewed by Euripides. As a writer of the summary school would say, Athenian life had no privacy. An Athenian citizen felt the attractions of home as little as any modern *habitué* of a London club; even his best affections were kindled at the gymnasium or the symposium, rather than at the domestic altar. Such a training is scarcely likely to have cultivated the habit of reticence. Those major premisses which, under ordinary circumstances, lie dormant in the mind, uniformly acted upon, but hardly ever consciously realized save by men of a particular constitution or education, must at Athens have been constantly coming up to the surface; and these, expressed in language, are the Euripidean γνῶμαι. The distaste of the modern reader will be increased by finding that this dialectical style is more or less common to all his characters. It ought not, however, to be rashly assumed that even this is contrary to nature. We may be sure that cultivation was much more uniformly diffused among the Athenians than among ourselves. Our example does not afford an absolute rule for judging even of foreign countries at the present day. There are women of inferior rank in Germany who might very well express the sentiments about music which are given to the nurse in the Medea. Again, if it be still thought that there is a want of accurate discrimination of character, it should be remembered that this is not peculiar to Euripides. There is hardly any work of fiction in which the language of the several characters can be said to be literally given. A novel has, in this respect, infinite advantages over the drama. It would be hard to say that no personages in Shakspere ever talk above themselves. The romantic drama, too, is not always bound by the dignities of verse, having the privilege of admitting comic scenes and dialogues in plain prose. Greek tragedy had no such licence; it might vary and modify its metrical restrictions, but it could not throw them off. Euripides did his best to secure freedom, as in the Alcestis; but he must always have felt his shackles. The other tragedians in reality fared no better, though they did not risk themselves so often. Æschylus and Sophocles do not show more discrimination in their language, but simply less variety in their characters. The nurse in the Choephorœ is more ridiculous than anything in Euripides, from the utter disproportion of her language, not only to her position, but to her actual sentiments. The watchman in the Antigone speaks just as Euripides would have made him speak; Creon calls him a λάλημα, and Mr. Donaldson puts his opening speech into prose. We do not say that Euripides was thoroughly successful here any more than elsewhere; we only

submit that what seems to be a failure may be partly only one in appearance, partly the result of a disability in which his rivals shared as much, or more than himself.

Like other levellers, however, he not only raised the masses, but depressed the upper ranks. If he did not speak of the commonest wants of nature in 'the big bow-wow style,' he had nothing beyond ordinary every-day language for his gods and heroes. The utmost that they reach is to speak like highly educated men of his own time. 'The glory and the dream' which surrounded them before has 'melted into the light of common day,' and that not by any means of its brightest and most romantic hours. The divinities, who so often come down to wind up his plots and send the characters about their business, are themselves sufficiently business-like, whatever may have been their adventitious grandeur as they appeared in their machine. Hercules has a touch, and something more than a touch of the clown about him, as he is seen in the Alcestis, not unlike the 'genial giant,' whom Mr. Tennyson, with rather questionable judgment, has, in the new edition of the Princess, developed out of Arac. This was of course designed as another democratic stroke, not necessarily for the purpose of bringing the aristocratic interest, and the aristocratic way of looking at things, into contempt, though such a motive may have been present to one who was never suffered to forget that he was a man of the people; but with the more philanthropic view of popularizing the old and venerable traditions which had been before associated with a class, if not with a caste, and showing the great men, whose doings formed the staple of tragedy, as beings of like passions with the meanest of his auditors. What he wished was, that his fellow-citizens should leave the theatre with the thought, 'After all, Hercules and Theseus were only men.' The thought cannot have been otherwise than beneficial socially to a nation whose greatness was inseparably bound up with its democracy, except so far as it may have tended to disparage the inward qualities along with the external trappings of heroism. That it actually did this we have no ground for asserting, as Aristophanes, even if his pleasantries be taken literally, merely speaks of its effect on some of the upper classes, who, instead of employing their wealth in the public service, affected a poverty-mania. Such an effect can only have been very transient, whether it really operated as an excuse for declining expensive offices, or only as a sentimental fashion: in the latter case, at any rate, it must have been at least as harmless as any of the other propensities which the comedian himself attributes to the young Eupatrids. Of the general character of Euripides' theological teaching as such, we shall have a word to

say afterwards. Meantime, we will make two remarks on the literary changes of which this de-heroicizing process has been the harbinger. Its value as a step in the progress of dramatic art was very great. Socrates, when in that unrecorded after-supper discussion with Aristophanes and Agathon he maintained that the same mind ought to excel in tragedy and in comedy, must have thought not merely of the question of theoretic possibility, which, curiously enough, in the Republic he is made to rule the contrary way, but of the proof which his friend was giving, that tragedy can wear other clothing than royal gold and purple. He doubtless saw how near greatness and littleness lay together in his own homely walk, and valued any one who would do that for tragedy, which it was his aim to do for philosophy,* bringing it from heaven to earth. We, from our present point of view, can see that the truth which the two friends, each in his own way, endeavoured to realize, is one which the highest dramatic art expresses most fully, and that the poet's deviations from the charmed circle into the pathless unknown, were only the early beginnings of a train of glorious discoveries, such as no one, with only the experience of the ancient world to draw from, could ever have conceived. It may be more startling to find in Euripides the first formal promulgator of Wordsworth's still litigated theory, that the language of poetry is the language of common life. Probably Wordsworth himself was never sensible of the obligation, as the common life of his predecessor was precisely that from which he would have revolted as most artificial. But the principle was the same, only translated from the form which it must have worn to a Greek, into one which it could not have worn, except in an age where cultivated men can find leisure for a contemplative existence: and the opposition which it encounters from Aristophanes is akin to that which it had more than two thousand years afterwards to sustain from Jeffrey and Byron, though they had no Æschylus to set up against it.

Nevertheless, viewed in itself and not in its historical significance, or in its relative importance as a transition state, this unheroic phase of Greek tragedy cannot be called graceful or pleasing. The personages introduced are neither demi-gods nor men; their manners separate them from the one, and their story from the other. If it be said that Euripides is only adopting the pragmatic method of dealing with Grecian fable, to which Thucydides himself shows such strong leanings in his early chapters, all that can be replied is, that though that

* Mr. Keble, we see, has been beforehand with us in making this application, which is sufficiently likely to have occurred to any one, recollecting the intimacy between Socrates and Euripides.

method was of great temporary value, and though some credit may be due to the ingenuity which suggested the thought of bringing it on the stage, it is now universally allowed to be the most unpoetical view that ever was taken of a poetical subject. It was unfortunate that the poet's democratic tendencies did not lead him further to break through the rule which confined tragic honours to a certain cycle of great families, and attempt not merely popular treatment, but a popular story. Aristotle, indeed, in one passage, speaks of this application of Whig doctrine to poetry as the general rule, but in another he seems to think it ridiculous and self-refutatory: and the Persians of Æschylus, Phrynichus' Capture of Miletus, and, perhaps, Agathon's Flower, might have served as precedents either for the choice of a recent historical event, or for the invention of a fable for the occasion. Euripides might have surpassed Æschylus in a drama from Athenian history as far as he has been himself surpassed in the stories of Electra and Orestes. It is possible, as we have hinted already, that some parts of his existing plays are designed to be historical, containing a thinly-concealed reference to passing affairs. The anti-Laconianisms of the Andromache would strike any one; the Suppliants seem as if intended to recommend an Argive alliance; the Heraclidæ points to a later period when the Argives were out of favour, the Argive herald, who is the counterpart of the Theban in the Suppliants, warning the Athenians against making a bad choice of allies as a habit of theirs (ὅπερ φιλεῖτε δρᾶν), but being, nevertheless, dismissed. M. Hartung extends these discoveries much further, professing to fix the political occasion of almost every play. Thus the reception of Medea at Athens stands for the alliance with the Corcyræans: Cleon is attacked in the Hecuba under the name of Ulysses, for his mob-oratory, and under that of Paris for his firebrand war-policy: Alcibiades too figures as Paris in the Troades, having been previously honoured by representing Theseus in the Suppliants: subsequently, however, he is compared to Helen, not only as being beautiful, but as being misunderstood: and, finally, he is shadowed forth by Polynices. For Euripides' sake it is to be hoped that all these are mere fancies; anyhow we cannot think that his historical allusions place him in a better position, or make his heroes and heroic fables more attractive. We would rather take such a play as the Phœnissæ on its own merits, which are very considerable, as Polynices' exile does not make him unheroic, nor does Jocasta's tenderness evaporate in rhetoric, save in one or two minor instances, while the bustle of the action is well kept up, though the crisis occurs off the stage. The Bacchæ is praised even by Schlegel, as a thoroughly successful treatment

of mythology: our judgment would rank it lower, in spite of the fantastic effect of the chorus, and the impressive *dénouement* of the last scene. Viewed through the every-day atmosphere which pervades this no less than the other plays of Euripides, Pentheus appears to have the best of the argument; and if the fact of his punishment revolts us, the mode in which he is led to it causes a smile. We feel that had Æschylus' lost play been preserved to us, we should have had the story worthily told: Pentheus would have been crushed without sympathy, as without remedy, beneath the overwhelming power of the Deity, and the Bacchanalian chorus would have had all the intensity of an old dithyramb, as performed by Archilochus, 'the wine confounding the senses like thunder.' Euripides was not the man to triumph over the primeval mythology. There was nothing corresponding to it in his nature, and his efforts to identify himself with it could not but fail, great as is the incidental power which they display. In this respect Æschylus stands unrivalled. When we think of the death of Agamemnon it is as created by him, not as related in the Odyssey, or as repeated by later dramatists, who ought to have known better than to have attempted the task. His Prometheus, standing as it does, a mere fragment against the sky, severed, as if by the whirlwinds of Zeus, alike from the background and the foreground which once made it such a different spectacle, has, nevertheless, in its very incompleteness, taken possession of the most splendid imaginations of this century—of Göthe, Byron, and Shelley, and produced on them effects utterly distinct from those which the artist himself contemplated. It may well be said that over genius time has no power, when we see a half-truth of Æschylus doing more than others have attained by laying open their whole minds. Euripides, more favoured by fortune, has had infinitely less success. Eighteen of his tragedies have been preserved—more than half of the whole remains of the Greek tragic drama, and consequently on many subjects he has all the field to himself. Rarely, however, has he succeeded in prevailing on posterity to call the lands after his name. In some cases we forget that he has ever been there; in others we feel that his memory has been preserved mainly by the accident that no mighty man has come after him. Hecuba, Hippolytus, Alcestis, Iphigenia, are still associated with him in pleasurable recollection; but we cannot but perceive that he has not appropriated them so that they could never have been wrested from him, if indeed, in the instance of Iphigenia, Göthe, after long centuries of prescription, has not 'taken it by sovereignty of nature.'

One character there is of which Euripides has effected a

real and permanent conquest, and that is Medea. The subject for once was one which his powers were well qualified to master, lying within the domain of the old stories, but having a singular affinity to much that was working in the Athenian mind, and which it was his delight to represent. It is not that he has made Medea less modern than his other characters, but that he has caught a modern element, a certain subtilty and refinement which she had and they had not, working it irresistibly till it has become thoroughly subdued to his hand; and the result is a creation which may be ranked with Æschylus' Clytæmnestra. Great skill is displayed in the manner of her introduction. We hear her indignant and impassioned wailings behind the scenes; but when she steps forward to meet the Chorus, she shows all the calmness of a regnant intellect. It is with something less than his usual judgment that Mr. Keble censures her speech to them as unnatural. In searching among what must have been an *embarras des richesses* for examples of apparently obtrusive rhetoric, he seems to have forgotten whose the character is by whom those words are pronounced. She is not an ordinary princess with common feelings, though, as we have seen, common feelings would hardly have come from an Athenian of that epoch in the same shape as that to which we are accustomed. She is a woman in whom extraordinary violence of feeling acts in harmony with subtle intellect and iron determination, so that, though giving vent to her sense of wrong in private, she can brood over it in public, concealing it entirely, or, if expressing it, saying no more than the occasion may seem to demand. She attacks Jason at their first interview because she has no motive for silence, but even then it is with a measured dignity of rhetoric befitting the position which she has to maintain. She is not only an injured wife; she is a professor of wisdom; in that character she has won her triumphs, and in that she has become obnoxious to the suspicion and mistrust of which she is everywhere sensible; in a word, she is before her age, and she bears the penalty. In her parley with Creon she expressly rests her case on this ground, in a tone which, though purposely blended with affected humility and intense irony, has yet in it much of genuine feeling, and might have been used in a real appeal against her enemies. This it is which gives the studied air to her first speech on the stage; she naturally makes a set exordium, and as naturally diverges into a general complaint about the *status* of women, for she naturally identifies herself with the whole sex, and in talking of her own wrongs speaks as their representative. She is one of the elect, one of the golden race; and while her consciousness of this really separates her in spirit from her kind, it gives her a right to be heard as

their head, and in a case where she pleads nót against them but against others, to assume that her cause is theirs. Such generalizing is the very mould into which a powerful mind at variance with circumstances naturally pours its feelings: and we have no doubt that an entrance like hers must have caused a thrill of rapturous joy among the ardent intellectualists of the Athenian theatre, sympathising with every word and exulting, as the oration proceeded, to find their own aspirations so loftily impersonated. That was the real power of enchantment, of which the spells and Colchian incantations were but symbols and accessaries. Let the *cognoscenti*, who pin their faith on Mr. Tennyson, recall the flutter of delight with which they turn over the leaves of a new poem from him, and they may form some faint conception of the manner in which the production of Medea must have affected the more advanced minds among the most impulsive and cultivated of nations. It may be said that Euripides would not have minded placing her disquisition on the wrongs of women in another mouth, where it would have been less appropriate; but, however this may be, it can be no reason for refusing him our admiration when he happens to have pitched not only on the thing to say but on the person to say it.

Nor ought we, if there be any truth in the considerations which we have stated above, to regard his success here merely as a fortunate accident. Could we but get rid of the mythological names, we might read his other plays with something of the same pleasure as dramas of Athenian life. As it is we feel that, whether in deference to custom, or in compliance with a false theory of his own, he set himself to force a method in itself no less legitimate than novel upon an unwilling subject: and so our verdict will be, not that he proved himself destitute of genius, but that he proved his genius not to be congenial. Time has been so much more merciful to his works than to those of his brother tragedians that it may seem unreasonable to wish that other dramas had been spared to justify his fame; still, we think, the circumstances may excuse us in making the reference. As a general rule it may be true in art as in life that a single probation is enough, nor should we deny it in his case, as we believe that what he has left, properly understood, will amply support his dramatic glory; but when we reflect how wide-spreading and inveterate the causes of misunderstanding are, we cannot help repining at the loss of anything which might have won the applause of all men of taste, not only of those who are able and willing to take into account his disadvantages, necessary or otherwise. Melanippe the Wise seems, at first sight, a work which would have gratified our expectations; but it is possible that they might have been disappointed, as the strange-

ness of the story might have proved an insurmountable obstacle, and the famous speech of the heroine, opening, as the few lines which remain testify, with a cosmogonical discourse, in which the poet repaid his obligations to Anaxagoras, is particularly censured by Aristotle as out of character. But we could scarcely be mistaken if we were to fix on Palamedes as one which we would most gladly recover. The story is one of those which we can least bear to have lost, especially as we know the loss to have been threefold: and of the three rehabilitations which might have been preserved to us we can hardly doubt but that of Euripides would have been most appropriate. Palamedes was a sort of Euripidean Prometheus, the re-discoverer of what the Titan had invented, a victim, not to his variance with the gods and the resentment of a younger deity, but to the hostility of men and the jealousy of a meaner rival. Even now we can imagine the effect of the passage where, as he was being led out to death, he saluted glorious Truth, which had died before him, or of that thrilling burst in which the Chorus told the Danaans that they had slain, they had slain the all-wise one, the nightingale of the Muses, that pained none, and that in compliance with the persuasions of a crafty and shameless speaker. We know how it might have affected us as a tale of the poet's own experience, because we learn from traditions that, on a subsequent representation, after he was dead, it brought to mind a more recent event which he had not lived to see, and forced the Athenians to recollect with tears how lately they too had been guilty in like manner in putting to death their greatest thinker, the man who had followed the truth. The anecdote may be false in itself, and incorrect even as a representation of Athenian feeling; but it shows us what the tragedy was, and how it would have come home to us, whatever impression the temper and convictions of the audience may have allowed it to make at the time.

There is nothing for which Euripides has received greater praise than for his power over the feelings. We confess ourselves of opinion that here, as elsewhere, his critics have not been thoroughly discriminating. Aristotle gives him the name of the most tragic of poets, not for his skill in representing the sufferings of the human heart, but because his pieces generally end unhappily. Yet one would hardly say that the bare telling of a sorrowful story was enough to constitute tragedy, without considering the manner of telling it. Nor is it clear that Aristotle meant as much praise as he is supposed to have done, since he merely makes the assertion in answer to some critics who made this very peculiarity, the frequency of unfortunate catastrophes, a matter of blame: 'In other points he may be wrong, but in this at least he is more like what a tragedian

should be than any of them.' Such spectacles as the Troades, which has been named as one of the plays which Aristotle is likely to have had in view, are specimens of material pathos rather than of anything else, if we may borrow the epithet applied by Coleridge to Schiller's sublime. We must not indeed confound what was probably the simple result of a passion for scenic display with a disposition, like that of Cicero's Sulpicius, to think more of the downfal of empires than of the misfortunes of individuals. Such an imputation would be peculiarly unfair to him whom Aristophanes stigmatizes as the poet of beggars—the poet who, treating of the misfortunes of royal and heroic personages, delighted to exhibit the sufferers in aspects reminding the spectators of their common humanity. He is indeed never so well pleased as when he represents the sorrows of individuals, quite apart from any associations which would attach to their past or present possession of regal state. He is as anxious to conciliate sympathy for Menelaus or Telephus in beggary, repulsed from the gate by servants, as Wordsworth was for his Alice Fells or his Leech Gatherers. The simplicity of his diction, too, seems as if it were adapted to the expression of homely sorrow. Here, however, our late Laureate has the advantage of him. Common country-talk is certainly a better vehicle of deep feeling than common town-talk. Natural as the latter may be to those who have been bred up to its use, it will always remind the hearer of its artificial origin. Those who have mixed much with others in the wear and tear of life are generally supposed, rightly or wrongly, to have had their feelings blunted, and when we listen to them it is with the expectation not of hearing sentiment but of gaining experience. And the talk of an educated city population, such as we imagine Euripides to have copied, is still less appropriate in proportion as more influences have come in between it and nature. Whatever we may think of the fitness of Betty Foy as a subject for poetry, there can be little doubt that her troubles would not have gained by being dressed out in smart antitheses after the manner of Pope. 'Quippe et cantet si naufragus, assem Protulerim?' If 'the mobled queen' is to be in the dust with her head covered up, she ought not vent her grief in rhetorical mannerisms. If these had become natural at Athens, it was a sign that Athenian language was losing its power of pathos. There will undoubtedly be a difference in the words and images which a cultivated person employs to relieve an overburdened heart, and this difference it will be right to shadow out; but it is not likely to go very far, especially when the sorrow that it relates exists not in memory but in lively and present apprehension. The author of 'In Memoriam,' as he would himself

tell us, could not have collected his assemblage of graceful and tender imagery immediately upon hearing of his friend's death. Besides, we find in the speeches in Euripides of which we complain that the rhetoric comes in, not so much to express the feeling, however injudiciously, but to conceal its absence. We conclude, therefore, that in these instances he was not following the usage of his contemporaries but his own perverted judgment—a conclusion to which he helps us further by leading us to observe the genuine simplicity of the language used by his really pathetic characters in their best moments. Iphigenia, pleading before her father, begins in a strain which, though exquisite in itself, must be called artificial: she falls however almost immediately into a truer and deeper tone, and continues with scarcely an exception through the remainder of her address. And it is singularly confirmatory of our remarks on his peculiar identification of himself with the character of Medea, that he has made her the speaker of a monologue, which for variety and depth of feminine emotion has no parallel either in his own works or in the rest of the Greek drama. In her anger she looks down from heights of generalization; in her sorrow she is the lonely woman, thinking only of herself and of those whom she is about to sacrifice.

If we have occasionally hesitated in speaking of our author's more obtrusive peculiarities, how much to ascribe to himself and how much to his time, we cannot have much doubt when we come to his hatred of women. We know that it was noted by his contemporaries as an idiosyncrasy, which they accounted for in different ways. It is impossible to explain away the existence of the feeling in the face of the numerous proofs which he has given of it. Among the female characters actually introduced in his extant plays the good preponderate over the bad, and some of the former certainly appear to be sketched *con amore:* but these can hardly stand as an evidence of his real sentiments against the vehement and unseasonable outbreaks which are constantly bursting forth in the shape of his characteristic gnomic propositions. Account for them as we will, they are a strange and unpleasing feature. We have already declined M. Hartung's invitation to argue the point whether or no Euripides was happy in his two marriages, though we are not sure that the common story would sufficiently explain the peculiar virulence of the expressions used. Nor can we accept Mr. Keble's suggestion that the poet being devoted to gymnastics had never been a lady's man, and so that he naturally indulged a vein of conscious exaggeration, like that in the Antiquary, to veil the severity with which he could not help regarding the sex. The passages in question do not seem

to have any tinge of playfulness in them; and if he had really attained the virtue of ascetic severity, why did he marry? No doubt he had a strong sympathy with Hippolytus: but the tenor of the play would not lead us to suppose that he wished him to be regarded as absolutely in the right. Add to this, that in the Frogs he is made to upbraid Æschylus as a loveless writer, in order to draw down a crushing retort on himself, which Aristophanes would hardly have imagined him to do if his temper had been understood to be ascetic, as his coldness might have equally furnished the comedian with a topic for ridicule. He may have had something of a social purpose, to expose the condition of women in Athens and Greece at large, which we know to have stood in considerable need of a regenerator; but in that case he surely would not have scrupled to intersperse a greater number of hints towards reform. The emancipation of woman has always been a favourite object with theorists of his stamp, and with the example of Aspasia before him, if recent writers are not mistaken in the vast conceptions for which they give her credit, and Plato following in the next generation with the fifth Book of his Republic, it would be strange if so ripe a thinker had not exercised himself in such speculations. Anyhow, let his antipathy have sprung from what it may, his frequent introduction of it is evidently to be set down to that habit of self-assertion which we have observed to be a characteristic and, to a certain extent, a blemish of his poetry.

Much more intelligible are the aspersions thrown, both in ancient and modern times, on his morality as a writer. The head and front of his offending was, that he dramatized such stories as those of Phædra, Sthenobœa, and Macareus and Canace. The arguments bandied about *pro* and *con* in the Frogs are a good representation of those which must have been current among Athenian critics, Æschylus asserting that the exhibition of characters like these had a directly corrupting tendency, Euripides rejoining that he had drawn from life, to which the old bard retorts that it is a poet's duty to conceal the worse scenes of life and not to call attention to them. We perceive at once that it is the ancient counterpart of the discussion which is being raised every day among ourselves about works of fiction, those for instance of the German or French school. Euripides, an unwearied advocate of liberty of thought, was instinctively led to represent life in all its bearings, thinking no aspect of humanity foreign to him (ὃν χρὴ φράζειν ἀνθρωπείως), and probably believing that some lesson of good was to be found at the bottom of all. A man adopting this view of course laid himself open to its infinite moral dangers, especially that of tampering with the principle of conscience in art, which binds

the artist to copy only those doings which are morally worthy to be contemplated, and forbids imitation for imitation's sake as stringently as if it were avowedly directed to a bad end. Still it would be unjust to reckon Euripides an immoral or even a non-moral writer. He probably held in common with the rest of the Greeks the responsibility of the poet as a teacher, though parts both of his theory and of his practice, viewed by a clearer light than those days could supply, may appear inconsistent with the recognition. It is plain that he shared in Plato's objection to degrading myths about the gods: and this is not likely to have been a purely intellectual distaste. In the passage from the Frogs too a modern reader will be inclined to suspect Æschylus of an intentional play on the word διδάσκειν, to teach, in our sense, or to get up a drama; it being true in the former sense that a poet ought to teach nothing immoral, and true in the latter that Euripides had taught a story of which guilty passion was the subject. Without, however, going beyond the first meaning, we can understand a Greek thinking that the representation of an action, unaccompanied by a strong disavowal on the part of the Chorus, such as is the case with Clytæmnestra's deed in the Agamemnon, amounted to a virtual recommendation of it, especially if there were anything seductive about the action itself, since, at the present day, our clearer insight both into casuistry and æsthetics can be scarcely said to give us any precise rule respecting the bounds within which the delineation of crime is admissible. Æschylus tells Euripides that women of character had been constrained to drink hemlock in order to hide their shame, and all because of his Bellerophon; meaning, apparently, that they had imitated Sthenobœa in the play of Bellerophon, she having been the tempter, not the tempted. We cannot tell what the *exemplar vitiis imitabile* there may have been, nor how far the susceptible natures of the fair Athenians may not have been acted on by what we should consider a slight provocation; nor indeed can we be quite sure of the most important point of all, that the whole charge, which is just dropped by Æschylus and not taken up again, may not have been an idle tale, if not a dramatic exaggeration, malicious or facetious according as we may choose to regard it. Phædra is another character named, and of her we can judge as little, for she is probably not meant for our old acquaintance, but for her double in a former Hippolytus, where the love is supposed to have been avowed much more openly. But we must estimate the accusation not only in itself but with reference to the accuser, that is to the Æschylean party. Æschylus, in the heat of his attack on his rival, declares that, as for himself, he never introduced any woman in love, his plays being all about battles

and elevated actions. From this it would seem that he and his admirers, whom Aristophanes, being one of themselves, is not likely to have caricatured except very slightly, laid an interdict on all mention of the softer passions, as unworthy of that heroic frame of mind which it was the design of their school of tragedy to inspire. Thus the charge against Euripides taken in its full magnitude would be, not that he spoke of immoral love, but that he spoke of love at all, that being esteemed demoralizing in itself—a charge which would include Romeo and Juliet equally with Æolus. As to the more abnormal vices with which Athenian society was infected, Euripides has not touched on them except in a satiric drama and perhaps in a lost tragedy, and even in the latter we have no reason to believe that he used such expressions as are employed by Æschylus in a connexion seemingly intended not to be vituperative but laudatory. The single moral sentiments in which Euripides abounds more than any other of the tragedians cannot be called exceptionable, though some of them from their novelty may have been questioned at the time when they were first breathed to an audience. No one now will see a defence of perjury in general in the famous line from the Hippolytus. If Julius Cæsar was morally the worse for the dictum of Eteocles, which he is said to have been so fond of quoting, he will hardly escape by laying his deterioration at the door of the poet, who has been censured so often for bringing in maxims of excellent morality out of place, that he may surely be acquitted both of bad taste and bad intentions when he introduces a γνώμη, the character of which is justified at once by the context. We may miss the stern sanctions with which Æschylus invested his ethical teaching: but we cannot pretend that the explicit lessons set forth by Euripides, plain and common sense as is their outward form, have any other scope but the promotion of purity and virtue.

Closely akin to this point is that which touches his belief in the gods. We know that he did not keep that belief to himself, but enforced it upon the spectators of his plays with all the authority of a *doctrinaire*. The actual exhibitions of the gods we have already admitted not to be very impressive: they are too frequent in their visits to preserve anything of a Grand Lama dignity, and the familiarity of their address tends still more to reassure any hesitating mind: but there is nothing to beget the suspicion of intentional irreverence. Whatever he may have done with men, he does not represent the gods as engaged in any disgraceful transaction, but on the contrary protests against such notions, in and out of season. Hecuba will not believe in the judgment of Paris: Hercules declares his conviction that the deities are exempt from the human frailties

which a wretched mythology imputes to them: Ion, with more childlike *naïveté*, taxes Apollo with the bad precedent supplied by divine misdoings. This was probably a feeling which grew upon him, as in his earlier plays he is more indulgent to the common belief, Apollo in the Alcestis speaking of the bondage to a human master, to which he was subjected in consequence of an affront to Jupiter, while the influence of Venus in the Hippolytus is very different from that allowed to her in the Troades. If this be true, it is a piece of internal evidence against M. Hartung, who reckons the Bacchæ among the very latest plays; otherwise we must suppose the poet to be inconsistent, or to have become more superstitious in his old age. So far as he really held a defined polytheism, he seemingly wished the several divinities to move in a restricted sphere, mixing more freely with men, but exercising no overpowering influence over their actions. He doubtless would have esteemed it mere *charlatanerie* to strike terror and consternation into an audience by a chorus of Eumenides; he had no sympathy with the belief, and he did not covet the power. The value of his creed in this respect depends of course on our estimate of the religious importance of the old mythology taken at its best. Mr. Keble, we may observe, recognises throughout his works a genuine reverential feeling, aspiring after everything honourable and lovely in the popular belief, and only rejecting its grosser anthropomorphic elements. His detached sentences, which perhaps contain the most unequivocal testimony, appear to point to a Platonic monotheism as their positive basis. Such we know historically to have been the general tendency of the most philosophical minds of his time, and to have given rise in the public apprehension to the charge of disbelief, of which Socrates, though the most illustrious, was not the only victim. The poetical effect of his theology, as affecting the impressiveness of his plots, we have already characterised; but it may be worth while to remark, with reference to the more special part of his teaching, his isolated dogmas, that the negative and antagonistic form which they assume accords with what we have so often noticed, the ostentatious individuality of the man, not necessarily undramatic as regards the view of life which he took, but unpleasing and unpoetical if contemplated as anything more than a temporary phenomenon.

Even as a temporary phenomenon, however, this peculiarity may call for more stringent animadversion than we have yet bestowed on it. The individuality of a great poet is of more than temporary significance, and if it is too strongly impressed with a temporary character, it may lead to results powerful for evil not only in his own generation but in generations to come.

Especially will this be the case, where it occurs in an advanced period of a national literature, when the sun is high in the heavens and ready to go down. A conscious age, we believe and trust, in spite of the common-places of critics, need not be an unpoetical age, any more than a mind exercised to discern between good and evil need be less pure and virtuous than a child's; on the contrary, it ought to be capable of producing the very crown and flower of poetry: but this possibility of excellence is only to be attained through extraordinary difficulties, as it is beset with extraordinary dangers. Not only is there to be overcome that intense and agonizing sensibility to faults, arising from an increased power of microscopic comparison, which renders a cultivated man in creative art what Hamlet is in moral action—not only is there the further ordeal to be passed, the judgment of a cultivated age; but when the poet is resolved and the public conciliated, there remains a yet greater danger, that of making the critical habit do the work of creation itself, of destroying art, not by too much cultivation, for that we hold to be impossible, but by a disproportionate culture, developing some of its parts to an unusual extent, and neglecting or depressing others. It is rare, indeed, to find an instance in a critical age where the critical faculty holds its proper place in a poet's works, every where active as a minister, but unseen as a chief agent. A man may be the favourite of the critical public, and he will be led to give them back their own most questionable tendencies in an exaggerated form; he may be discontented with the age, and think it a bad one, and his very attitude as a protester will make him a polemic when he ought to be a poet. Euripides, seemingly accustomed, if not equal to either fortune, cannot be pronounced free from the evil which both concur in encouraging. We are thinking now not of the particular results to which his critical spirit led him—these we have discussed above, and shown to be, if not always praiseworthy, at least no incurable defects—but of the critical spirit itself in its abuse. Perceptible as it is everywhere, it is only where it shows itself in its naked and abstract shape, and demands attention for our sake that it becomes directly and fatally culpable. The most signal instances are those at which we glanced casually in passing some time ago, where, through the thin medium of a character which loses its dramatic concreteness in the process, he comes forward as a censor of Æschylus. M. Hartung, not unreasonably, defends him as a man for his eagerness to retaliate on his detractors; but—with an obtuseness which, we are sorry to say, extends over the whole of the two volumes—whenever a question of taste is raised, which is not seldom, does not observe how utterly destructive the

interposition is, for the time, of all poetical feeling. Had such a tendency been more freely indulged, it would have contributed infinitely more to the overthrow of the drama in Greece, as in any other country, than the degradation of the chorus, the elimination of the idea of destiny, and all the rest of the bugbears of the critics; and any accidental cause which may have stopped the further growth of tragedy, must have been regarded as a fortunate preservation from the worse mischief of corruption and decay. Happily, however, these conclusions only exist in hypothesis. Euripides, like other men of finite capacities in their callings, had his unpoetical propensities, but, as a general rule, he contrived to restrain them. In most of the other cases on which we have commented, his self-assertion ceases to be merely individual, being an expression, like Byron's, of feelings intensely personal, but shared by a large portion of those about him: temporary they may be, but they are at any rate redeemed from selfish narrowness. Nor should we be too ready to make the word temporary a term of reproach, recollecting its peculiar variableness, as being concerned essentially with matters of degree. A man's poetry may be temporary, deeply imbued with the spirit of his age, and yet have far more than transient interest, because the age is one which after-ages may love to contemplate: and the memory of Athens, during the Peloponnesian war, is, indeed, a possession for all time, far beyond even the work of its great historian. Again, much depends on the particular features selected by the poet. The spirit of the age may mean either the current or the froth upon its surface. We should be cautious in the use of language which may lead us to confound Euripides with Cowley.

Another point which, perhaps, ought to have precededra ther than followed this discussion on Euripides' poetical individuality, is the structure of his dramas. At any rate, we must treat it as a further manifestation of the same temper. The charge against him is, that by announcing the story of the play in his prologues, he precipitates the interest at once, instead of economizing, as an artist should, and reserving it for the catastrophe, and that this flat mode of treatment is rendered still more offensive by being constantly repeated with scarcely a variation. Lessing, whom Schlegel quotes with a strong demurrer, turns the accusation into an eulogium, asserting that the poet showed his superiority to his predecessors by repudiating the ordinary means of exciting curiosity. Without assenting to the opinion as a truth, we may well believe that it touches what was in the mind of Euripides, who is likely enough to have thought himself capable of relying on the brilliancy of his

dialogue, the complexity of his situations, as at the close of the Orestes, and the splendour of his spectacles, like that of Evadne's death. And we may certainly praise him for his success in devising new appliances, even though we regret that he thought it necessary, at the same time, to dispense with the old. Besides, all even of the best judges are not as sensible as Coleridge was of the consummate art of such plots as that of the Œdipus Tyrannus. Mr. Keble rather contemptuously reminds his hearers, that at that rate they might go on to prefer the last new novel to the Iliad. One of the later comic writers, if our recollection of Greek fragments serves us, speaks of tragedy as having an advantage over his own branch of the drama in that the spectators know the plots beforehand, though Aristotle seems to assert the contrary, in a passage which we own we cannot quite reconcile with our notions of the universality of Athenian cultivation. It is not true either that Euripides' prologues, though sufficiently monotonous in general structure, all of them concur in proclaiming the course which the drama is to take. Even those which are delivered by supernatural personages, only hint generally at the final catastrophe, sometimes not anticipating it at all; and these do not amount to more than a third part of the whole. The more ordinary use of these introductory speeches is to put the audience in possession of all the facts that have happened up to the time—a method of procedure scarcely commendable, but falling rather under other faults to which we have adverted, such as the too frequent employment of narration, and the tendency to break the theatrical illusion, which came to its climax in the use of the parabasis. It does not interfere with the liberal use of Aristotle's two great requisites for a proper catastrophe, a Revolution and a Recognition. At any rate, nothing that can be said against Euripides' innovations in the frame-work of the drama will prove more than that, in his zeal for reform, he too often neglected good which had been already realized.

An essay on Euripides, however cursory, would be incomplete without a more distinct reference than any we have yet made to his relations with Aristophanes. We have already admitted the exceptionableness of some of the things on which the comedian is most severe. We are not disposed to quarrel with him for preferring Æschylus as a matter of taste: but we maintain that his political and social bias absolutely precluded him from doing justice to Euripides. He hated rhetorical speeches in tragedy, because he hated them in real life. He hated the introduction of heroes in humiliating situations, because he thought it degraded his order. He complained of the stories chosen as demoralizing, because he wished to compound for lowness of

practice, by exaggeration of principle. A professional view of art too, which, though noticed already, has not been applied to the solution of this question, seems to have reinforced his personal hostility. We might well wonder how, with all his prejudices, he could attack Euripides for doing what he is so constantly doing himself, bringing the old belief into contempt, lowering the dignity of human nature, especially of women, enacting scenes of more than doubtful morality, and making his characters talk the talk of the day, if we did not take into account the respective positions of tragedy and the old comedy. The result of Euripides' labours was, as we have seen, to impair if not to destroy that mutual relation, by absorbing into tragedy the less ludicrous elements of comedy, the intellectual play of its dialogue, its minute attention to manners and the like. So long as Æschylus filled the theatre with his deep bass intonations, comedy might exist, partly as the complement, partly as the mimic of tragedy: but when the tragic hero began to use the treble note, the comedian was likely to feel his occupation gone: Aristophanes, the hope of the old comedy, inheriting and transcending the glories of Eupolis and Cratinus, would naturally resent the double injury, the trespass on his property and the spoiling of his joke, and resolve that, in the latter respect at least, the innovator should take nothing by the motion. If he had been taxed, as he is reported to have been, with forming his style on that of Euripides, he would probably have replied to the effect, that he was only reclaiming his own which had been unjustly kept from him, and that the grace with which he wore it showed who was the thief. It is curious to compare the labour of the two antagonists with the actual result. Tragedy fell out of cultivation, and comedy had the Athenian stage to itself: but its later followers threw off all allegiance to the Aristophanic traditions, and declared themselves disciples of Euripides. The battle was won; the dramatic literature of the world had received the seeds of a revolution; and when at last, after the lapse of centuries, tragedy again appeared in its strength, it was found to be compatible with comedy, not only as coming from the same author, but even when included in the same piece. Euripides did not foresee the exuberant richness of the day when this was to be: he looked as much for the amalgamation of tragedy and comedy into a neutral mass as for their existence side by side: but that day of plenty brought with it, nevertheless, the fulfilment of his dream, and where the faculty divine attends and seconds the vision, we may well thank the dreamer.

Such is the estimate which we have been able to make of the last of the three great tragic poets of Greece. It has been of

necessity a complex and various one: we have endeavoured to reduce his numerous characteristics to a kind of unity, by showing how they all reflected the one nature of the man, but that very reference has obliged us to use the balance almost at every turn, as a temperament so strongly marked could hardly manifest itself anywhere without yielding a mixed result, till at last, from the indeterminateness of the judgment, our readers may have despaired of gaining any definite impression. We may be excused if we see in the miscellaneous character of the result a presumptive evidence of its correctness, corresponding as it does in that respect, at least, to the effect produced on our own mind by a perusal of his writings. Nor can we doubt that this effect, so far as it is generally felt, must materially influence the place which he holds in men's thoughts as a poet. It may dazzle, but it must bewilder: the attention may be arrested by the prismatic display, but it will not create the same permanent image as if it had come in one unbroken line. Æschylus will continue to lord it over the imagination as the uninspired lawgiver of a Grecian Sinai, his masterpieces the mark of the aspiring translator, his undeveloped ideas the stimulants of the heaven-scaling sons of song. Sophocles, perfect within his own sphere, will draw the devoted student closer and closer to him, and 'prop the mind' of those who 'in these bad times' find consolation in the worship of beauty. Euripides, if we judge him rightly, will have many to read him as a real pleasure, but few to translate or imitate him. From time to time there may arise one who, like Milton, will bring to the contemplation of his works the feeling of the poet combined with the acuteness of the verbal critic, and sympathise with the subtle and cultivated intellect which must have won the homage of the man who, beyond all others, was skilled in all the learning of his generation. In the absence of such, he whose chief object it has been to lend himself to the rapid development of his own age, by the creation or adoption of new forms of thought and fancy, will not repine if, after all, the mass of posterity should decide his fittest monument to be historical, existing not so much in his works as in the character of the nation for whose advancement he lived, and in the facilities which his discoveries may have supplied to the productive powers of later periods of society.

ART. II.—1. *The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism, by the Decrees of the Seven Ecumenical Councils and the Tradition of the Fathers. By* THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. *Rector of Launton, Oxon.* Oxford: Parker. 1848.

2. *The See of St. Peter, the Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity. By* THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. *Author of 'The Church of England cleared from the charge of Schism.'* London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

THAT Mr. Allies, on taking a step involving the acceptance of a doctrine which, two years ago, after a full and careful examination of facts he had deliberately pronounced untenable, should be desirous to state to the public the grounds of his change of opinion, is perfectly natural. He has done so in the pamphlet before us, on the title-page of which he takes care to remind us of his former work; following a precedent which we cannot but think it would have been more discreet, as well as more modest, to have imitated less ostentatiously, in all its forms. Anything that looks like a copy, and which may, if an indifferent one, appear a parody, should be avoided by a man of sense and seriousness, in a decision on which his character and fate depend. It is scarcely necessary that a proceeding which the master, from his position, may have found imperative on him should be repeated in all its circumstances by all his followers. Nor would people in general have been more or less doubtful than they are now, about Mr. Allies' candour or steadiness of judgment, had he given up the position which he so lately maintained as impregnable, without publishing his apology. But it is, as we said, a natural wish to desire to explain apparent inconsistency—a natural wish, but often one which had best not be indulged. It is generally wisest to let alone what cannot be mended. We cannot pretend to judge what service Mr. Allies may have rendered to his new side by not contenting himself with a tacit retraction: to his own character, as a writer or as a man of sense, he has rendered none.

To the great masters of disputation of old, it used to be a light thing to prove indisputably conclusions on one side only. Their pride was to maintain what none could answer but themselves; to prove incontrovertibly all but themselves wrong; and then, as incontrovertibly, themselves also. Nothing but victory on both sides would content them. Mr. Allies seems disposed to emulate them, and to aim at the uncommon yet somewhat delicate experiment of refuting himself. He had the praise of

having written an able book on the English side of the question. He wishes for the credit of writing irrefragably on the Roman also. But if the honour of such an achievement is rare and singular, it is not one of those enterprises in which the mere attempt is glory. A man cannot fail in it with credit.

We had read his former book with attention, and had been much struck with the fair and serious way, in which considerable learning and acuteness had been brought to bear on a question, in which both sides in the controversy have found it so hard to do justice to the facts of the case. It was a survey, in which the professed position of the writer seemed almost to force him to be impartial, of all the main historical details of any relevancy to the decision. Each subject as it came under consideration was met, as it appeared, without any disposition on the part of the writer to understate or evade what might tell against him. It was not a hasty book, it was not a superficial book. A second edition had doubled its bulk. It had been reviewed; it had been specially answered. The objections to its arguments had been from the first familiar to its writer; he knew the facts of the earlier Roman controversialists, he had thought over the principles of the later ones. These last had been put to him by a convert with pointed neatness, and with the force of recent conviction. He had been struck with the theory, but found history refuse it. Thus the whole case had been before him; its different sides, philosophical as well as historical, had been presented to him. He had stated his view; it had been canvassed and examined. He had restated it more resolutely than before.

When therefore it was announced, that, as a preliminary to his leaving the English communion, Mr. Allies was engaged in demolishing his own work, we looked with some curiosity to the result. Would he rest his change of opinion on new facts which had escaped him before? This was hardly likely in so worn a controversy, when studied with ordinary care and ability. Or had he discovered a principle which left the facts as he had represented them, but simply undercut them in their bearing on the question?

The performance is now before us. Mr. Allies has published, and has left us. With the one step we have nothing to do; with the other, we should not certainly think it worth while to concern ourselves, after once reading over the pamphlet, but for the instructive example which it affords, of the way in which some of those, who are fiercest in charging the English Church with imposture, and her defenders with gross ignorance or inevitable dishonesty, are content to deal with a question of historical evidence.

It is to this part of the controversy—the evidence of Church history on the nature of the prerogative, admitted by all to have belonged of old to the Roman Bishop—that the argument of both works is directed. Other causes besides, have doubtless concurred in deciding Mr. Allies in his course; causes, probably, more powerful than even his view of the Papal Supremacy. He who has ceased to find anything to sympathise with in the English communion, does not want any stronger reason for deserting it; and this reason Mr. Allies has long had. Even the conviction of S. Peter's continued supremacy ought to have but small additional weight with one, who has once deliberately allowed in his own mind the conclusion, that in religion he is following a *sham*. With such a belief, no one of course can expect him to tolerate, or excuse others for tolerating, acknowledged evils. He has full right to be as bitter as he likes. In his language of disgust and hatred towards the English communion, he is now at least perfectly consistent; and he is, further, in perfect sympathy with the temper of the Roman movement, the temper which in England is becoming once more its characteristic feature. In the expression of these feelings, his pamphlet is not deficient; but its professed object is to address itself simply to the question, answered differently in his former book, whether the modern Roman doctrine, or, as ought to be said, the modern extreme Ultra-montane doctrine, which centres all ecclesiastical power absolutely in the Pope, was or was not, held always in the Church.

It is a common habit with eager and confident disputants to put their case on the issue of a single question. There is an air of candour and chivalrous daring about it which recommends it to some minds. But it is in general—at least in serious and complicated matters, which seldom, in point of fact, depend on one chain of argument—neither philosophical nor discreet. It often proves inconvenient. It is this which has imposed on Mr. Allies the necessity of the present very unsatisfactory attempt to undo his former task.

In the advertisement to the first edition of his former work, repeated in the second, he thus states the question, the nature of the evidence which affects it, both positive and negative, and his own estimate of its importance:—

'The writer of the following pages is more and more convinced that the whole question between the Roman Church and ourselves, as well as the Eastern Church, turns upon the Papal Supremacy, as at present claimed, being of divine right or not. . . . . The writer will not conceal that he took up this inquiry for the purpose of satisfying his own mind. Had he found the councils and fathers of the Church before the division of the east and west bearing witness *to* the Roman supremacy, as at present claimed,

instead of *against* it, he should have felt bound to obey them. As a priest of the Church Catholic in England, he desires to hold, and to the best of his ability will teach, all doctrine which the undivided Church always held. He finds by reference to those authorities which could not be deceived, and cannot be adulterated, that while they unanimously held the Roman primacy, and the patriarchal system, of which the Roman pontiff stood at the head, they as unanimously did not hold, nor even contemplate, that supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will now accept as the price of her communion. They not only do not recognise it, but their words and their actions most manifestly contradict it. This is, in one word, his justification of his mother from the sin of Schism. If true, it is sufficient: if untrue, he knows of no other.

'But should any opponent think these pages worthy of a reply, the writer warns him, at the outset, that he must in fairness discard that old disengenuous trick of using testimonies of the fathers to the primacy of the Roman See in the episcopal and patriarchal system, in order to prove the full Papal supremacy, as now claimed, in a system which is nearly come to pure monarchy. By this method, because the fathers recognise the Bishop of Rome as successor of S. Peter, they are counted witnesses to that absolute power now claimed by the Roman pontiff, though they recognise other bishops, in just the same sense, to be successors of the holy Apostles; or though they call every bishop's see the See of Peter, as the great type and example of the episcopate. What such an one has to establish in order to justify the Roman Church, and to prove that the English and the eastern are in schism, is, that Roman doctrine, as stated by Bellarmine, which is really the key-stone of the whole system, that "Bishops succeed not properly to the Apostles, for they have no part of the true Apostolic authority," but that "*all ordinary jurisdiction of bishops descends immediately from the Pope*," and that "*the Pope has, full and entire, that power which Christ left on the earth for the good of the Church.*" Let this be proved on the testimony of the Eastern and Western Church, and if it be true, nothing can be more easy than to prove it, as the contradictory of it is attempted to be proved in the following pages, and all controversy will be at an end. We claim that it should be proved, for even De Maistre, who has put forward this theory with the least compromise, declares, "There is nothing new in the Church, and never will she believe save what she has always believed."'—*Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, pp. i—iii.

How two more years have sufficed to alter—not his view of the English or the Roman Church generally, for that is a separate matter, but of the very same facts and testimonies here so confidently appealed to—to make him see not in others, but in them, the very contradictory asserted of what he had found in them before, asserted with equal and overpowering clearness, without possibility of mistake, except to the dishonest—will be seen in the preface to his last pamphlet:—

'Some years ago the writer, already in great distress of mind at the historical and actual position of the Anglican Church, at the statements of her formularies, at the want of shape and principle in her practice, and, above all, at her general character and temperament as a communion, which seemed to him thoroughly alien from the spirit of the ancient Fathers, betook himself to the special consideration of one point,—the Primacy of the Roman See, which he thought more calculated than any other to lead him to a sure conclusion. . . .

'The writer, moreover, then professed, that "he took up this inquiry

for the purpose of satisfying his own mind;" that "had he found the Councils and Fathers of the Church, before the division of the East and West, bearing witness *to* the Roman Supremacy, as at present claimed, instead of *against* it, *he should have felt bound to obey them :*" and that, "as a Priest of the Church Catholic in England, he desires to hold, and to the best of his ability will teach, all doctrine which the undivided Church always held."

'He made these professions in the simplicity, it is true, but likewise in the sincerity, of his heart; and he made them publicly before God and man. Now, the conclusion to which he was at that time led by the study of antiquity, was, that a Primacy of divine institution had indeed been given to the See of Peter, but that the degree to which it had been pressed in later times formed an excuse for those communions which, *while they maintained the Catholic faith whole and entire*, were *de facto* severed from it.

Thus he made these professions when he thought that they led him to one conclusion; but he is equally bound to redeem them now that in the course of years they have led him to another. . . . .

'But in the meantime the nearer consideration of the Royal Supremacy had opened my mind to comprehend the nature of its great antagonist, the Primacy of S. Peter's See. For, as has been said, the former consists in supremacy of jurisdiction, whether viewed as deciding in the last resort upon doctrine, and this as well legislatively, by giving license to summon convocation, and by confirming its acts, as judicially, in matters of appeal; or, as giving *mission and authority* to *exercise* their *powers* to all Bishops. Now it was plain that such a supremacy must exist *somewhere* in every system. And immediately there followed the question, what is that *somewhere* in the Church Catholic? I *could not even imagine any answer, save that it was S. Peter's Chair.* And then I saw that the contest in Church history really lay not between Ultramontane and Gallican opinions, but between the liberty, independence, and spirituality of Christ's Church on the one hand, or on its being made a servile instrument of State government on the other: between a divine and a human Church. And now I went over again the testimonies of antiquity which I had before put together, and many others besides, and I found that one or two confusions and incoherences of mind—especially the not understanding accurately the distinction between powers of Order and powers of Jurisdiction, and their consequences—*had alone prevented my seeing, not merely a Primacy of divine institution, but how full, complete, and overwhelming was the testimony of the Church before the division of the East and West to the Supremacy of S. Peter's See*, AS AT PRESENT CLAIMED, *the very same and no other.* I had it proved to me by the evidence of unnumbered witnesses, that the charge of such Supremacy being originated by the false decretals of Isidore Mercator was a most groundless, I fear also, a most malignant, and treacherous imputation. And, moreover, I felt convinced that those *who deny the Papal Supremacy must, if they are honest men, cease to study history*, or at least begin their acquaintance with Christianity at the sixteenth century. Also that they must be content with a dead Church, and no Creed.'—*See of S. Peter*, pp. v. vi. xi. xii.

Mr. Allies scorns, as will have been seen, explanations and compromises. Obviously he might have become a Roman Catholic without becoming an ultra-montane. He might have held in principle *the very view* which he defended in 1848, while adopting a different conclusion as to its present application. But a view of the Pope's power which satisfied Bossuet will not now satisfy Mr. Allies. Possibly Mr. Allies may be

right; possibly the great French doctors may have been illogical, inconsistent, temporizers, Erastian; we are merely noticing the fact, that Mr. Allies' change of view goes a great way beyond what was necessary for his change of position—goes to the extreme expression of that doctrine, which in theory is so vague and unsettled, and yet, as a practical doctrine, is, under modern circumstances, worth nothing, except in the most absolute and rigid form to which it can be pushed—personal and unshared infallibility.

This extreme view has not broken upon him now for the first time. He had long been perfectly familiar with it, and with the writings of its ardent and daring champions. An answer, too, as we have already said, appeared to the first edition of his book, in which the force of his conclusions was sought to be weakened, by the display in opposition to his argument from history, of the 'great primary Idea' of the Papacy, and the consequence which flowed from it. Without going into historical detail, the writer of this answer was content to confront with Mr. Allies' modest and qualified view, the 'great primary Idea,' apparently confident that its majesty, completeness, and internal consistency were sufficient to enable it to dispense with proof, and to bear down objections. This 'great primary Idea' was simply that of the absolute Headship of S. Peter, and of his successors in the Church; and it is expressed in a great variety of ways in a long string of passages cited by Mr. Allies. 'It is,' as he said, 'simple enough to understand.' He did not find it 'at all hard;' it is very conceivable, he thought, that our Lord 'might have appointed such a government of His 'Church as this—a spiritual Monarch as His representative; 'with officers dependent on him, and owing all their powers 'to corporate union with him; causing the ultimate form of 'unity to reside in the Monarch himself, as His Vicar, and all 'power of jurisdiction to flow from his person. All this,' he continues, 'is very conceivable; but *is it true?*' And he goes on to complain that, so far from proving it, his antagonist avowedly confines himself to stating it; that he waives and disclaims the appeal to history; that instead of giving some means of settling, on solid grounds, a question of such importance, he professes 'not to adduce facts, or to reason from them; but simply to 'state principles, and to show their natural connexion with a 'certain great primary Idea.' To this easy method Mr. Allies then opposed his own. 'The object of my book,' he said, '*is* pre-'cisely what Mr. Thompson disclaims, *to adduce facts and to* '*reason from them*, and by them to show that certain great 'principles which are now set forth, and a certain great primary 'idea, which is now made the basis of the whole Christian

'Church, were not held in ancient times, nor so long as the 'East and West were united in communion. . . . My challenge 'was plain and straightforward; viz. the claim which you make 'is modern, unsupported, nay, denied by the whole history of 'the Church, down to the separation of the East and West. 'The proper answer to it is equally plain and straightforward; 'viz. this is the ancient original claim, and these are the docu-'ments on which it rests.'

This, then, was his appeal: with these documents as his guide, he found that those early 'authorities which could 'not be deceived, and cannot be adulterated, while they 'unanimously held the Roman primacy, and the patriarchal 'system, of which the Roman Pontiff stood at the head, 'as unanimously did not hold, or even contemplate, that 'supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will now accept 'as the price of her communion. They not only do not recog-'nise it, but their words and their actions most manifestly con-'tradict it;' and from the first time that this Idea and its 'consequences,' originating as Mr. Allies then thought with S. Leo, 'were presented to the Eastern mind, down to the 'present hour, it has by the voice of its greatest Saints and 'patriarchs, and the acts of Ecumenical Councils, firmly and 'consistently denied it.' Such, with a full understanding of the Idea he was opposing, and not without admitting its antecedent reasonableness and attractiveness, nay more, having at one period adopted it as his own—such was the witness which Mr. Allies then found in history.

'In vain does Mr. Thompson try to torture a passage or two of S. Cyprian and of S. Augustine into his view: in vain, by resting exclusively on one or two expressions of S. Optatus and others, and *putting out of sight all that on the other side the Church did and spoke*, does he try to give it the witness of antiquity. I do not ask any body to believe my assertion; let him bear this primary Idea in his mind, and then see if the history of the Church down to the very division of the East and West will endure it. Mr. Thompson supposes that all who are not in the Roman Communion are smitten with blindness, and cannot enter into the true idea of unity. Being a convert of a few months' standing he informs us what is "the Catholic faith" on that point. It may surprise him to learn that I began this inquiry with assuming that the Ultramontane Idea was true, and that I have been beaten out of it step by step by the sheer and irresistible strength of facts; so that no one Idea seems to me so thoroughly contradicted by the whole history of the Church down to the reception of the false Decretals, as that very primary Idea which he asserts.'—*Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, pp. xiii., xiv.

Thus the appeal was made, then, to history; and history, as Mr. Allies then read it, gave answer against the 'Idea.' Since that time, Mr. Allies has come to think the 'Idea' the great

central truth of the Christian dispensation on earth—indispensable to its consistency as a system, essential to its perpetuity and life. Has the 'Idea' itself overawed and subdued him? or has he adopted some principle which makes historical evidence irrelevant to the question? or did he grossly misread and misunderstand the evidence on which he formerly dwelt at such length, and founded so confident a conclusion?

It is not easy to elicit from his pamphlet a distinct answer to these—the very questions, with which, if with any questions at all, it ought to deal. So much, however, is clear, that Mr. Allies shows no disposition either to renounce the appeal to history, or to admit in adequate terms the singular and utter incapacity under which, according to his present account, he must have been two years ago, to apprehend its plain and unequivocal meaning. Whatever else may have told upon his conclusions, he is very far indeed from waiving the historical ground; he still takes it as his own, without hesitation, or apology, or misgiving; in fact, he rests on it the main weight of his argument *for*, as he did before *against* the Papal Supremacy. And they are the same times, the same Fathers, the same Councils, the same passages which he has before him. He now finds in these an evidence so harmonious, so clear, so unchallenged of his new view, that he makes no scruple to charge insincerity and dishonesty on all who hesitate to accept it. 'I feel convinced, that those who 'deny the Papal Supremacy, must, if they be honest men, cease 'to study Church history, or at least begin their acquaintance 'with Christianity at the sixteenth century.' This formula, throughout the pamphlet, settles, satisfactorily to Mr. Allies' mind, the case of all dissidents from his solution of the question. As when he argues from Scripture, 'he cannot imagine 'a candid mind drawing any other conclusion from these than 'his own,' or 'see how any honest mind can draw from our 'Lord's words and acts any other meaning' than that which he ascribes to S. Leo and Bossuet; so when he comes to Church history, he finds himself at a loss to choose among its testimonies; but those which he selects 'will be enough to convince all who are capable of conviction.' Yet, we repeat, he has not had these testimonies, either of Scripture or antiquity, before him for the first time; and he is not more confident now than he was before, that no honest and intelligent student could differ from his reading of their meaning. In his first work, he warns his opponents at the outset, that 'they must in fairness 'discard that old disingenuous trick of using testimonies of 'the Fathers to the Primacy of the Roman see in the episcopal 'and patriarchal system, in order to prove the full Papal

'Supremacy as now claimed.' He protests against that 'disingenuousness which is the besetting sin of controversialists;' alike of Beveridge, who quotes part of a paragraph from the Fathers which told for him, and omitted the other which told against him; and of De Maistre, who brings a host of quotations to prove 'the Supremacy, which only prove at the outside 'the Primacy.' 'I cannot in my small degree,' he said before, 'do likewise . . . I cannot keep back points which tell against 'us. If there is any question in which perfect candour is 'requisite, it is this . . . I write then under the strongest sense 'of responsibility, and shall not be deterred from making 'admissions, if truth require them, which seem to tell on the 'other side, and which accordingly have been shrunk from, or 'slurred over, by our defenders in former times.' With this claim to impartiality and candour, which is so graceful and promising in a controversialist, Mr. Allies goes to his work; but withal, he is not less confident. 'If,' he says of Mr. Newman, 'a writer with all the stores of antiquity, and all the labours of 'modern Roman controversialists open before him, and having 'to render account of a great change in his own opinions, can 'produce no stronger indication of the Papal Supremacy from 'the Anti-Nicene period than these, what is the *conclusion to 'which every man must come who goes by the facts of history?'* . . . 'Let every candid person say, whether he or Mr. Newman is 'right in their account of S. Cyprian's view. The acts of 'S. Cyprian's episcopate are an indisputable evidence to the 'candid mind, that he treated the Roman Pontiff simply as his 'elder brother.' Again, *for* his view he has the whole Church up to the Nicene Council, and he enumerates his authorities; 'on the other side, there is *absolutely nothing to allege.'* . . . 'He 'who reads S. Basil's letters for himself, will rise from their 'perusal quite satisfied, that the bold theory just mentioned 'is a pure imagination, invented to turn aside the inexorable 'records of antiquity.' . . . He had read these with caution and impartiality; 'I have not fallen upon passages more favourable 'to Rome in S. Basil's writings; otherwise I should consider it 'a matter of good faith to insert them.' . . . 'Assuredly,' he says, speaking of the basis of the Roman distinction between order and jurisdiction, 'had such been the anciently and universally 'received meaning, I could have accepted it, just as I could 'most readily accept the doctrine it is meant to assert: were it 'not, that antiquity knows nothing of that doctrine . . . and 'this matter of the Roman Supremacy is just one to which the 'induction [of the Canon of Vincentius] can be applied to an 'unusual extent.' . . . 'Having most carefully sought, I have been 'unable to find any testimony of S. Chrysostome to the trans-

'mission of S. Peter's Primacy to the Bishop of Rome, unless 'the passage about Antioch and Rome may be considered such.' 'The simple truth is, which is as plain as the day in the whole 'matter, that S. Cyril felt himself as completely and inde- 'pendently the head of the Alexandrian patriarchate as S. In- 'nocent was of the Roman.' . . . 'No man can doubt where the 'sovereign power of the Church lay in 431.' . . . 'Let a single 'sentence, not however torn from its context, but candidly and 'fairly considered by the light of that context, by other 'writings and actions of the time, be produced from the 'writings of S. Athanasius, S. Basil, S. Gregory of Nazianzum, 'or of Nyssa, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostome, S. Augustine, 'S. Cyril of Alexandria, yes, or even from the "homine 'Romano," S. Jerome himself, which acknowledges the 'present Papal idea.' . . . 'Is not the proving the Papal Supre- 'macy upon a class of facts which exist equally with regard to 'the patriarchs, a most gross application of the "leaden rule" of 'which Mr. Newman complains?' Such is Mr. Allies' language through the whole of his five hundred pages; after all admissions and abatements required by a jealous impartiality and granted by a generous candour, after a search declared to have been most conscientious and laborious, the result is a positive denial of any trace of the modern Roman doctrine in the undivided Church, a denial of the possibility of establishing it by any honest mode of arguing.

And yet, according to Mr. Allies' own showing, when two years ago he deliberately examined this question *de novo,* and for himself,—and as he then protested, with perfect candour, under a deep sense of responsibility, with entire readiness to accept the Roman Supremacy, if he found it; nay, starting from the ultramontane view—evidence in favour of it was before him, whose plainness, strength, and fulness he is now at a loss for words to express. But with all this candour on one side and overwhelming clearness on the other, the evidence not only did not convince him of the Supremacy, but convinced him of just the contrary. There was something in his mind sufficient not merely to intercept its proper effect, but to reverse it. It is quite true that facts do often change their look to us; the state or terms of the question may be altered, new facts may come in, or a new theory supply a different key to the old ones. But here the state of the question and of the facts remains unchanged. Mr. Allies looked for a definite doctrine or idea, carefully cleared from what less exact writers had mixed up with it. Looking for it in the same authorities, he finds it unequivocally contradicted in 1848, unequivocally asserted in 1850. There is as little doubt in the judgment of one year as in that of the other,

and as little difference in the question raised. The evidence on it, we are told, is such as to leave any one who gives but one answer to it without excuse. It is so overpowering, that he must, if he studies it and understands it, be right or be dishonest. This evidence Mr. Allies studied, argued on it, turned it about, weighed it, found it then as now, full, clear, and to the point; and yet on this same overwhelmingly clear evidence he has within two years maintained two opposite conclusions on the same question—one of them, according to him, the very truth which must save us, the other, such as no honest man can defend. In this strange process, clear and unequivocal evidence must have been strangely treated. Either in the volume of 500 pages, or in the pamphlet of 160, it is treated too much at length to have come off scathless. In *fact*,—we are far from saying, in *intention*,—it must, if Mr. Allies is right in *either* view, have been grossly misused, misunderstood, misrepresented, garbled, coloured, suppressed, put to all the tortures which clear and unequivocal evidence sustains when forced from its plain direction. In one or other, Mr. Allies must have been grossly mistaken; must have failed to catch the meaning of the most palpable facts and most distinct assertions; and must further have defended his mistake, and impugned the honesty of those who differed from him, with a confidence and pertinacity, which, since in one case at least it cannot be well-founded, must have been inexcusable rashness. A writer, perfectly at home with the critical points of the case on which evidence is to be sought for and questioned, and with the distinctions and shades of the controversy in its more refined and philosophical form, who as positively pronounces the same facts to run all one way in 1850, as he did that they went directly in the opposite way in 1848, is, we must say, rather mild to himself, when he tells us in explanation, that 'he found,' on going over the testimonies of antiquity, 'that *one or two confusions and incoherencies of mind*—'*especially the not understanding accurately the distinction between* '*powers of order and powers of jurisdiction and their conse-* '*quences*—had alone prevented his seeing, not merely a Primacy 'of Divine institution, but how *full, complete, and overwhelming* 'was the testimony of the Church before the division of the 'East and West *to the Supremacy* of S. Peter's see, *as at pre-* '*sent claimed*—the very same, and no other.' The non-appreciation of the distinction between orders and jurisdiction, with the other accompanying 'one or two incoherencies and confusions of mind,'[1] is not enough to account for his having

[1] We may perhaps refer to this head, what he now considers his former exaggeration of the effect of the False Decretals in establishing the claims of the Papacy. He has merely alluded to this in his pamphlet, without explaining, on

found in what he now states to be clear and overwhelming evidence for the Supremacy, clear and overwhelming proofs which contradicted and excluded it. How far in any parallel case, a writer, a lawyer, or a politician, by such an explanation, could save his reputation from the charge of random and reckless hastiness, we have no difficulty in determining.

We have no intention of discussing here the question of the Pope's Supremacy. We are concerned only with the contrast presented by Mr. Allies' two works on it. Of this contrast a few examples may suffice to show which seems to be the fairest and most careful statement of the case. For as Mr. Allies has chosen his own ground, he has no right to expect that bold sweeping views of history and its events, like those of Count de Maistre, whether to him they now seem candid and honest or not, are to be accepted in exchange for a cautious examination of circumstances and language.

The doctrine which he maintains at present is that 'great primary Idea' which, as we have noticed, had been confronted with his historical conclusions; that the Apostles received their powers only in virtue of their corporate union with S. Peter, to whom, personally and alone, all the powers of spiritual government, in their fulness and irrevocably, had before been granted. They had received their Episcopate, their powers to teach and to govern, '*not individually, but corporately, not separately, but collectively, and in inseparable union with Peter.*' And these powers, granted personally to S. Peter, have descended to his successors personally. 'The mission of the 'Apostles,' says Mr. Thompson, 'was, except in the case of 'Peter, to terminate with their lives.' With his successors it was to continue. 'The whole Church is in the Pope, as each particular Church is in its Bishop;' and its Bishops have power by virtue only of their union with the Pope, just as the Apostles are said 'to have had part in the Episcopate, which was given to Peter in its fulness, by union with Peter.'

Mr. Allies, in the Preface to the Second Edition of his book, challenged the proof of this. It rests of course on the promise to S. Peter in Matt. xvi. 18, 19, coupled with the command in S. John xxi. 'If,' he said, 'it is admitted as a Canon of 'Scripture interpretation, that whatever is said of Peter in the 'New Testament is said of the Bishop of Rome, as his single

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his present view, why the False Decretals were forged or used at all. It is possible that what was the gradual result of many causes, was ascribed by him and others too exclusively to one. But the False Decretals only came in, in his former work, as part of his explanation how the modern Supremacy ever came to be. His giving up this explanation, goes very little way to prove that this supremacy never had a beginning, and leaves untouched his former negative argument.

'successor; and if, besides, our Lord did *confer* in these words 'the Episcopate on Peter alone, whole and entire, and *then* 'made the rest partakers of it in union with S. Peter; so that 'His words would convey the idea, that Peter alone of all 'possessed it in himself, wholly and in its fulness;—then if '*both* these principles are true, I might draw some such con-'clusion from them as Mr. Thompson does.'

With respect to the first point, he then thought it contradicted by antiquity:—

'But, in the first place, it will be seen at great length in my book, that the greatest Fathers of the Church, S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostome, did not suppose the Bishop of Rome to be intended at all any more than any other Bishop, in this passage: nor in that of John, "Feed My sheep." S. Leo is the great author of this opinion, and the succeeding Popes after him; and in medieval times it was received generally in the West: but from the first time that this Idea and its consequences were presented to the Eastern mind, down to the present hour, it has by the voice of its greatest Saints and Patriarchs, and the acts of Ecumenical Councils, firmly and consistently denied it. I mean it has maintained that the *same power of the keys was bestowed upon the Apostles and their successors, as upon Peter and his successors: not by virtue of their union with him, but in virtue of their corporate union in Christ, their sole Head.*'—P. xi.

With respect to the second, he thus argues:—

'Neither is the second premiss proven, for these words of our Lord do not convey any such Idea as Mr. Thompson draws from them. And here I cannot sufficiently wonder at the oversight which he makes. He supposes that the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," are not *a promise* of a power to be *hereafter* bestowed, but *a power then and there actually bestowed.* Whereas the power here promised to Peter, as to his brother Apostles in Matt. xviii. 18, was *first conferred on all the Apostles together*, by our Lord in the evening of the Resurrection. So that, following most strictly our Lord's words, *we find that Peter never for one instant possessed the Episcopate by himself: or before the rest of the Apostles.* The fulfilment of the promise made in Matt. xvi. to the Church represented by her first Apostle Peter, and in Matt. xviii. to the same Church, in the person of all her Apostles, was given to all the Apostles together as described in John xx. 21-3. Peter *received* his Apostolic powers in the same and no other words as the rest of the Apostles; in receiving them he was nowise distinguished from them. Those words conveyed the power of jurisdiction as well as orders, which together make up the Episcopal character. "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." The Idea which Mr. Thompson has so elaborately and repeatedly expressed is, as regards these passages of Scripture, *a pure fiction.* It has absolutely *no foundation.* The Idea which he so pointedly rejects is the very one which our Lord's words convey: viz., that He bestowed the whole Episcopate on the Twelve as co-rulers, and in their persons on the whole un-

divided Episcopate of His Church, under Himself their sole Head: the breath of his mouth was their commission: His spirit dwelling in them is the pledge of its continuance to the end. They hold it by corporate union not with Peter, that is, any more than with each other, but with Him.' —*Church of England cleared, &c.* pp. xi. xii.

In his pamphlet, he begins with the Scriptural proof. After distinguishing the promise from the fulfilment, and drawing from the promise in S. Matthew, and the command in S. John, the ordinary Roman inferences, that S. Peter is 'next after Christ, and singly the foundation of the Church,' and has committed to himself alone 'the keys, the symbol of supreme 'power, the mastership over the Lord's house,' the 'power 'singly of binding and loosing,' the 'supreme guardianship of 'the Church,' he thus explains the powers granted to the other Apostles:—

'They were equal in the powers of the Episcopate;

'They were equal also in those of the Apostolate, superadded to the former, that is, immediate institution by Christ, and universal mission;

'They were inferior to him in one point only, which made up his Primacy, namely, that *they must exercise all* these powers *in union with him, and in dependence on him:* he had *singly* what they had *collectively* with him. He had promised and engaged to him, *first* and *alone*, the supreme government, a portion of which was afterwards promised to them with him; and after the Apostolate, granted to them all in common, he had the supervision of all entrusted to him alone. *For even they were committed to his charge in the words, "Feed My sheep."* And so he alone was the doorkeeper; he alone the shepherd of the fold; he alone the rock on which even they, as well as all other Christians, were built; in one word, he was their head, and so his Primacy is an *essential* part, nay the crown and completion of the divine government of the Church; for the Body without a Head is no Body.

'Thus were they all, doctors of the whole world, as S. Cyril and S. Chrysostom tell us, yet under one, the leader of the band.

'They could, and did, exercise jurisdiction, erect Bishops, and plant Churches, in all parts of the world, *but* it was *in union with Peter, and in obedience to him.*

'His Primacy, then, consisted not in a superiority of *order*, but in a superiority of *jurisdiction.*

'After the departure of the Apostles, this superiority of jurisdiction in the Primacy would be seen more clearly. *For they communicated to none that universal mission*, which they themselves received from Christ, the Bishops whom they ordained having only *a restricted* field in which they exercised their powers; and it is manifest that our Lord in person instituted no Bishops after them. Thus these two privileges of the Apostolate, universal mission, and immediate institution by Christ, dropped. But S. Peter's Primacy, being distinct from his Apostolate, continued on. There was *one still necessary* to bear the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and to feed all the sheep of the Lord's flock. That power, first promised, and last given, to Peter, the crown and key-stone of the arch, that which makes the whole Church one flock, was *an universal Episcopate.* Thus the Primacy is *jurisdictional, with regard to all Bishops*, as it was with regard to the Apostles; and two powers emerge of divine institution for the government of the Church to the end of time—the Primacy and the Episcopate.'—*See of S. Peter*, pp. 19—21.

This personal relation of S. Peter to the Apostles must, he says, continue, between his successors and the Church, to the end of time, on the same ground that the ordinary powers granted to the Apostles are believed to continue. 'In all this,' he concludes, 'I have gone on the mere words of Scripture, 'which are *so plain, so coherent, and so decisive,* that I cannot '*imagine a candid mind* drawing any other conclusion from 'them.'

Now as far as argument goes, it is hard to see that Mr. Allies has got beyond Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson said that this 'primary Idea' was found in these words of Scripture; so have said Roman controversialists for the last 300 years and upwards. Mr. Allies says the same now. It is true that he said in 1848, that this 'primary Idea,' though repeatedly and elaborately expressed, was, 'as regards Holy Scripture, a mere 'baseless assertion,' a 'pure fiction,' 'with absolutely no founda-'tion.' The 'Idea,' he continued, 'which Mr. Thompson *so* '*pointedly rejects* is the *very one which our Lord's words convey,* 'viz.: that He bestowed the whole Episcopate on the twelve 'co-rulers, and in their persons on the whole undivided Episco-'pate of his Church, under Himself, their sole Head. They 'hold it by corporate union, not with Peter, (that is, any more 'than with each other,) but with Him... Let Mr. Thompson or 'any one else show when Peter ever received the Episcopate 'whole and complete in himself.' Mr. Allies now finds 'the 'mere words of Scripture so plain and decisive, that he cannot '*imagine* a candid mind drawing from them any other con-'clusion,' than what then seemed to him a 'pure fiction and 'baseless assertion.' He now *says* that this Idea *is* in Scripture. It is easy to see that a high personal preeminence was given to S. Peter; and that he to whom such high words were spoken, and such solemn charges given, did in point of fact take the first part among his brethren in the setting up of the Church. But when we ask in what this preeminence consisted, and how it bears on the permanent polity of the Church universal, we are merely told that no candid mind can see anything less in it than the Papal Supremacy of Pius IX. and his predecessors, interpreted in a way which, however logical, consistent, and necessary, has yet been considered a false and monstrous extreme, by some of the most illustrious theologians of the Roman communion. A strong personal impression doubtless carries with it rhetorical force. A connected mode of stating is logically highly important. Yet statement is not argument. And how the very same words which at one time served to show this assertion to be without foundation, have since come to show it to be self-evident; how this impression has been

transformed from a 'pure fiction' into a conclusion 'which no honest mind can doubt,' is a matter which should not have been left wholly unexplained by the writer, in whom so very remarkable a change had been wrought, and in a pamphlet written for the express purpose of justifying it.

So much for the Scriptural view. Mr. Allies proceeds, 'It is 'another argument, and no less a truth, that *this view alone* 'supplies a key to all antiquity.' Thus *alone* does the history of the Church become intelligible. He is, therefore, to prove from history that the earlier view which he had taken of the Primacy, as the *first place* in the stirring and energetic hierarchy of the unbroken Church, with the ample prerogatives of a first place, but not the attributes of a sole source and controller of authority—that this view antiquity will not bear. He is to show that antiquity knows nothing of any limitations to the spiritual power of S. Peter, or of his successors; that antiquity is unconscious and intolerant of any view, but one which concentrates the whole power of the Church in S. Peter and his successors for ever, and derives all separate powers from it alone.

He had, in his first work, very distinctly drawn attention to the fact that he had escaped the common snare to the honesty of both sides, the confusion of the ancient Primacy with the modern Supremacy. His was no vulgar and common-place abuse of garbled texts of the Fathers. He insisted on the Primacy in its old system, and under its old conditions, as strongly as he protested that he could find *nothing for*, but *everything against*, that further and absolute development of it which became the Supremacy. He found 'by reference to 'authorities which could not be deceived, and cannot be adulte-'rated, that while they unanimously held the Roman Primacy 'and the patriarchal system, of which the Roman Pontiff stood 'at the head, they as unanimously did not hold, nor even con-'template, that supremacy or monarchy which alone Rome will 'now accept as the price of her communion. They not only do 'not recognise it, but their words and actions most manifestly 'contradict it.' And he is very earnest in his warnings against what he calls 'that old disingenuous trick' of proving the Supremacy by passages which only prove the Primacy. In a further argument, therefore, which carries on the idea of the Primacy into that of the Supremacy, we naturally look for a careful recollection of the distinction, and a careful elimination of all equivocal proofs; up to the ancient Primacy, the claim is supposed to be granted; we expect critical and crucial instances which leave no doubt of something more. We might expect further an explanation of all that alleged mass of evidence with which the modern idea of the Supremacy was said to be irreconcilable. We might have

expected in a man of Mr. Allies' candour, some detailed account of the fallacy in which the distinction arose, and how so perverse a view came in the first instance to be taken of a history which is now pronounced to be incapable of misleading any but the wilfully blind.

We can find, however, nothing of the kind. He has, indeed, a long chapter on 'the Church's Witness to the Primacy,' out of which he professes to furnish 'abundant proof to every candid mind,' of what he has laid down—not only that Bellarmine's view is true, but that it is the only one ever known to the Church of the first ages. But in the construction of this proof, he forgets that the question is whether the Primacy of those ages means a universal and indefeasible Supremacy; he forgets, or seems to forget, that such a distinction ever existed; that he has maintained it; that great Roman Catholic authorities have maintained it. He absolutely ignores the question, and that he ever had anything to do with it. He states his conclusions, and quotes his texts. For the rest, those who do not see their connexion are uncandid and dishonest, now that he has laid the two before them. Up to this time indeed, they might have sheltered themselves under his example and the equally strong sentences of his former work. But the arbiter has changed his mind.

Doubtless in his new position he may for himself dispense with all but the strong impressions of a bold and candid mind. Much that to us seems flimsy and superficial in learning, offhand and reckless in statement, arrogant and intemperate in tone, may be the effect of a superior position, and clear theory. He may afford to despise those longer and slower processes of argument, which indeed only so lately led him so far astray. But condescension is under all circumstances a graceful and not unwise tribute to the infirmity of others. It would not have been unbecoming in him to have reasoned sometimes where he has but affirmed, and to have explained facts where he has only ignored them. It would not have been beside his purpose to have remembered, that it might not satisfy the rest of the world to be told, that he should consider them dishonest unless they accepted his altered view. He has already the credit of being learned, ingenious, candid; if he could afford to forego that of consistency, it yet might not have been undeserving of his attention, to try for that of calm judgment and charity.

What he contradicted then—what he now maintains, as the clear doctrine of all antiquity, which no candid mind can doubt about—is the doctrine of Bellarmine, that '*all ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops descends immediately from the Pope,*' and '*that the Pope has, full and entire, that power which Christ left*

on earth for the good of the Church.' This doctrine he now says—this, and nothing short of this, is the plain, unanimous, uncontradicted doctrine of the whole ancient Church. He thought before that the ancient Church looked upon Rome as the chief and most venerable seat of the Christian religion; that in the great brotherhood of bishops, its bishops were the first; that in their person the idea of S. Peter as the leader and spokesman of the Apostles was more strikingly and significantly than elsewhere set forth to the Church, and that in that line of bold and zealous men S. Peter's spirit and faith survived; that with the first place, went naturally all that the first place naturally involves, in all corporations and confederations of men, as long as the system works harmoniously together—with all the temptations and opportunities to encroach, sometimes for good ends, sometimes for bad ones, which as naturally and inevitably go along with the first place. He now thinks that this interpretation of the Primacy is as far short of the truth, as a body of co-ordinate and mutually limiting powers differs from a single power, of which every other authority is the precarious delegate and vicar. He now thinks that it is impossible for the Papacy to encroach, for there are no limits set that it can overpass. 'Once 'grasp its true nature, and you see that it cannot be limited by 'any power over which it is appointed itself to rule.' 'Time has 'not exhausted the grant of the Primacy, or told us all that is 'contained in our Lord's words to S. Peter.' Its only law and limit is love. He is now prepared to maintain that not merely implicitly and *de jure*, but according to the unbroken tradition, and undoubting belief of antiquity, every bishop and ecclesiastic in Christendom, from the Patriarch of Alexandria or Constantinople, and the Metropolitans of Africa and Asia, down to the obscurest priest among the barbarians of the forest or the desert, received his right to govern or to minister, by delegation from the see of Rome—had no authority but what in his measure he derived from it, and for the use of which he was directly responsible to it—was the conscious and loyal subject of its jurisdiction, a jurisdiction 'coactive, universal, immediate, 'supreme.' 'From the first,' he says, 'the Primacy *contained* 'the episcopate, and the *privileges of Metropolitans, Primates,* '*and Patriarchs, are but emanations from the fountain head,* 'which sends forth larger or lesser streams, as the case may 'require, but remains itself full.' Singly or collectively, the whole body of the Clergy were swayed and guided by this great central power; all whom it deigned to notice were amenable to it: it dictated law and creed to general council and provincial synod, which alike were but organs to accept and register its decrees. 'Is this a new belief?' he asks; 'nay, it is the doctrine of all

'antiquity, the *only* view which ancient saints give us of the 'government of Christ's Church; the only view that will 'give connexion and harmony to the facts of ecclesiastical 'history.'

The position is a broad one, and moreover a very clear one; and the evidence, if there is any at all, cannot but be as clear also. If the Pope was from the first what Mr. Allies says that he was, and what he is understood to be in the Latin communion now, by ultramontane theologians, the acknowledged and only source of all ecclesiastical authority, it is impossible that there should be any mistaking it. If he came to be, in time, something which he was not before; if he grew to be what he is, from something which though like to it, and on the way to it, was yet different from it and short of it,—then of course imperfect and confused statements may be looked for. But then comes the question, also, whether what he was at first, authorizes all that he came to be afterwards; it is nothing new that power should encroach, and encroach successfully. But in terms at least Mr. Allies rejects this expedient of some of the keenest champions of his own doctrine; in terms, we say, for he does allow in the course of his pamphlet, that it was only in the germ, as 'an idea possessing the mind,' that the modern doctrine is, often at least, to be traced. But this is merely a passing inconsistency. If the idea was there at all, it must have been as clear as Mr. Allies says that it was. If the idea was there at all, not merely of a great yet vague prerogative, but that all power in the Church came from, and depended on the Pope,—that he stood in the place of Christ himself,—it must have been, as he says it was, 'the *only* view which ancient saints give us of the government of Christ's Church.' An idea so important, so essential, could not have been confused or dim in times when Church authority was most active. If it existed, it must have been energetic; the leading and immutable feature of the Christian polity could not but be visible. If an all-controlling and exclusive Supremacy was not energetic and visible, it could be no all-controlling and exclusive Supremacy at all. Mr. Allies is compelled by the condition of his thesis, and the necessities of his position, to claim from history an evidence as clear as he states it to be.

What Mr. Allies, however, at present considers clear and sufficient proof will be better understood from a few instances.

He had written as follows in his former work: 'It will be seen 'at great length in my book, that the greatest Fathers of the 'Church, S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostome, did not 'suppose the Bishop of Rome to be intended at all, any more 'than any other Bishop, in this passage (S. Matt. xvi.) nor in that

'of John, "Feed my sheep." *S. Leo is the great author of this* '*opinion;* and the succeeding Popes after him.'

In his recent pamphlet, in confirmation of his interpretation of the passages of the Gospel, he says: 'I will now select, out 'of ancient and modern times, the testimony of two great 'Bishops to this interpretation of Holy Scripture. One shall be 'the representative of the Fathers, the other of the modern 'Church.'

The modern authority is Bossuet. Doubtless, Bossuet was a Roman Catholic; he held the Primacy of S. Peter, and held that it was given to S. Peter by our Lord. Neither did he doubt that this Primacy was intended to be continued to his successors. So also thought Mr. Allies when he wrote his former book, whatever may have been his difference with Bossuet as to the conditions on which that Primacy was given. But the question in debate now is as to the meaning of that Primacy. 'The question at issue is,' he wrote in 1848, 'whether the Bishop 'of Rome be the first of the Patriarchs, and first Bishop of the 'Apostolic College, and holding among them the place that 'Peter held, all which I freely acknowledge as the testimony of 'antiquity; or whether he be, further, not only this, *but the* '*source of all jurisdiction, uniting in his single person all those* '*powers which belonged to Peter and the Apostles collectively;* 'an idea which, however extravagant, is actually maintained at 'present in the Church of Rome, and is moreover absolutely 'necessary to justify its acts, and to condemn the position of 'the Greek and English Churches.' Such is the way in which, fully recognising Bossuet's loyalty to the Roman See, he introduced Bossuet's argument from the words of S. Leo and the council of Chalcedon, *against* the *modern Roman interpretation of the Primacy.* Mr. Allies is perfectly aware that Bossuet's *Defensio Cleri Gallicani,* from which he drew so much in his former work, was written to overthrow those inferences of the words of our Lord to S. Peter, which he now considers to be the only ones which a candid mind can draw from them. He knows that Bossuet did not understand S. Peter's primacy as he does now. And yet he ventures to quote him, as representing the testimony of the modern Church on his own new side.

With reference to the ancient Church he had said, that 'the author of this opinion was S. Leo.' In confirmation of his assertion, that this opinion, which he now derives from Scripture, was the uniform view of all antiquity, he cites in the first place, as the representative of antiquity,—not S. Augustine, S. Cyril, and S. Chrysostom, who, according to his former statement, ignored it,—*but S. Leo.* Truly we are obliged to Mr. Allies for the new light he has afforded us, to come to a conclusion on the

subject. He quotes Bossuet as his modern authority, who wrote against his present view, and S. Leo as his ancient one, who is said to have invented it.

The following is his sketch of the position of the Roman See in the first three centuries. By the Primacy, in this passage, Mr. Allies means, not such a Primacy as he contended for in his first work, but what he then called the Supremacy—the absolute monarchical power, the possession of all power complete and entire, in the Christian Church.

'We have seen, moreover, that this power is based, not *on any grant of the Church* of God, not on any concessions of its Bishops from age to age, but *on the express words of the Founder of that Church*, words so remarkable that they prove themselves to be His who spake as never man spake, in that while they convey the supreme power which is to rule and guide that Church for ever—to be seated at its heart, and to move its hands—they enfold in themselves the living germ from which all its organization has sprung. . . . .

'The Primitive Church, during nearly three centuries, in which it was exposed to continual persecution, was never assembled in a general Council. During that time it was governed by its *one* Episcopate, *cast into the shape* which it *had received from the moulding hand of S. Peter himself, at the head of the Apostolic College.* That Apostle, in his own lifetime, established three primatial Sees, of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch,—the mother Churches of three great patriarchates, which, *as Church after Church was propagated from them, and received its Bishop, yet retained over them a parent's right of correction and inspection.* Of these, the two latter, the Sees of Alexandria and Antioch, *were subordinate to the See of Rome*, to whose Bishop their Bishops *were accountable for the purity of their faith*, and the *due government of their Church.* The records of these three first centuries have in a large degree perished; but we see *standing out of them certain facts*, which cannot be *accounted for but by* the Roman PRIMACY, viz., that the Bishop of Rome, and he alone, claims a control over the Churches of the whole world, threatening to sever from his communion, (and sometimes carrying that threat into execution,) such as do not maintain the purity of that faith which he is charged to watch over, and the rules of that communion which had come down from the Apostles. The well known instances of S. Clement writing to the Church of Corinth to heal its divisions, in the very lifetime of S. John; of S. Victor censuring the Asiatic, and S. Stephen the African Churches; and of S. Dionysius receiving an apology for his faith from his namesake, the Bishop of Alexandria, are *sufficient proofs* of this. The force of the fact lies in this, that the Bishop of Rome, and he alone, claims, as need may arise, a control over all; but no one claims a control over him.'—*See of S Peter*, pp. 72—74.

The sketch is summary and decided. It competes in breadth and peremptoriness of statement with a similar sketch in a celebrated Essay with which he is acquainted, and to the examination of which, in his former work, he devoted fifty closely-printed and laborious pages. If he is less graphic, perhaps, than his prototype; if there is not the rapid and dexterous combination of emphatic instances, there is at least the same assurance of an appeal to indisputable notoriety. Effect is the result

of the absence, as well as of the enumeration of details. Dr. Newman, however, seeks to convince by producing them; Mr. Allies, more boldly, by omitting them.

Some of these instances, however, he does allude to, as cases known and allowed by all the world. They are indeed familiar to all readers of ecclesiastical history, and we shall come to them presently; but first we must deal with Mr. Allies' very clear statement of the *origin and character* of the subordination of Antioch and Alexandria to Rome; which, though he gives it as if it were found in black and white in Eusebius, we must in reality take on trust from him. The fact of course was well known, that these were Apostolic sees, and second and third in rank when Rome was first; but the distinct explanation of it, as the only received view of antiquity, though it fits in admirably with Mr. Allies' theory, and though the idea is suggested in a document of the Roman Church in the fifth century, must rest, we believe, on that theory with whatever support that document can give it.[1] That S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, S. Chrysostom, or their predecessors considered their ecclesiastical authority and preeminence as derived from Apostolic tradition, is likely enough; that they considered it still derived in each case from the Roman successor of S. Peter, and themselves dependant on his supreme power for their jurisdiction and prerogatives, is a position, perfectly intelligible indeed, but so intelligible, that it is singular that it

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[1] The following are Bossuet's remarks on it:

'Nothing to the purpose is that which the anonymous author writes about the Patriarchate of Alexandria and Antioch set up by the Apostle Peter. . . . . .

'He states, that Metropolitan Churches, specially in Gaul, derived their authority from the Supreme Pontiff. How does this help his cause? Paul surely appointed Titus Metropolitan in Crete, and ordered him to place Bishops in the several churches. Must Peter have interposed here also? Did Peter set up the Sees of Ephesus, Cesarea, Heraclea, and other Primatical Sees in the East, which had a great number, not merely of Bishops, but of Metropolitans, under them?

'But for his assertion, that the Episcopate was propagated through the whole world by Peter alone and his successors, it is an assertion without proof: as if the other Apostles did nothing. For his assertion that the distribution into Dioceses, and the assigning of a peculiar flock to every pastor, was done only by the authority of Peter; that whatever the rest of the Apostles, even Paul in Crete, did and ordered, had force through the express, or tacit, consent of Peter and his successors, this I think more worthy of contempt than refutation, and wonder that a serious person could give utterance to it, where learning is so cultivated. . . . . .

'As for the objection about the three patriarchs being confirmed by the Apostolic See, who were then to confirm the rest of their Bishops, even were it most certain and ancient, and derived from the very origin of Christianity, what has it to do with us? it being certain that the Church of Carthage, and those of Ephesus, Heraclea, and Cesarea in Cappadocia, before they were subjected to the See of Constantinople, and others, enjoyed the right of an absolutely free ordination. . . . *Church of England cleared, &c.*, pp. 429—431.

'The Bishops,' says Mr. Allies, in 1848, 'of the great sees, specially Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, announced their accession to each other, together with a profession of the orthodox faith. But as for any jurisdiction emanating from Rome to the great bishops of the East, *such a thing was never even imagined.*' *Ibid.* p. 26.

should not appear on the face of all their acts; more singular still when it is considered how often they did invoke, against persecutors or opponents, the countenance and suffrage of the first Bishop. Mr. Allies here speaks of the early centuries; S. Chrysostom of Antioch, and S. Cyril of Alexandria, belong to a later time. But of their way of viewing the subject, Mr. Allies has in his former work given us a large account; of S. Chrysostom he there says:—

'Now let the language of S. Chrysostome on these various passages be fairly weighed. No thought, assuredly, had he, continually alluding, as he does, to S. Peter's Primacy, dwelling upon it, and speaking of it largely and generously, that, while this was to last for ever, and be wondrously developed into a great centralising power in the heart of the Church, on the other hand the Apostolic powers of his brethren were not to continue, (as Bellarmine asserts, and as the Roman theory and practice exhibit,) but be absorbed in the authority of their chief. Does he say, for instance, that Peter has the whole world committed to him? This is true, but then it is not exclusively of his brethren, but in conjunction with them. Bellarmine will quote him for the first point, but omit the second.'—*Church of England cleared, &c.*, pp. 187, 188.

The following is a specimen of his language:—

'Preaching before his Bishop Flavian at Antioch, he says, "He too received this name Peter not from wonders and signs, but from zeal and earnest affection. For it was not because he raised the dead, nor because he made the lame man upright, that he was so called; but, because he showed forth a true faith together with his confession, he inherited this name, Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church. Why? not because he did miracles, but because he said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Thou seest that his very being called Peter took its beginning not from working miracles, but from ardent zeal. But, since I have mentioned Peter, another Peter occurs to me, our common Father and Teacher, who being his successor in virtue has also inherited his seat." (Singular enough it is that, at the moment the saint said this, Flavian was not the Bishop of Antioch who enjoyed the Communion of Rome, but was supported by the East against Paulinus.) "For this, too, is one of the privileges of our city, that it received at the beginning for its teacher the first of the Apostles. For fitting it was that the city, which, before the whole world, encircled her brows with the name of Christian, should receive as Pastor the first of the Apostles. But though we received him for our teacher, we did not keep him to the end, but yielded him to imperial Rome: or rather we kept him to the end. For we have not indeed the body of Peter, but we keep the faith of Peter as himself: and having the faith of Peter, we have Peter himself.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 183, 184.

Further on, he observes:—

'But indeed, having most carefully sought, I have been unable to find any testimony of S. Chrysostome to the transmission of S. Peter's Primacy over the whole Church to the Bishop of Rome; unless the passage above respecting Antioch and Rome may be considered such. Yet there is a conjecture in that great Saint's life, in which, had he acknowledged any powers to be lodged in the Bishop of Rome beyond those of a Patriarch, the first Bishop of the West, he would surely have expressed it. I mean

his letter to Pope S. Innocent, detailing the unjust persecution which he had suffered. . . .

'He sends duplicates of this letter to Venerius, Bishop of Milan, and Chromatius of Aquileia. The Bishop of Rome, then, is begged to disapprove of these proceedings, but so likewise, and in the same words, are the other two great Primates of Italy: and reference is made throughout to a supreme Ecclesiastical authority, which is, the Canon of the Church: and the second Bishop of the world, thus treated, appeals not to the See of Rome simply as a superior tribunal, but to a Council.

'Now what is Bellarmine's account of the document I have just quoted? It appears as his seventh proof out of the Greek Fathers that the Roman Pontiff succeeds Peter in the monarchy of the Church. "S. John Chrysostome in his first letter to Pope Innocent says, 'I beseech you to write that proceedings so lawless may not have force: but that they who have acted lawlessly may be subject to the punishment of the Church's laws,' &c. Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, in a Council of many Bishops, had deposed Chrysostome from the Bishopric of Constantinople. Chrysostome writes to the Roman Pontiff that he by his own authority should decree that the sentence of Theophilus was null, and should punish Theophilus himself. Therefore Chrysostome recognises Pope Innocent as supreme judge even of the Greeks." That is, he proves the Roman Pontiff's monarchy by the expressions of a letter, duplicates of which he omits to say were sent to the Bishops of Milan and Aquileia. . . .

'In this whole affair what is done and said on both sides illustrates both the previously quoted writings of S. Chrysostome, and the existing constitution of the Church, and proves that it was Episcopal, and that it was not Papal. The Bishop of the second See is intruded on and outraged by the Bishop of the third, in violation of the Canons; he appeals to a Council: at the same time he requests the three Primates of Italy, in the same words, to show their disapproval of proceedings intrinsically null. The Bishops of Rome, Milan, and Aquileia, do disapprove of the act of Theophilus: nevertheless the former writes to the Clergy of Constantinople that a Council is necessary; he expressly disowns the power of being able to settle such disorders. To Theophilus he writes in the same terms, and he sets himself to obtain this Council. Can a more complete picture of that Church government, which we demand, be set forth? The Popes of the fourth and fifth centuries, it seems, never imagined that the Canons of the Nicene Council were to be changed into a totally different discipline.'—*Ibid.* pp. 195—199.

And he concludes, after comparing a panegyric on Rome by S. Chrysostom with one by Lacordaire:—

'Such feelings as these are what any Churchman must habitually entertain, who looks on the Roman Pontiff as at once the governing power and the life of the Church. Could, then, S. Chrysostome have beheld in Rome the Church's heart, whence her life-blood courses over the whole body, and have seen no reason to love her for that? or have stated that she was more remarkable for possessing even the bodies of the blessed Apostles than for all other things together? What Roman Catholic would so speak now? The power of the Roman Pontiff in the Latin Communion is actually such, that Lacordaire's words respecting the city of Rome apply to that whole Church; to destroy that power would be to destroy the Church herself; the parricide would be a suicide. But how can this dogma be imposed upon us as necessary to salvation, if S. Augustine, S. Chrysostome, and the Church of their day knew it not? or let it be shown us, how any men who

did know it, could either have written as they write, or have been silent as they are silent.'—*Ibid.* p. 201.

Of S. Cyril, who afterwards asked for and was armed with the authority of the first see, against Nestorius, and who is therefore triumphantly represented as the mere deputy of the Pope at the Council of Ephesus, Mr. Allies thus writes in his former work:—

'Further, the actions of S. Cyril come in fully to corroborate his doctrine. When in the year 412 he succeeded his uncle Theophilus as Patriarch of Alexandria, that whole Patriarchate, as well as those of Antioch and Constantinople, had been for nearly eight years out of Communion with Rome, in consequence of the persecution of S. John Chrysostome. Pope S. Innocent had nobly defended his cause, but he was unable to prevent the whole East taking a contrary course, and he accordingly removed them from his Communion. But did they in consequence yield? Did they acknowledge such an authority in the Bishop of Rome, even at the head of his Council, or of the whole West, that what he ruled to be right was right; and that, if they disobeyed him, and in consequence were excluded from his Communion, they endangered their salvation? If we may judge from their actions no such notion ever occurred to their minds. Rather than replace the name of S. John Chrysostome in the Diptychs they suffered the East and West to be divided for years. Alexander of Antioch was the first who in the year 414 placed S. Chrysostome's name in the roll of Bishops, and restored Communion with Rome. After some little time Atticus of Constantinople did the same, and we have a letter of his to S. Cyril, excusing himself for this course, as done unwillingly, and to gain many persons at Constantinople, as well as to restore peace throughout the world. It is plain from the writer's tone that he had no notion of any superior authority in Rome: he speaks of the *Canon*, as what both he and S. Cyril alike respected. Still more remarkable is S. Cyril s answer, from its bold uncompromising tone. By the act of Atticus he was left alone with his Patriarchate in opposition to Rome. Yet he speaks even contemptuously of the little gain Atticus would derive from his conduct. "Carefully viewing and considering with myself if they who have done this" (*i.e.* replaced S. Chrysostome's name in the Diptychs,) "are following the decisions of the Fathers of Nicea, and directing the mind's eye a little towards that great Council, I behold the whole assembly of those holy Fathers as if by their looks refusing, and with all their power preventing me from agreeing with this." Here was the Canon of the Church, and the Council of Nicea, as S. Cyril thought, on one side, and the authority of Rome and the West on the other. We see to which he considered himself bound. Further on he says . . . . . "For does your Piety think that we are so remiss as not zealously to endeavour to make ourselves acquainted both with your good reputation, and how the flocks of the Saviour are directed? For one is the solicitude of priests, though we be divided in position." (These remarkable words may be considered an expression of S. Cyprian's famous sentence, "The Episcopate is one, of which each enjoys full possession.)" . . . . . Thus trying to persuade Atticus to continue his resistance to Rome, he says, "Grant that a few are displeased at this: permit me to say openly, we desire indeed the salvation of all, but if any one out of his own ignorance separates, and resists the laws of the Church, what is that man's loss?" . . . . . Unwillingly, and when his two other colleagues had for some time given way, did S. Cyril replace S. Chrysostome's name in the Diptychs, and so

re-enter into communion with the West. This is believed to have been in the year 418, six years after his accession. In the meantime, according to modern Roman maxims, he put his own salvation, and that of all those committed to his charge, into peril. Now that S. Cyril may have been wrong on a question of fact, as S. John Chrysostome's condemnation, I can well imagine, as S. Cyprian was wrong on the question of Baptism. But that a Patriarch of Alexandria, Saint and Doctor, was ignorant of the Church's constitution, or acted in defiance of it for years, and expressed no contrition when he retraced his course, this I cannot believe. The simple truth is, which is as plain as the day in the whole matter, that S. Cyril felt himself as completely and independently the head of the Alexandrine Patriarchate, as S. Innocent was of the Roman; and that he had no superior but the Canon of the Church, and an Ecumenical Council. And the conduct of the Patriarchs of Constantinople and Antioch, and of the Emperors who supported all three, proves the same.

'It is curious to put beside this narrative Mr. Newman's approving quotation from Bellarmine. "All Catholics agree . . that the Pope, when determining anything in a doubtful matter, whether by himself, or with his own particular council, *whether it is possible for him to err or not, is to be obeyed* by all the faithful."

'If any one chooses to take the final yielding of Alexander of Antioch, Atticus of Constantinople, and S. Cyril of Alexandria, in a question of fact, for an "actual exemplification of the monarchical principle in the fourth" (here the fifth) "century," of which Mr. Newman speaks, I think he must be very hard driven by a theory, besides *having the most unlimited confidence in his power of arranging the facts of history*.'—*Ibid.* pp. 212—215.

If Mr. Allies' 'power' is not equal to Dr. Newman's, 'of arranging the facts of history,' we cannot but think that his 'confidence' is as 'unlimited.' In his former work he had said, speaking of the interference of one Patriarch with another:—

'Twelve years later S. Cyril showed by his conduct towards an heretical successor of Atticus, that his care *was not confined to the limits of his own Patriarchate*, ample as was its extent, or almost sovereign his authority therein: but that in truth "the solicitude of Priests is one, though they be divided in space."'—*Ibid.* p. 275.

and applying this to the interference of the Roman See in the East:—

'Thus jealously did John of Antioch, at the head of the Bishops of his Patriarchate, maintain his independence, even in the face of the other three great divisions of the Church.

'I must now give two instances in which S. Cyril interfered in the ordinary government of his brother Patriarchs, inasmuch as it is upon certain cases, precisely similar, of the Roman Pontiff's interference with the East, that the proof of his universal Supremacy is built. Thus a complaint against S. Dionysius of Alexandria, made to S. Dionysius of Rome, is mentioned by Mr. Newman. The importance of the fact will depend entirely on whether the Roman Pontiff claimed and exercised such an interference as his single privilege. The truth is that all the Patriarchs did as much.'—*Ibid.* p. 222.

He now quotes this case of S. Dionysius, without remark, as a 'sufficient proof' of the Roman, not Primacy, but Supremacy.

Among other 'sufficient proofs,' he quotes also, the cases of 'S. Victor censuring the Asiatic, and S. Stephen the African Churches.' They did so doubtless. And the following passages from his former book give the complement to the fact as then stated. In these extracts is given in each case the summary of what he had already stated in full—the way in which that claim was received by the greatest authorities of their time in those churches. First, of the Asiatic:—

'I suppose that the actions of S. Irenæus towards the Apostolic See of the West are a comment upon his words respecting it: and then when he calls Rome, as Mr. Newman quotes, "the greatest Church, the most ancient, the most conspicuous, and founded and established by Peter and Paul," appeals to its tradition not in contrast indeed, but in preference to that of other Churches, and declares that "in this Church, every Church, that is, the faithful from every side must meet," or "agree together *propter potiorem principalitatem*," he really means what he says, and what his actions indicate, that the Bishop of Rome was first among his brethren: and he does not mean a totally different thing, which his words are quoted to prove, namely, that the Bishop of Rome stood in the same relation to him and to all the other Bishops of the world as he himself stood in to his own presbyters at Lyons. If he did mean this latter thing, he selected the strangest words to express it, and he exemplified it by the strangest actions which I can well conceive. But what excuse to allege for Polycrates, who absolutely refused to listen to the Bishop of Rome's decision, or for the other Bishops throughout the world who met and discussed the matter in virtue of their own authority, and gave their judgment, as binding upon their people, by the same authority, and requested, as the Bishops of Palestine, that copies of their letters might be sent everywhere, instead of looking to a sentence from Rome, I cannot imagine: unless it be what Mr. Newman suggests that "all authority necessarily leads to resistance." P. 24. In that point of view, certainly, the first four centuries supply the strongest sort of "cumulative argument" to the Roman Supremacy, for they are nothing else but a perpetual denial of it: only that the idea does not seem to have presented itself to the great Councils and writers of that time.'—*Ibid.* pp. 61, 62.

Next, of the African:—

'In truth, all the acts of S. Cyprian's Episcopate, of which I have given several in illustration, are an indisputable assurance to the candid mind that he treated the Roman Pontiff simply as his brother,—his elder brother, indeed,—holding the first See in Christendom, but, individually, as liable to err as himself. And it is equally clear that S. Augustine, a hundred and forty years later, did not censure him for this. What we have seen, is this. In the matter of Fortunatus and Felicissimus, Cyprian rejects with vehement indignation their appeal to Rome: in the case of Marcian of Arles, having, as well as Pope Stephen, been appealed to hy Faustinus, Bishop of Lyons, and his colleagues, he writes as an equal to Pope Stephen, almost enjoining him what to do: in the question of rebaptizing heretics, he disregards, S. Stephen's judgment, and the anathema which accompanies it; and how strong S. Firmilian's language is we need not repeat, who declares that S. Stephen's excommunication only cut off himself: in the case of Basilides, he deposes afresh one whom Stephen had restored.' —*Ibid.* pp. 56, 57.

Could it be doubted, from Mr. Allies' broad way of stating

the matter in his pamphlet,—from his assertion that the modern idea of the Supremacy—that same, and no other, is 'the *only* 'view which ancient saints give us of the government of 'Christ's Church, the only view which will give connexion and 'harmony to the facts of Ecclesiastical History'—could it be doubted, but that when 'S. Victor censured the Asiatic and S. Stephen the African churches,' S. Irenæus and S. Cyprian must have been on the Pope's side? Could it be supposed, that when Mr. Allies wrote thus, he should have known that they were not?

But S. Augustine, he tells us, agrees with his view. S. Augustine spoke of S. Peter as a type of the Unity of the Church, and as the first of the Apostles; he respected and acknowledged the first rank and apostolic authority of the Roman see; he referred to it, he extolled it, he treated it with deference. Doubtless he did all this, as Mr. Allies, in a way which resembles the most old-fashioned modes of controversial quotation, proves beyond question. In his contest with the Pelagians, after all his toil, after two African councils had decided against them, the Pope was appealed to, and he, in a letter which set forth in lofty and not unwonted language his own position in the Church, agreed with S. Augustine and the African Councils. S. Augustine did not protest against the Pope's language; we doubt not he allowed it, as an English parliament takes no pains to limit the expressions of the Royal supremacy—he accepted it triumphantly. 'The Pope,' he says, 'answered to all, as was right, and as 'became the Prelate of the Apostolic See.' 'Two provincial 'Councils,' he says, 'have decided; their reports have been sent 'to the Apostolic See. The Apostolic See has answered. *Causa* '*finita est.*' Doubtless he did all this, as was most natural and reasonable; and a modern Roman Catholic prelate would do the same. But did S. Augustine never protest against the Pope's acts? Did not S. Augustine and the African Church, which owned his influence, take steps and use language which, in a modern Roman Catholic Bishop, and on the theory which Mr. Allies has adopted, would seem, and be, rebellion?

Mr. Allies has given us a full account, in his earlier work, of the transactions relative to one Apiarius, who appealed to Rome against the African Church. The Pope seems to have been deceived by Apiarius, but certainly supported him. In doing so, he made claims much of the same nature as his successors have often made since. And he maintained them by quoting, as Decrees of Nice, Canons which the African Church had never heard of. The African Church demurred to his claim, and questioned the authenticity of his Canons. Reference was made to copies acknowledged by the great Greek Patriarchates.

The Canons in question turned out to be the Canons of Sardica —bound up in the same volume, say modern Roman writers, and numbered consecutively with the Latin version of the Nicene, and *therefore* quoted as the Nicene. Mr. Allies quoted the letter of the African Council to the Pope, in which the following passages occur:—

'Let your Holiness reject, as is worthy of you, that unprincipled taking shelter with you of Presbyters likewise, and the inferior Clergy, *both because by no ordinance of the fathers hath the Church of Africa been deprived of this authority, and the Nicene decrees have most plainly committed not only the Clergy of inferior rank, but the Bishops themselves, to their own Metropolitans. For they have ordained with great wisdom and justice, that all matters should be terminated in the places where they arise; and did not think that the grace of the Holy Spirit would be wanting to any Province, for the Priests of Christ (i. e. Bishops) wisely to discern, and firmly to maintain, the right: especially since whosoever thinks himself wronged by any judgment may appeal to the Council of his Province, or even to a general Council'* [of Africa]: '*unless it be imagined that God can inspire a single individual with justice, and refuse it to an innumerable multitude of Priests (Bishops) assembled in Council. And how shall we be able to rely on a sentence passed beyond the sea, since it will not be possible to send thither the necessary witnesses, whether from the weakness of sex, or advanced age, or any other impediment? For that your Holiness should send any on your part we can find ordained by no council of fathers.* Because with regard to what you have sent us by the same our brother-Bishop Faustinus, as being contained in the Nicene Council, we can find nothing of the kind in the more authentic copies of that Council, which we have received from the holy Cyril our brother, Bishop of the Alexandrine Church, and from the venerable Atticus the Prelate of Constantinople, and which we formerly sent by Innocent the Presbyter, and Marcellus the Sub-deacon, through whom we received them, to Boniface the Bishop, your predecessor of venerable memory. *Moreover whoever desires you to delegate any of your Clergy to execute your orders, do not comply, lest it seem that we are introducing the pride of secular dominion into the Church of Christ,* which exhibiteth to all that desire to see God the light of simplicity and the splendour of humility.' —*Church of England cleared, &c.*, p. 141.

And he thus states the impression which the case had made upon him:—

'But as to the whole case of Apiarius I confess it was *not without astonishment* that I first read this passage of history; so exactly had the African bishops, in 426, when the greatest father of the Church was one of them, anticipated and pleaded the cause of the English Church, in 1534. . . . . I do not think it makes at all in favour of the Papal Supremacy that the liberties which the African Church under S. Aurelius and S. Augustine so nobly maintained, grounding them at once on the inherent rights of Bishops, and on the authority of the Nicene decrees, were in process of time wrested from them by the Popes, probably when they were enfeebled by the irruption of the Vandals, and were in greater need of transmarine assistance. I cannot imagine *how a divine right can be constructed out of a series of successful encroachments.*'—*Ibid.* pp. 144, 145.

Whether Mr. Allies at present sees in this transaction a fresh evidence, which no candid mind can dispute about, of the

unquestioned recognition by S. Augustine and his cotemporaries, of all ecclesiastical powers as 'emanations' from S. Peter's Primacy, and of a jurisdiction in the Pope, 'coactive, immediate, universal, and supreme,' we have no means of determining. It is possible; he has not, however, quoted it in his last pamphlet.

The following additional specimens of Mr. Allies' peculiar ideas, as to the way of treating historical proofs, must serve as our excuse for not going along with him any further in his examination of the Fathers. On such principles it is hardly worth while holding controversy. We must agree to differ.

Among the first facts which happen to be noticed in Mr. Allies' argument, are certain canons and acts of the Councils of Nice and of Sardica. He thus quotes the authority of Nice:—

'And the first Council in which the whole Church was represented, the Nicene Council, famous to all ages, stated, not as granting a favour, but bearing witness to a fact, and acknowledging a power existing from the very first, *without attempting to define it—for indeed that power was neither derived from its gift nor subject to its control*—"the Roman Church always had the Primacy."'—*See of S. Peter*, p. 8.

Again, of the present Roman Supremacy he says, 'Councils acknowledge it, but it is before Councils. The first of them said, "The Roman Church always had the Primacy."' And again—

'In the year 325, at the great Nicene Council, the preeminent authority of the Bishops of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch is acknowledged, the former of these being referred to as a type to sanction a claim of the latter over his subject Bishops, and *it is stated that "the Roman Church always* HAD *the Primacy."* The Bishop of Corduba, in Spain, apparently at once Papal Legate and Imperial Commissioner, and Vitus and Vincentius, Legates of S. Sylvester, presided over the Council, and "it was determined that all these things should be sent to Sylvester, Bishop of the City of Rome," for his confirmation, which *only could* make the Council ecumenical, as may be seen even from the fact that of three hundred and eighteen Bishops twenty-two alone belonged to Europe.'—*Ibid.* p. 75.

We have two remarks to make on these passages. If the Council of Nicæa really bore unequivocal witness to the far more than Primacy, the absolute Supremacy of the Pope, as at present claimed, such testimony would be important indeed—as important as Mr. Allies intends it to appear.

Mr. Allies quotes it as unequivocal. No reader could suppose from his statement that there was any reasonable doubt as to its meaning and relevancy. It is not the way in which a fair and exact controversialist, such as Mr. Allies piques himself on being, speaks of a disputed passage of great importance, when he thinks that there may be another view of it taken. He stakes his credit on the fact, that there is nothing worth thinking of, to

interfere with his use of it, without qualification or apology, as the recognition by the most venerable authority in Church History, of the modern Roman theory.

Yet the following is his account of the language of the Council of Nice in his former work:—

'So likewise the Council of Nicea mentions the Sees of Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome in precisely similar terms:—"Let the ancient customs be maintained, which are in Egypt and Libya, and Pentapolis; according to which the Bishop of Alexandria has authority over all those places. For this is also customary to the Bishop of Rome. In like manner in Antioch, and in the other provinces, the privileges are to be preserved to the Churches. And as a general rule this is manifest, that if any one be made a Bishop without the consent of the Metropolitan, the Great Council declares that he should not be a Bishop. If, however, two or three out of private contention resist the general vote of all, being reasonable, and according to the Ecclesiastical Canon, let the vote of the greater number prevail." In this canon, (the 6th,) as in a mirror, the whole system of the ancient Church may be discerned. Not only the rights of the three great Metropolitans, but those of all others are therein recognised and confirmed. While a particular point in the administration of the great Egyptian Patriarchate, which might have seemed an infringement of the general rights of Metropolitans, is allowed by a reference to the similar practice in the proper Roman Patriarchate: viz. that the Bishop of Alexandria, and not the Metropolitans under him, should have the power to consecrate Bishops in the three provinces of his Patriarchate, for the Bishop of Rome does the same in his, *i. e.* in the suburbican provinces, or in Italy, south of the province of Milan, in Sicily, and the islands. There is then a primacy involved in the way in which Rome is here mentioned, but assuredly no more than a primacy: and the privileges (πρεσβεῖα) of all the Churches are put on the same foundation as those of the First; "Let the ancient customs prevail."'—*Church of England cleared, &c.* pp. 18, 19.

Now here is another view given of the meaning and bearing of the Nicene Council. We are not saying which is right. What we observe is, that this view is at least as reasonable and likely, on the face of the document, as the other; that Mr. Allies has not refuted it; but that treating it as if it could not exist, or he had never heard of it, he quietly and without a word to explain or guard himself, assumes his new view of the passage, with all the assurance with which he might cite Bellarmine on his side.

Our next remark is this. The reader will have noticed that the words on which Mr. Allies lays stress '*the Roman Church always had the Primacy,*' do not occur in his previous version of the Canon of the Council. Mr. Allies now quotes them—without a hint that there is the least question on the subject—as the words of the Council.

Without going into criticism, we shall merely mention the state of the facts about them. The words which are thus quoted without remark as those of the Nicene Council, are *not* found in any Greek copy of its Canons. They *are* found in *this form*

(not without a various reading which alters their force)[1] in a Latin version of the Roman Church; and in *another paraphrastic* form, in one other early Italian version. At the Council of Chalcedon, the Legates of Pope Leo produced their version, containing the words: they were met by the Greeks, who produced their copies of the Greek, from the archives of Constantinople, without them. Other Latin versions want it.

Does Mr. Allies think that, in quoting words to which he attaches great importance, though, in fact, they do not go beyond the thesis of his former book, he is at liberty to ignore the fact that they are found only in Latin translations, which were confronted with, and contradicted by, the Greek text, as produced at the Council of Chalcedon? And Roman copies of Nicene Canons were not above suspicion,—in Africa[2] as well as Constantinople.

Of the Council of Sardica he observes:—

'A General Council is assembled at Sardica, A.D. 347, and it recognises S. Peter's successor as in full, time-honoured possession of his supreme power. It directs, *not* as a *new* thing, nor as *the recognition of* a *new* power, but what was "best and most fitting," as being in accordance with all ancient usage, that all Bishops, in case of difficulty, "should refer *to the head*, that is, *the See of the Apostle Peter.*" '—*See of S. Peter*, p. 7.

And again:

'In the year 347, a great Council was held at Sardica, intended to be ecumenical. It was presided over by the same Bishop of Corduba, and in its synodical letter to Pope Julius, tells him, "For this will seem the best, and by far the most fitting, if the Lord's Bishops make reference from all the provinces *to the head, that is, the See of the Apostle Peter.*" '—*Ibid.* p. 75.

The words quoted are from the letter addressed by the Council to the Pope, stating to him, in strong terms, which need not be explained away, and which were common enough when the Roman See stood at the head of the undivided Christian Hierarchy, his high place. The question is, what force these words carry with them. They are in themselves vague, compared with the idea of Roman Supremacy. If this Primacy is unlimited, is it because *it has* no limits, or has hitherto required none to be imposed on it? If any answer is to be given to this on historical grounds, it must be done by comparing words with acts—titles and ascriptions of honour, with the actual working of the dignity to which they are ascribed, in the system to which it belongs. In his former work, Mr. Allies at least tried to do this. He did not confine himself to citing words, without looking to see under what circumstances they were spoken. If he now despises this process as a 'narrow and purblind way of reading history,'

[1] '*Habeat Primatum*' for '*habuit*,' a grant, or acquiescence, instead of a witness to a fact.

[2] The case of Apiarius above.

let him boldly say so. An ingenious man may do a great deal without facts. The arguments which have worked wonders for Rome in the last few years are *à priori* ones. But a gentleman who is so extremely sceptical of the honesty of his opponents as he is, may be expected, if he touches a fact at all, to show an example which is above suspicion. These may be the words of the Bishops at Sardica; they are words which Roman Catholic Bishops might use now. They *may* leave the Primacy undefined and unlimited—they *may* have meant, as Mr. Allies says they did, that this Primacy, *as now understood,* was nothing new to the Council, and that they recognised it, not as a new power, but an existing fact from the beginning in the Church. But if there is anything in the proceedings of the Council which imply, and have been understood to imply the reverse; if in his former work he had dwelt with some force on this, it might have been inconvenient to the flow of Mr. Allies' declamation, but it would have been satisfactory to those who wished to understand what fault he had found with his former argument, to have at least adverted to it. His previous representation of the proceedings at Sardica is not unworthy even of his attention now; it is careful, reasonable, and supported by the authority of respectable Roman Catholic writers. He thus gives from Thomassin the design of the Council :—

'In so vast a system of interlaced and concurrent powers as the Church of Christ presented, differences would continually arise; and in so profound a subject-matter as the Christian revelation, heresies would be continually starting up: to arrange the former, and to expel or subjugate the latter, the Bishops, says Thomassin, having already more than once appealed to the Christian Emperors for the calling of great Councils, saw the danger of suffering the Imperial authority to intervene in Ecclesiastical causes, and sought to establish a new jurisprudence on this head. "The Council of Antioch (A.D. 341), and that of Sardica (A.D. 347), which were held almost at the same time,—the one in the East, the other in the West,—set about this in a very different manner, aiming, however, at the same end. The Council of Antioch ordered that Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, who should have been condemned by a Provincial Council, might recur to a larger Council of Bishops:" (Archbishop de Marca explains this somewhat differently;) "but that if they carried their complaints before the Emperor they could never be re-established in their dignity." "One must in good faith admit, that this regulation had much conformity with what had been practised in the first ages of obscurity and persecution, for it was in the same way that extraordinary Councils had been held, such as were those of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Bishop of that great city. It was the Metropolitans and Bishops of the neighbourhood who assembled with those of the Province, where the flame of a great dissension had been kindled. The Council of Sardica, urged by the same desire to break through the custom which was introducing itself, of having recourse to the Emperor for judgment of spiritual causes of the Church, bethought itself of another means, which was not less conformable to the practice of the preceding centuries, and which had, beside that, much foundation in the Holy Scriptures For Jesus Christ, having given the Primacy, and the rank of Head,

to S. Peter, above the other Apostles, and having given successors as well to the Apostles, to wit, all the Bishops, as to S. Peter, to wit, the Roman Pontiffs; moreover, having willed that His Church should remain for ever one by the union of all Bishops with their Head, it is manifest, that if the Bishops of a Province could not agree in their Provincial Council, and if the Bishops of several provinces had disputes between each other, the most natural way to finish these differences was to introduce the authority of the Head, and of him whom Jesus Christ has established as the centre of unity of His universal Church." '—*Church of England cleared, &c.* pp. 73, 74.

The following are—not the complimentary words—but the actual Canons of the Council.

' Accordingly, at the Council of Sardica, attended by S. Athanasius, then in exile, and about a hundred Western Bishops, after the secession of the Eastern or Arian portion, Hosius proposed, "If two Bishops of the same Province have a disagreement, neither of the two shall take for arbitrator a Bishop of another Province: if a Bishop, having been condemned, feels so assured of his right, that he is willing to be judged anew in a Council, *let us honour, if you think it good, the memory of the Apostle S. Peter;* let those who have examined the cause, write *to Julius*, Bishop of Rome; if he thinks proper to order a fresh trial, let him name judges; if he does not think that there is reason to renew the matter, let what he orders be kept to. The Council approved this proposition. The Bishop Gaudentius added, that, during this appeal, no Bishop should be ordained in place of him who had been deposed, until the Bishop of Rome had judged his cause."

' "To make the preceding Canon clearer, Hosius said, 'When a Bishop, deposed by the Council of the Province, shall have appealed and had recourse to the Bishop of Rome, if he judge proper that the matter be examined afresh, he shall write to the Bishops of the neighbouring Province to be the judges of it; and if the deposed Bishop persuade the Bishop of Rome to send a Priest from his own person, he shall be able to do it, and to send commissioners to judge by his authority, together with the Bishops; but if he believes that the Bishops are sufficient to settle the matter, he will do what his wisdom suggests to him.' The judgment which Pope Julius, together with the Council of Rome, had given in favour of Athanasius and the other persecuted Bishops, seems to have given cause to this Canon, and we have seen that this Pope complained that they had judged Athanasius without writing to him about it." '—*Ibid.* pp. 74, 75.

And Mr. Allies subjoins the following comment:—

' "To this Council," says Archbishop de Marca, "is owing the first origin of the right of the supreme Pontiff, as to the canonical judgments of Bishops. Although, if we look closer into the matter, and do not go beyond the words of the Canons, it will be plain that nothing is there laid down against the supreme authority of Provincial Councils confirmed by the Nicene Canon." . . "But the right sought in that Council for the Roman Bishop is utterly different from the right of appeal, inasmuch as nothing more is granted to him than the power to decree the revision of a cause. That is, the Council appoints that if a condemned Bishop appeals to the Roman Pontiff, it should be in his power to reject the appeal, by which the sentence of the Provincial Bishops will be confirmed, or to admit it. In which case the Roman Bishop is bound to send back the entire case to the Bishops of the Province, and their neighbours, for them to take cognisance of the cause in the presence of the delegate of the supreme Pontiff, if

he think good to send one. Moreover, the force of an appeal is, to suspend in the interim the previous sentence. Which is otherwise in a revision. For that retreat to the Apostolical See did not prevent the sentence of deposition being in the meanwhile committed to execution.

'" But the words of the Canon prove that the institution of this right was new. If it please you, says Hosius Bishop of Corduba, who presided over the Council, let us honour the memory of the Apostle S. Peter. He says not, that the ancient tradition was to be confirmed, as was wont to be done in matters which only require the renewal or explanation of an ancient right." . . . .

'Such is the modest commencement of that power of hearing Episcopal causes on appeal, which has been the instrument of obtaining the wonderful authority concentrated for a long series of ages in the See of Rome. However conformable to the practice of preceding centuries, as Thomassin says, this may have been, this power is here certainly *granted* by the Council, *not considered as inherent in the See of Rome.* And this one fact is fatal to the present claim of the Supremacy. To use De Maistre's favourite analogy, it is as though the States General or Parliament conferred his royal powers on the Sovereign who convoked them, and whose assent alone made their enactments law. Accordingly, like the whole course of proceedings in these early Councils, it is incompatible with the notion of the Pope being the monarch in the Church. . . .

'The restrictions under which, according to the Council of Sardica, the Pope could cause a matter to be reheard, are specific. Much larger power is assigned in the fourth General Council, that of Chalcedon, to the See of Constantinople, in the ninth Canon, which says, "If any Bishop or Clergyman has a controversy against the Bishop of the Province himself (*i. e.* the Metropolitan), let him have recourse to the Exarch of the Diocese, or to the throne of the Imperial city of Constantinople, and plead his cause before him."'—*Ibid.* pp. 75—77.

Now these are fair examples of the way in which Mr. Allies treats the historical argument, which he had gone over, certainly with considerable care, in his former book. There he had said that if history is worth appealing to, it must be appealed to on both sides; what limits the idea of the Primacy is as little to be kept out of sight as what establishes it. In his pamphlet,—and what we say is the account of his whole apparatus of 'proofs which are to satisfy any candid mind,'—he absolutely ignores, and leaves unnoticed and unexplained, the fact, that the texts which he cites were spoken under a constitution of things to which there is nothing similar now to be found in the world;—or that, as he himself had shown at length, the vestiges which remain of that constitution in history, while they prove a Primacy, prove also that, whatever it might have been, it could not have been the same all-absorbing and centralizing power, which at length grew out of it. He quotes triumphantly the strong language of the Fathers about the Apostolic See; he quietly ignores their strong notes, whether of resistance or independence. He quotes their lofty words about Rome and her Bishops, as if they stood alone. Even if they did, yet, in the case of a power of government, which is always if active a growing power, and may grow to be what

it ought not, they would be insufficient of themselves to make out the modern Popedom, unless they explicitly contemplated and sanctioned it; but they do not stand alone, as they seem to do in Mr. Allies' pages; and of all which modifies them, of all that explains them, of all in early history which is incompatible with the present idea of the Papacy, there is to be found not a notice or a hint.

Mr. Allies' argument from history simply comes to this. He has a theory respecting the Roman power. Supposing this theory to be true; supposing that all authority and power in the Church were, 1, derived from our Lord, to S. Peter; 2, from S. Peter to the line of Roman Pontiffs; 3, from S. Peter's see at Rome, in due measure from time to time, through all generations, to all other sees of the Church; 4, derived in such a manner as to be ever dependent upon, and subject to, the 'coactive, universal, immediate, supreme jurisdiction' of that see, —all which is perfectly distinct from the Pope being the first Bishop, with the natural prerogatives of a first place, in the closely-united Hierarchy of the first centuries;—supposing this, which is the present claim of Rome, he finds that ecclesiastical history contains much which on this theory we should expect to find there.

True. But this is not all: for if no jurisdiction exists, or ever existed, in the Christian Church, but what was derived—and felt and acknowledged to be derived—from S. Peter and S. Peter's Roman See; if even the great Bishops of Africa and the East understood themselves to be such only by the grace of the Apostolic See; if they really thought—and never thought otherwise—that they had neither mission nor ordinary jurisdiction but what they received by delegation from the Pope, and could impart none, but as his representatives,—ecclesiastical history presents a series of most unintelligible contradictions. For, 1, it is full of facts and language which on this theory we should certainly expect not to find there, and which are inexplicable on it; 2, The facts and language quoted in its favour are on the whole silent as to the peculiar point of the theory; viz. the derivation and concentration of power.

If it is meant that the indefeasible and absolute Supremacy can be constructed in argument out of the Primacy, let it be said. Doubtless, in result, it has been so. But the two things are different in themselves, and in their consequences. To confuse them may be easy, and may be natural, but is the aim only of sophistry. We need but cast our eyes round the society in which we live, to see that a first place is different from and short of absolute power, and that such primacies, not only of rank, but of real power, differ in every conceivable degree

among themselves. To say that an authority, a person, a court, is first, nay is, in some sense, supreme, tells nothing of its real extent of action, till we know what other powers work with it, around it, and under it; till we take in the consideration of the system of which, in some sense or other, it stands at the head. Leading powers are as different as the systems which they work in. Further; the more complicated the system, the more difficult it is to distinguish, which is the supreme or leading power, and to express in what sense it is such. There are various political powers in England; which of them is supreme? The claim to Supremacy is heard on all sides—formal in the law, familiar in the market-place—where is its reality? Who is supreme in the House of Commons,—the speaker, or the minister who commands the majority, or the majority itself? There are supreme courts, courts of final appeal, courts of Chancery, courts of Queen's Bench; but their great powers of decision and interference *are* powers only under fixed conditions: apart from those conditions, from the rules of practice, or from the principles of polity, which imply the co-existence of other constitutional powers, their pre-eminence avails them nothing. Take the dominant State in an association of nations; it may be leadership of Sparta, or the rule of Athens, or the empire of Rome, or the pre-eminence of Austria or Prussia; but you cannot tell the nature of its power or its claims from its having the first voice; from its being a centre of reference, appeal, and counsel. Take the Metropolitan of a Province, the Bishop of a Diocese, the General of an Order, the Abbot of a Monastery, the Head of a College, the Chancellor, or Vice-Chancellor, of a University; primacies, all of them, of great and real power; implying superintendence, control, interference, arbitration, weight of personal opinion and official judgment, in some cases, and in various degrees, delegation of authority. But in what besides such general features are these primacies like another? Who could argue from the relation of a Bishop towards his Clergy, to that of a Metropolitan towards his Bishops? In some points naturally, in others necessarily, in some by accident or custom, they are alike; in others, the most important reciprocal rights and duties are altogether different. The Head of a College, the Vice-Chancellor of a University, are each of them in their own body—by position, by law, by common understanding—the first and highest, with great powers at their command, if they can and choose to use them. But they are not alike in their power, and they are not absolute. Rights which they did not create, powers which are not under their control, are all round them; they may have the initiative, they may have a veto, they may be the executive

organ, they may be the universal referee, they may embody and represent, where it is necessary for one person to represent them, the dignity or the authority of the whole body. This proves nothing as to their absolute power. The Vice-Chancellor does not make his brother Heads; in their own spheres they act by their own, and not his authority; with the utmost deference for his office, willingness to trust him, disposition to put responsibility on him, to accept his law and his decisions, it may be to invoke his authority against one another, they owe him no allegiance, and beyond certain well-understood limits, neither he nor they ever think of his interference or control. A College presents another type of this. The Head does not elect his fellows, they do not derive their rights from him, yet it may be that none but his authority can admit them; in all important points, though his assent may or may not be necessary, his single authority is null; public acts must be the acts of the society. In every separate combination of social life, religious, natural, political, the law of power varies; and even where it is concentrated, it is not therefore of necessity unlimited.

It may easily become so. It is perfectly conceivable that what has happened so often, may happen in any single case; and that any presiding and regulating power may be turned into an absolute and uncontrolled one. It is perfectly conceivable that any of the powers which we have instanced should absorb all concurrent and co-ordinate ones, and become the sole, where it had been the first authority. We can conceive courts of law becoming political powers; a court of Chancery or Queen's Bench growing up into a Parliament of Paris; or the tempered sway of a University Vice-Chancellor transformed into the absolute reign of a resident Royal Commissioner, with Heads of Houses sunk into the inoffensive and resigned appendages of his official pageants. Such transformations of power are among the most obvious phenomena of history. It is very natural for a Primacy to become a Supremacy; natural and usual also for it, in such a case, to use its admitted rights, and the liberty with which it was allowed to exercise them, as the basis and justification of its usurpations. The one may turn into the other,—may do so legitimately, or beneficially—but they are different things; the legitimacy of the one proves nothing as to the legitimacy of the other; the expediency of one period is no measure of that of another.

To bridge over the interval, perceived by some of the most keen-sighted Roman controversialists to exist between the ancient Primacy and the modern Supremacy, is what rests with them still to do, and what they are still attempting. To con-

found the two, in the most antiquated fashion of the dullest, and that after having proclaimed, with no slight emphasis, his perception of the distinction, and the dishonesty or stupidity of not perceiving it, is the last achievement of Mr. Allies in the service of the English Church,—the performance of 'his last duty to Anglicanism.'

But, he suggests, there is the argument from the fact; the one *has* passed into the other. The Papacy has the ground of possession. 'It can claim the right of a power in possession,' he says; 'an existing power has a right, that indefinite expressions should be interpreted in its favour.' Why should it? Supposing it has possession, possession loudly challenged on the right hand and on the left, it has likewise the burden of history. If it has possession to presume from, it has history to explain. But has it possession? It professes, indeed, to be the power, the sole and all-sufficient power, left for the good of the Church. But what is the fact? The fact is, that for a thousand years it has lost the East; for three hundred years, not the least noble portion of the West. *It says,* not by its own misgovernment, but by their sin; and then it claims, because it exists at all, that everything should be interpreted in its favour, to prove that it *could not* misgovern, and that therefore it *must be* by their sin.

Supposing that there is no reservation in the words of the Fathers, and that they meant none; supposing, from their sayings which grant *much* to Rome, that they would have been ready to grant her *all,*—a supposition as hopeless as any that could be hazarded about ecclesiastical history,—we must also suppose them—if modern Rome is to have the benefit of it—to have done so, foreseeing and forecasting all. Before we can presume them content and willing that their indefinite admissions of a Primacy should pass on without restriction into the Supremacy, we must know what they would have thought of the history and fortunes of that Supremacy: we must place these in juxtaposition with their words.

There is not the smallest likelihood, if we may judge from other parts of their language, and many of their acts, that if interrogated, they would have given an answer which would suit the Roman controversialist, even before knowing the course which the Papacy was to run. Yet they might have given it, in their own day,—it is quite conceivable—in far more generous and confiding terms than would be convenient for the argument of his opponent. But why should they not? They would have spoken, doubtless, as they knew Rome, and knew Christendom. The Christendom they knew was an undivided one; perplexed by heresies, but as yet outwardly and to the eye of the world, one—one, made up of many members—of Churches distinct as

the nations themselves, and with distinct systems of government, yet able and accustomed without difficulty to act in concert. The Rome they knew was a see, with whose idea nothing but the most sacred and venerable associations, which could awe and win a religious mind, were connected—the resting-place of the greatest Apostles, the inheritor of their teaching, their zeal, and their constancy, ruled by a line of Prelates not unworthy to succeed Apostles. How could any Christian in the days of S. Augustine have thought of Rome without gratitude and reverence? How could the great Christian Hierarchy—imagine it as powerful and independent as it was—speak except in the loftiest terms, of the great See which was at its head? How should they not, bound together, as they were, in immemorial union, seek to act with it, look for its counsel, appeal to its arbitration, defer to its opinion, wait for its co-operation and agreement, honour it as the bond of their unity, and key-stone of their great brotherhood? What body of powers, however separated in origin and rights, which recognises a first place among them, acts otherwise? And when a great system works in harmony, are confidence and words of honour so strange, towards those who, in whatever sense, with greater power or with less, stand at its head? But does the frankness of such confidence, the heartiness and strength of such words of honour, prove that other powers claim no rights or have forgotten them,—or prove either that the power, so trusted and honoured, is supposed incapable of failure or of usurpation, because no misgivings are expressed, or even felt?

What more can be said of Rome in the days of S. Austin? It was the first see of Christendom, with great and natural influence, which was of importance and benefit to the Church; and the Church acknowledged it. But she acknowledged it without dreaming that she was merging all her varied and distinct powers in one Bishop, any more than that she had derived them all from him. He was resisted without scruple by those who were most unreserved in honouring him. They may have left unchallenged, they may even at times have adopted, the strong language in which he often expressed his claims; but it was when their own power and distinct authority were too real and prominent, to be compromised by any tribute of reverence to the most illustrious of their body. The free and loose way in which, in the proceedings at Chalcedon, the lofty assertions of S. Leo mingle, uncontradicted but unconfirmed, with acts entirely at variance with them, shows how clear, and how much at ease the ancient hierarchy was about its own proper authority. Frankly, no doubt, they recognised the prerogatives of Rome; but it was at the very moment when they were acting on their own.

But whatever preeminence was ascribed by the Fathers to the

Roman see, a point which probably requires calmer times than ours to state with truth and precision, it is to be remembered that they wrote and spoke when the history of the Church was not a third run out. And now this Primacy in Christendom has, as a fact, ceased to exist, with the permanent breaking up of Christendom. The Supremacy indeed remains, confined to that which, calling itself the whole Church, is only part of that Christendom with which the Fathers were acquainted; we may, if we like, acknowledge the Papal dignity of Pius IX., but not, if we wished it, that even of S. Leo, the head of the united Hierarchy of East and West. It is gone, with the constitution of the Church which the Fathers knew, and to which it belonged. Yet they never imagined that constitution passing away. They never conceived as a possibility the permanent separation of visible Christendom; the Sees of Athanasius and Chrysostom separated for a thousand years from that of Leo. Such an issue of things, so utterly baffling to all their habits of thought, assuredly never presented itself to the minds even of those who thought they saw the presages of Antichrist. Yet it has come to pass; the unbroken Church which they knew, that united East and West, different from which they never imagined that the Church could be, has been divided; divided, as far as men see, for good. And they may have as little imagined the usurpations of the Pope, as the separation, or, according to the Roman view, the schism and apostasy, of the Eastern Church. If they do not seem to contemplate the one, as little do they other. They leave as little room for one contingency as the other; the one, quite as much as the other, contradicts all their traditional and received ideas. But in one at least they hoped too much; Providence has shown that they were mistaken; the fortunes of the Church have not corresponded to what they probably considered as its visibly destined course. They allowed too little for what man is permitted to do, apparently to thwart God's purposes. And so, if they never thought of Churches permanently separated from the communion of the Roman See, they never thought either of its misgovernment. Those who ask what S. Augustine would have said of the Reformation and its present consequences, may first answer what he would have said, or whether he could have conceived the possibility, of the Popes of Avignon and the Renaissance, the history of the Western Schism, or the temporal pretensions of Gregory VII. The history of the Papacy has too little answered to the ideas of the Fathers to warrant our presuming anything in its favour—to warrant our drawing from their words, any more definite and absolute meaning in support of its claims, than their obvious construction will bear, spoken as they were under certain known circumstances.

The Fathers said high things of the Roman See of their own day; the demand for a favourable interpretation of their sayings of itself indicates, that for the exigencies of that of our day, they did not say enough.

But there is a distinction, Mr. Allies says, which alters the condition of the whole argument, the appreciation and understanding of which has worked in him that wonderful change of view, to the contrasts of which we have—very imperfectly, we are aware—endeavoured to do justice. Orders, he says, belonged to the Apostles—belong still to all Bishops to give; jurisdiction was given only to S. Peter, and belongs only to the Popes, his successors. Having missed this before, his candour only led him astray; armed with it now, he can read his former proofs backward, and yet with confidence, and undisturbed conscience or countenance, claim for his reversed conclusion the same palpable clearness, which, we were told before, left the opponents of his original one without excuse.

'Let us take another passage which points out the difference between Order and Jurisdiction in the members of the Apostolic College itself, and so in the Episcopal Body since; for, on the *right understanding of this distinction, and of the consequences which flow from it, depends the understanding of the whole* constitution of the Church as a visible society; and a misconception, an incoherence here, will confuse the whole vision, and make a man, with the best intentions, unable to locate, or estimate, the strongest proofs brought before him.'—*See of S. Peter*, pp. 53, 54.

We have only two observations to make on this.

1. We must take the liberty of observing, that if now for the first time Mr. Allies has admitted the distinction, it is not the first time that he has had it under his notice. We might imagine from his way of speaking of it at present, and of the light which it is said to throw on the whole subject, that it could never have been presented to an acute and candid mind, without at once clearing up the whole subject. But this would be a mistake. He may possibly have misconceived it before, though in what way, he leaves us at present to conjecture; but he must have misconceived it after deliberate and apparently careful study; and as far as the idea itself is concerned, we do not ourselves see how he has missed either its nature or its force, in the following passage from his former work, in which he states it, to reject it;—

'Theirs [he says, of the Jesuits] are those very clever, but arbitrary, divisions which Mr. Thompson assumes to be "the Catholic Faith:" *i.e.* the separation of the Bishop's power into that of orders, and that of jurisdiction, allowing that all Bishops are equal as to the first, but restricting the last to the Pope: the asserting that S. Peter's power was ordinary, but that of the Apostles extraordinary: that S. Peter had a successor to all his power, but the Apostles none to theirs: that the Bishops are successors of the

Apostles only as to orders, not as to jurisdiction: that the Pope's jurisdiction comes from Christ immediately, but that of other Bishops from the Pope: that the Apostles were equal to each other in all points but one, viz., that the exercise of all their powers depended upon union with Peter, which totally destroyed their equality.

'These and such like are very clever, but wholly arbitrary, and moreover *ex-post-facto* defences of the plenitude of Papal power, which was really introduced by the belief of Western Europe in the authenticity of the false Decretals. It will be seen in the latter part of my book that Bossuet and Van Espen reject in the strongest terms propositions which Mr. Thompson considers part of the Catholic belief.'—*Church of England cleared, &c.*, p. xv.

Again:—

'The *equality* of the Episcopate, the "par dignitas" of Pope Leo IX., is utterly destroyed by Mr. Thompson's theory. It is utterly futile to divide the Episcopate into two parts, orders and jurisdiction, allow all Bishops to be equal as to the first, but one only to hold the second, and term this still, "unus Episcopatus, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur." It may be a government of wonderful power from its concentration, and under which wonderful deeds have been done, but it is no longer one in which "unus Episcopatus," "par dignitas" is held by a "collegium," as S. Cyprian says to the Pope. Nor that of which he wrote: "No one of us sets himself up to be a Bishop of Bishops, or by fear of his tyranny compels his colleagues to the necessity of obedience, since every Bishop according to his recognised liberty and power possesses a free choice, and can no more be judged by another than he himself can judge another. But let us all await the judgment of our Lord Jesus Christ, who singly and alone has the power both of setting us up in the government of His Church, and of judging our proceedings." Powerful words, which have received the approval of S. Augustine. The Papal government, on the contrary, is a most highly centralized absolute monarchy.

'Now the sovereignty of the Church as instituted by our Lord lies in that one Episcopate which He instituted on the night of His resurrection: a body bound together in corporate unity with its Head, who is Christ Himself: the first member of this body, *primus inter pares*, Peter was, but not its head, except indeed in that derived and imperfect sense in which the Primate of a particular Church is said to be its head. The very fault with which I should charge Mr. Thompson is, that he makes the Pope the Head of the Church in the sense in which Christ alone is her Head.'—*Ibid.* pp. xviii. xix.

To the discussion of the distinction in question, its importance and evidence, besides his frequent allusions to it in the course of his argument, he specially devotes some thirty pages of his former book. After illustrating the theory of Bellarmine, he observes:—

'What Bellarmine here says, is, assuredly, both the true Roman view, and moreover *absolutely necessary to justify that Church in the attitude she assumes and the measures she authorizes towards other parts of the Church. And if it be the ancient Catholic doctrine, it does justify her.* For I must observe that the Ultramontane theory of the Papal Monarchy is not one which the Roman Catholic convert may either hold or reject indifferently. True though it be that the Gallican view has always been tolerated, however much it has been disliked by the governing power in the Roman Communion, yet equally certain it is, that nothing short of the extreme claim put forth by Bellarmine will either constrain all persons on pain of their salvation to

belong to the Communion of the Roman Pontiff, or bear out that Pontiff in his acts since the time of Pope Gregory VII. The Primacy, even developed as it was at the end of eight hundred years, will do neither the one nor the other; it will neither make it a clear duty to sacrifice every other consideration to the one necessity of communion with Rome, nor will it prove the right to be on the side of the Roman Pontiff in his dealings with the Eastern and the English Church. No shield is broad enough or strong enough to cover him, but the ægis of complete sovereignty belonging to the sole Vicar of Christ. No authority, short of absolute inerrancy, in his single See, will cut short the difficulties which surround a thoughtful mind at the disturbed state of the Church, and give a clear and certain preponderance to the Papal Scale. But this inerrancy of the Papal See, however much it is longed after, and secretly rested in, by Roman writers, is yet no dogma of the Roman Communion. The Roman theory, the whole system of Roman doctrine and discipline, rests upon it logically, yet has never dared to make it *de Fide*. Thus a Roman writer "is fully satisfied that the infallibility of the Pope, and the consequent duty of implicit and unreserved submission to his authority, are necessary conclusions from his supremacy." When therefore Roman writers, specially converts, boast, that, if they argue with us on the Ultramontane ground, they do more than is necessary, more than their position requires, they affect to be generous while they are not just. Their cause *does* require all that its most extravagant defender has ever maintained, namely, that the infallibility of the Church, when pushed to its ultimate point, resides in the single person of the Roman Pontiff, and that he is the source of jurisdiction to every Bishop in the world; so that, however Catholic the doctrine any communion holds, however unimpeachable its Apostolic descent, however rightful the circumstances of its case, if it be not in actual communion with the Roman Pontiff, it does not belong to the Church of God.'—*Ibid.* pp. 420, 421.

He then proceeds to its examination. We will not say that he does it altogether in his own words; but the reasonings which he quotes, we may suppose him to have understood and made his own. And the authors whom he cites are writers who might well be supposed capable of doing justice to the distinction referred to—Bossuet and Van Espen. He says:—

'But if there is one part of the Ultramontane theory which more than another is *contrary to the whole spirit of antiquity, and is nullified by every act of the ancient Church, it is that claim of being the fountain-head of jurisdiction to* the whole Church. Let us hear what even Bossuet says of it. "One objection of theirs remains to be explained, that Bishops borrow their power and jurisdiction from the Roman Pontiff, and therefore, although united with him in any Ecumenical Council, can do nothing against the root and source of their own authority, but are only present as his counsellors; and that the force of the decree, as well in matters of faith as in other matters, lies in the power of the Roman Pontiff. Which fiction falls of itself to the ground, even from this, that it was unheard of in the early ages, and began to be introduced into theology in the thirteenth century; that is, after men preferred generally to act upon philosophical reasonings, and those very bad, before consulting the fathers."'—*Ibid.* p. 421.

He quotes at great length Bossuet's argument. It is at least copious, exact, and to the point. This is the way in which Bossuet speaks of the authority and weight of this all-important distinction:—

'He (Bossuet) then shows that this tradition had gone down even to his own times: "This holy and Apostolic doctrine of the Episcopal jurisdiction and power proceeding immediately from, and instituted by, Christ, the Gallic Church hath most zealously retained." "Therefore, that very late invention, that Bishops receive their jurisdiction from the Pope, and are, as it were, vicars of him, ought to be banished from Christian schools, as unheard of for twelve centuries.

'"How strong and ancient our own view is, the vain attempts of others show, and especially of that anonymous writer on the Liberties. For, in order to leave no means of vilifying the Episcopal dignity untouched, he has occupied the whole of his eighth book with this question, searching on all sides for authors who follow this degenerate view. And schoolmen indeed and authors of the latest period he easily finds, and praises abundance of them, but from antiquity he has produced nothing at all save those expressions about Peter which I have quoted: and all learned men see how wide of the point these are. . . . .

'"For his assertion, that the distribution into Dioceses, and the assigning of a peculiar flock to every Pastor, was done only by the authority of Peter; that whatever the rest of the Apostles, even Paul in Crete, did and ordered, had force through the express, or tacit, consent of Peter and his successors, this I think more worthy of contempt than refutation, and wonder that a serious person could give utterance to it, where learning is so cultivated.

'"Now for his delighting in such reasonings as these, Bishops are subject to the Pope; Bishops may be deposed and restored by the Pope, so that, however, he maintain the Canons; the Episcopal jurisdiction may be separated from the bare Orders or Character, therefore it is from the Pope; Bishops receive an unequal jurisdiction, and one not the same with that of the Pope; therefore they receive it not from Christ: as if Christ might not have tempered and distributed by different measure and manner, and in a certain order, the honour and power diffused immediately from Himself: this is not worthy even of being mentioned.

'"Nor is the following of a better stamp. 'In a monarchy the supreme prince distributes their offices to others, even though princes, and confers on them jurisdiction.' For the point to be proved was, that the Ecclesiastical monarchy, set up under Christ the chief Monarch, was regulated entirely according to the form of a secular monarchy, which is most false. *This, I say,* was the point to be proved by Scripture and tradition: and not the form of the Christian commonwealth to be shaped out of one's own imagination, and by unsubstantial reasonings.

'"But far the most absurd is what he presently states, that 'jurisdiction is from him who confers the title:' also that it is derived from the Apostles and their successors, who made the distribution into dioceses or parishes, founded Churches, established Pastors, assigned a people. For to whom is it not plain, that countries were divided and persons appointed by the Apostles and Apostolic men: but that jurisdiction was conferred by Christ Himself? But if we make a play of words, and contend that what is by the instrumentality of men is not immediately from Christ, then it follows that the Papal jurisdiction is not from Christ. For the Roman Pontiff is elected by men, is ordained by men, as much as the rest. But who assigned to him the Roman Diocese, of which he is the proper Bishop? From whom received he this Episcopal jurisdiction? Was it from Peter, and from predecessors already taken to heaven? or, I suppose, from himself as Pope, but not from Christ? Away with the dreams of madness: let these groundless reasonings vanish."'—*Ibid.* pp. 428—431.

On this point we must leave Mr. Allies to settle the question

with Bossuet, whom he quotes in his pamphlet as vouching for his own view of S. Peter.

2. We ought to be obliged to Mr. Allies for narrowing the question to this point. As he puts it now, it is not whether the Pope was a great and universally recognised authority in the Church of the first centuries; not whether his power was a general and undefined one of superintendence, appeal, and interference: but whether it was a power with this very definite attribute, that all other power in the Church was derived from him, and held of him. This is, according to Mr. Allies, the one distinctive and characteristic attribute which constitutes the Roman Primacy; which made S. Peter the head of the other Apostles; which descended in its fulness and for ever to S. Peter's successors at Rome; about which the early Church never had a misunderstanding or doubt. This, and not anything short or wide of this, is, as he says, what Scripture proves, and antiquity, without a shadow of suspicion, witnesses to—that 'the ordinary jurisdiction of Bishops descends immediately 'from the Pope;' that 'the Pope has full and entire that 'power which Christ left on earth for the good of the Church.' 'What is it,' he says, 'which makes a kingdom one? The 'derivation of all jurisdiction from its sovereign. Or an army 'one? The concentration of all authority in its general.' The question, therefore, is, not whether antiquity believed the Pope to be first, in some few or many of the hundred ways in which he might have been first; but first in this particular and exclusive sense, and for this particular reason. Did S. Athanasius, S. Cyril, S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine own and believe, as Cardinal Bellarmine did, that they had no authority but what they had received and held of their Roman brother? Unless Mr. Allies' proofs come up to this, they prove nothing; pre-eminence proves nothing, deference proves nothing, the necessity of communion proves nothing, if that for which proof be wanted is the exclusive derivation of episcopal authority from the Pope. And we venture to say, that never was conclusion more hopelessly separated from its alleged supports, than in what Mr. Allies has the boldness to offer as his proof of the belief of the Church on the Pope's Supremacy.

And now to bring these remarks to a close, which have already occupied us too long. There is no reason for noticing Mr. Allies' pamphlet, but one. His argument is not new. Change of opinion is nothing new or singular. We should not have noticed the pamphlet to complain of it. We have no quarrel with him for assailing with whatever force he can command, and whatever bitterness he may deem becoming, the theoretical anomalies and practical evils by which, as we are fully aware,

the English Church in common with every other part of Christendom is disfigured and afflicted. From such as Mr. Allies, we are far from expecting justice for them, much less indulgence. He has touched some of them not without reason; touched them with the uneasy irritation, which goes about to find a vent and is afraid of not being sufficiently felt, rather than with the measured severity of a Christian reformer; but they belong to him of right, they are his game. Life would lose its zest to him, if there were no abuses; and though he has not helped us much to mend them, we may yet thank him for fulfilling his function in inveighing against them. He has talents in that way; in that contrast[1] of broad religious caricature, with strong religious sentiment, which was found in its perfection in Luther and in the Puritans. Possibly, had Mr. Allies lived earlier, those stout denouncers of erroneous doctrine, and picturesque lampooners of abuses, might have found in him a coadjutor, of temper and taste not uncongenial to their own. Nor have we anything to say, good or bad, of the hatred of imposture and love of truth—the agony and writhings of spirit under doubt, which his pages represent to us; of the revolt of his feelings as a 'free man' against the tyranny, the 'infamy,' the 'degradation' of the system which he has left. So

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[1] Speaking of the English Church, he says—'It was a fearful vision of schism and of heresy which the poet saw:—

"A rundlet that hath lost
Its middle or side stave gapes not so wide
As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage, 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and wretched ventricle."—*Dante*, "*Hell*," canto xxviii.

'Am I to believe that this hideous phantom is the teacher sent to me by Almighty God? Is this the dispenser of His Sacraments? the pillar and ground of the truth?

'Whither, then, shall I turn, but to thee, O Glorious Roman Church, to whom God has given, in its fulness, the double gift of ruling and of teaching? Thine alone are the keys of Peter, and the sharp sword of Paul. On thee alone, with their blood, have they poured out their whole doctrine. Too late have I found thee, who shouldst have fostered my childhood, and set thy gentle and awful seal on my youth; who shouldst have brought me up in the serene regions of truth, apart from doubt, and the long agony of uncertain years. Yet before I understood thee, I could admire; before I acknowledged thy claims, I could see that undaunted spirit which would resign everything save the inheritance of Christ; that superhuman wisdom, by the gift of which, while "earthly states have had single conquerors or legislators, a Charlemagne here, a Philippe Auguste there; in Rome alone the spiritual ruler has dwelt for ages, smiting the waters of the flood again and again with the mantle of Elijah, and making himself a path through them on the dry land." But now I see that the God of Elijah is with thee. O too long sought, and too late found, yet be it given me to pass under thy protection the short remains of this troubled life, to wander no more from the fold, but to find the Chair of the Chief Shepherd to be indeed "the shadow a Great Rock in a weary land!"'—*See of S. Peter*, pp. 159, 160.

far as this is real suffering, it is entitled to the respect and compassion due to all human pain; preliminaries or presages of truth these things need not be, for they were as keenly felt, or at least more touchingly described, by Lamennais and Blanco White. In all this there is nothing to call for special notice on our part.

But there is something more than common in Mr. Allies' position. Certainly guilty of a mistake, equal to the difference between his two conclusions, which he has taken care shall be contradictories,—and that mistake made, not on different, but the very same evidence, and under conditions supposed equal of attention, and of candour—formerly capable, that is, on his own showing, with the same advantages which he has now, of greatly misunderstanding the clearest evidence,—he still has the courage to speak to the world on the same question with the tone of a man who had never been mistaken, except when he had been misinformed. And to explain his reversed judgment he thinks it sufficient to omit the facts which tell against it. It is not so common even in these days of change, for a gentleman who has confidently committed himself to a conclusion, based on an elaborate comparison of *both* sides of the evidence, to profess, two years after, with equal confidence, to settle the question the opposite way, by simply dropping the whole of *one* side; and having denounced as blind or dishonest those who differed from him then, to denounce with the same force, as blind or dishonest, those who differ from him now. It is not so common for a man who has a reputation for ability, learning, and who claims one for candour, known to be in full possession of the whole case with all its bearings and hard points, to require reasonable men to listen to and accept his altered judgment, because he now chooses, without proof or explanation offered, to assert the most questionable facts, and the most extreme and questionable meanings, on his new side. Doubtless this speaks much for the strength, and it does not discredit the sincerity, of his conviction; but it is another thing how much it speaks for those qualities of head and heart which entitle conviction to respect.

ART. III.—*Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education. Correspondence, Tabulated Statements of Grants, &c.; and Reports by Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.* 1848-49-50. *Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.*

THE question has been mooted from time to time during the last few years, whether it is desirable to have a Minister of Education in England, with the organization of a regular department, and the consequent influence of a high functionary of State. Grave reasons have been adduced on both sides; objections, ecclesiastical and constitutional, have been urged; precedents from the experience of our continental neighbours have been confidently cited, both by the advocates and the opponents of the suggested office. We trust that we shall not be deemed to act uncourteously towards the disputants, if we venture to point out the absolute inutility of their discussion. In fact, the Minister of Education already exists. Any controversy on the propriety of his office must be classed under the category of historical inquiries. Education has become the province of a department in the civil Government. If any of our readers doubts the correctness of this assertion, let him pass the range of buildings, whose imposing façade seems to obtrude on the attention of parliamentary reformers, as they wend their way to the Palace at Westminster, the existence of the Treasury and its financial abuses; let him enter the official climate of Downing-street, and he will find a doorway by no means inferior in architectural pretensions to the portals which admit the Lords of the Treasury; he will be directed to enter, if he has any business to transact with the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. He has expected, perhaps, to walk into a dark office, filled with clerks engaged in making payments to village schools: he will find himself in a maze of corridors and staircases, amidst a formidable array of official subordinates, from whom, if he be a physiognomist, he will possibly select the man of most benevolent countenance, to assist him in prosecuting his inquiries. Should fortune favour his suit, he will, after due delays, be ushered into a capacious chamber, where the head of the department 'keeps his state' in secretarial seclusion. That he will meet with a courteous reception from that functionary, our own experience of an official interview enables us confidently to predict. But if he does not go away with the full

conviction that he has been honoured with a reception by a Secretary of State, our own impressions are wonderfully at fault. As to the Lord President of the Council and his colleagues, in whose names so many important documents run, it is perhaps unnecessary for us to observe that their share in the business of the department is of an ornamental kind. No doubt they add lustre to its operations by their dignified acquiescence. It is said, indeed, that the occasional delay of letters in a School correspondence is to be attributed to the difficulty of obtaining Lord Lansdowne's signature to the necessary documents during the period of his lordship's prolonged absence from the Council-office; but into such matters it is better not to pry too curiously; it is more decorous to be thankful that we can get the autograph of the venerable Lord President at all.

Regarding the work of the Committee of Council on Education as it may be supposed to appear hereafter to the historian of England in 1850, we proceed to ask, what effect the office is actually producing in the country at large? The official answer to the question is contained in two ponderous volumes that have issued during the past year from her Majesty's Stationery Office, containing some 1,600 pages of closely-printed Educational Reports and Statistics. With the exception of a correspondence between my Lords and the National Society, of which our readers have heard more than enough without any fresh analysis from us, the Minutes are occupied almost entirely with inspectors' reports. These documents may be fairly taken to represent the actual work accomplished by the department to which they belong: for, although a considerable amount of correspondence passes between the managers of schools and the Secretary in Downing-street, such correspondence is seldom completed without an inspector's visit to the locality concerned in the application. The ubiquitous gentlemen, who hold her Majesty's commission in this behalf, travel (we need hardly say) at the public expense, and are enabled to extend the benefits of their visitatorial functions without that consideration of the amount of railway fares, which is so apt to circumscribe the friendly visits of less fortunate educationists. And yet it appears to be the almost universal complaint, that her Majesty's inspectors cannot be prevailed upon to gratify the desires expressed by the managers of schools for the more frequent enjoyment of their society. That this is not the result of official inactivity, is painfully evident from the accounts furnished in the volumes before us. On the first reading, indeed, of the sober-looking statistics of work performed, the mind scarcely takes in the facts represented by the tables. More considerate reflection suggests a juster appreciation of the endurance required for the labours of

an inspector's life. Take, for instance, the record of one gentleman's official duties, which informs us that in 289 days, besides all his examinations, interviews, correspondence, reports, and diaries, he travelled 9,871 miles. To casual readers, who 'live at home at ease,' and look upon a winter day's journey as an intolerable misery, there is something appalling in this perpetual locomotion. Another inspector, after a minute report of his occupations in 1848, which (as he observes with conscientious exactness) was Leap Year, gives the following history, for the satisfaction of my Lords and the public, of his employments during ten months of the year 1849:—

'1. In examination of Pupil Teachers and candidates from 126 places; viz. 329 boys, and 212 girls; in all, 541 young people	110 days.
'2. In visiting schools for completion of Teachers' certificates, for simple inspection, and particular reports, at 71 places, where 19,959 children were examined	42 „
'3. In preparing and revising examination papers, in attendance at examinations of District and Training Institutions, and at the Council Office	106 „
'4. Sundays 43, private business 3 days	46 „
Total . . .	304 days.'

Similar details might be quoted from almost all the reports before us, making it abundantly clear, that, whatever may be the amount of good effected in the country by inspection, the business of conducting it is, at all events, no sinecure to the persons officially engaged.

The truth is, that the staff of School Inspectors is inadequate to the work which it has to perform. This deficiency has been confessed—not remedied—by the recent appointment of Assistant Inspectors, at a lower stipend, with the prospect of subsequent preferment to the higher rank. It has been more fully admitted in a correspondence, not yet, we believe, published, between the Committee of Council and a Diocesan Board of Education. The Board, in pursuance of a wish entertained by the friends of education for a more complete inspection of the schools in their diocese, invited the cooperation of the Government officers in the fulfilment of that duty. By such an invitation they waived all scruples and suspicions, which the hostile attitude of the Council Office might reasonably have inspired, and frankly offered to join with the servants of the State in improving the condition of the schools of the Church. The experiment might have had important results; it might have removed very much of the unhappy jealousy now subsisting between two bodies, both engaged in the cause of education; or it might, on the other hand, have reduced to a definite state-

ment the difficulties which stand in the way of their harmonious cooperation. However, the invitation was declined; the authorities of the Council confessed the inadequacy of their staff, even for its present purposes, and the hopelessness of the attempt to undertake a general inspection of schools throughout the country. It is indeed notorious that very much is at present left undone, which the Privy Council, without any invitation, stands pledged to perform. Every school, that has been aided by Parliamentary Grants, ought properly to receive an annual visit from one of her Majesty's Inspectors. But in the majority of the districts, such schools, unless they have also apprenticed pupil-teachers, are of necessity overlooked, the attention of the inspector being directed primarily to the examination of these lads, whose number has so much increased, as to occupy his whole available time. This circumstance is prominently noticed in the Reports. Thus, for instance, speaks Mr. Watkins, her Majesty's Inspector in the north-eastern district of England:—

'In the year 1848, considerably more than half my time was occupied in business not directly connected with the inspection of schools. Indeed, during the whole of that year only two days were devoted to simple inspection; the greater part of it was employed (as I have shown) in the examination of teachers, the remainder in that of apprentices and sub-teachers. The same may be said generally of the ten months of the present year. So that my work during the whole period of nearly two years, has been especially given to the development of your Lordships' Minutes of 1846, and not, otherwise than indirectly, to the simple inspection of schools. It seems important that this fact should be mentioned by me, and recognised by your Lordships, as it will be my duty to show you, that in consequence of the great increase during the last five years of the number of schools under inspection in my district, and the still greater increase of other works now allotted to her Majesty's Inspectors, many of these schools, which have received grants of the public money, are neither sharing in the benefits nor restrained by the moral influence of public inspection. The state of the case in my district is this: that to all those schools, the teachers of which have obtained certificates of merit, or in which pupil teachers are apprenticed, my visits have been tolerably regular, and though frequently more hurried than I could wish, sufficient in general to enable me to examine in detail, and to acquire a clear insight into, the state of discipline and progress of the children in them, as well as to form a fair opinion as to the character, conduct, and abilities of their respective teachers. But the remainder of the schools in my district seem to be without the pale of inspection; and these, many in number, are frequently the most needy in all their circumstances, and the most in want of inspection, the most desirous of its guidance, and the most dependent on its help. They are, for the most part, small schools, in out-of-the-way places, under untrained teachers with small stipends. They are generally deficient in all that renders a school efficient. They have few or no secular reading-books, few and ill-used maps, a scanty supply of black boards, slates, cards, pictures, &c. And the meagre (intellectual) food which may be obtained there by the scholars, is placed before them in such a crude, uninviting state, that there is no wonder if it be neither readily swallowed, nor easily

digested. I find on comparing the lists of schools under inspection, with those which I have been able to visit since the date of my last report, that there are, not visited, for two years and upwards—

In Yorkshire	133
In Durham	36
In Northumberland	16
Total	185

while many of them have not been inspected for above four years. It is obvious that these schools are only nominally under inspection—that neither on the one hand do they receive any benefit from it, nor, on the other, are your Lordships able to ascertain whether the purposes for which your grants of the public money have been made, are fulfilled, or not. It is plain that no single inspector, with the additional calls made on his time, and the constantly increasing occupation in other branches of his duty, can ever hope to visit these schools and report on them to your Lordships' Committee.'

We could amply confirm the foregoing statement from the information given us by school-managers in the country; but we prefer to let the matter stand as the reports of the Privy Council represent it. If this representation be correct, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Educational department of the Civil Government is not doing the work which it professes to perform. The inspection of schools was its primary object; the understanding upon which the Legislature sanctioned (so far as it did sanction) its establishment, was that the employment of the Parliamentary grants should be overlooked by its officers, and a guarantee thus afforded that educational funds should not be perverted to any purposes alien to the intention of the State. Inspection, limited to this object, and defined by the terms of the original agreement between the National Society and the Privy Council, has never been repudiated; in many instances it has been thankfully welcomed, as affording a means of obtaining unimpeachable testimony to the zeal and honesty of the Churchman's religious care for the children of the poor. In now declining to extend that inspection, still more in withdrawing it from the schools which have hitherto received it, the Privy Council is breaking the bond on which its educational functions depend. But this is not all; on the assumption made by the supporters of the Government system, an assumption the force of which we shall presently consider, inspection is in itself a great benefit, a positive advantage to the schools enjoying it, quite apart from any consideration of the financial necessity for its existence. If this be so, the neglect of the Lord President to supply a privilege, which has been ostentatiously offered, assumes a more serious aspect. He professes to take oversight of the education of the country, offers a public boon, and insists on its import-

ance, but fails to give it to the petitioners who apply for it on the faith of his promise.

Of course there is a ready answer to the complaint which we are now making. The Privy Council Office disclaims all responsibility for the deficiency of inspection, points with justifiable satisfaction to the labours of its public servants, and regrets that the House of Commons in its present temper cannot be expected to vote an adequate grant for the purposes of its work. But the allegation is insufficient, for this plain reason, that the Government has not asked for the aid, of which the want is made to justify its imperfect fulfilment of its duties. To the amount voted for educational purposes, no statesman of any party, we believe, has been found to object. It has been generally allowed, and more generally felt, that the disproportion even of the largest annual grant to its professed purpose was quite indefensible, except by the plea that no system of education could be framed which the country would cordially accept. But this plea, unanswerable as it might be when urged against all Parliamentary interference with the schools of the poor, is untenable if the principle of a grant is once practically admitted. Politicians do not say, 'We cannot invent any plan, in which we can ask the country to second our aims;' their language is, 'We have a plan of our own, but we do not wish 'to have too much said about it; discussions are inconvenient; 'give us a small allowance, and we will make what you give us 'suffice, rather than enter upon a troublesome debate.' This has been, in fact, the tone of ministers, while they feared to submit an honest estimate of their rightful expenditure to the guardians of the public purse. Nor can we wonder at their unwillingness to assume a firmer attitude, when we consider how entirely destitute have been our leading politicians of any practical acquaintance with the whole subject of education. Lord Lansdowne, primed by his subordinates from time to time, has mastered the outlines of the system, which he ostensibly directs. The Premier may possibly be not more ignorant of the state of elementary education than he is of its more advanced condition in our ancient Universities. But neither the Lord President nor the Premier has even now that knowledge arising out of a personal interest in the working of a system, which could enable them to stand up in their respective Houses of Parliament and claim the support of the Legislature for a large and efficient plan of popular instruction. They are content to 'get up' the answers to specific complaints, or, in some cases, to descend to the still less creditable tactics of abusing the persons who make them. Committed by the energy of their former ingenious Secretary to a measure, which would have

frightened them if they had understood its application or foreseen the extent of its adoption, they satisfy their political conscience by the baronetcy which they have conferred upon its inventor, and make the best of the legacy which he has bequeathed to their care.

No doubt there is a difficulty to be apprehended from an application to Parliament for increased funds; nor does that difficulty arise solely from the want of knowledge and zeal on the part of the Parliamentary patrons of the Shuttleworth Scheme. It has been aggravated enormously by the introduction of the controversy about the Management Clauses,—a dispute wholly foreign to the proper scope of the Minutes of 1846, and indeed, to the bearing of the entire system of the Educational Committee. The tenacity, with which ministers have adhered to their rejection of the demand made by Churchmen for unconditional liberty, must be accounted for partly by the same ignorance to which we have already referred, partly by the instinct which leads the mere politician in general to oppose all ecclesiastical claims. Whatever may have been the motives of the Government, it has no other influence but its own to blame. But for this ill-judged resistance to an equitable demand, the whole Parliamentary weight of the Church might have been thrown into the ministerial scale, on this important question. Profiting largely by the really beneficial portions of the Privy Council system, Churchmen would have gladly given their testimony to its value and efficiency, when it was attacked by the advocates of a purely voluntary, or a secular system. Application might then have been made without hesitation for such a grant as would have enabled the inspection of Parochial Schools to be carried out in full accordance with the professed theory of the State. At present, nothing is more unsatisfactory than a debate on education. While the men of Lancaster are extorting from the fears or the ignorance of Ministers a reluctant compliment to their 'secular' movement, Churchmen are pressing them with objections, which seem invariably to involve a loss of temper on the part of the respondents. Deprived of their legitimate supporters, the would-be educators of the poor are compelled to catch at every straw that seems to promise temporary help; an approving pamphlet is rewarded with the first vacant Deanery, and even a letter in a provincial journal may entitle the sympathetic writer to a stall.[1] It is no wonder that under such circum-

[1] If Mr. Hughes's 'Government Scheme of Education Explained,' is to be similarly rewarded, it will be difficult to find any preferment small enough to be proportioned to the exceedingly slender amount of novelty or of argument, which it contains. A sinecure rectory, without the income, would meet the case, if the force of the document constitutes the claim.

stances the work of Inspection is neglected, and that Ministers confess their reluctance to ask for the funds, by which alone their promises could be made good, and the existence of an educational department vindicated to the world.

It has been assumed that inspection of schools really confers on them an important boon, and that the extension of the Inspector's operations is by all means to be desired. It would follow, of course, from this assumption, that *all* schools should be allowed to share the privilege. The mere circumstance of having received aid from the public funds, could not be held to constitute the sole claim to the advantage supposed to be conferred; indeed, the very absence of any previous pecuniary gain on the part of the school, would make it more imperative on the State to allow, at least, such compensation as might be found in the sedulous attention of the Inspector to its wants. Every parish school must be annually visited; oftener, if the circumstances of the case, or the request of the managers, suggest a repetition of the visit. To carry out such a plan, without curtailing the duties of another kind, now performed by her Majesty's Inspectors, it is clear that the present Staff attached to the Privy Council Office must be changed into a host: the central business, with its secretaries and clerks, would be indefinitely increased; and the whole expense of the office would require a grant, in comparison of which the sums now voted by Parliament would be unworthy of mention. Before we admit the necessity of such a conclusion, it is essential to get some definite idea of the real place held by inspection in a legitimate system of national education; such a system, that is to say, as is consistent with our own condition and character, both as a nation and a Church.

Two main functions of a central department of education appear to be applicable to a free country, where the civil power does not deny the right of the parent to train his own children in the way which his conscience and his judgment may approve. Those functions are—first, the collection of information as to the actual state and prospects of education in the country, as well as in particular schools; secondly, the bestowal of such help, in money or in guidance, as the wants, intellectual or physical, of various localities may seem to require. In carrying out the former of these two designs, the Inspector would inform himself of the whole circumstances and condition of his district, its population, its facilities for instruction, the occupations of its children, their natural intelligence, and their traditional lore; he would then carefully form an estimate of the kind and amount of direct provision required for a population so situated, and compare with this estimate the actual state of educational institutions throughout the sphere of his office. His researches

would extend to all places alike. Where no instruction had been attempted to be given, he would ascertain the nature of the difficulties, and the extent of the assistance required; where schools already existed, he would test their efficiency by examination of the children, by observation of their conduct, and inquiry into the effect produced on their subsequent behaviour in life. Inspection, understood in this large sense, would furnish reports of the greatest value to the whole community; the civil magistrate would ascertain with ease the influence of ignorance on the crime which it is his office to repress; the political economist would know precisely what return had been made for every grant in aid of education, and obtain facilities for searching, if he pleased, into the causes of its occasional unproductiveness or abuse; the Christian missionary would be told where to direct his efforts for the reclamation of his Master's wandering lambs, and where to find examples of a blessed success in one of the most important branches of the pastoral care. Included under this wide sphere of duty, but as one of its least functions, would be the business, contemplated in the first appointment of Inspectors, of watching the application of a Parliamentary grant, and exposing its corrupt or foolish expenditure.

We have already shown that even this narrow function is confessedly beyond the capabilities of the Staff now attached to the Council Office. *A fortiori,* the large operations which we have indicated are wholly untouched. The reports give us no view of the state of education in the country, contain no notice of the most neglected districts, no suggestive description of the wants apparent among the untrained multitudes, on whose behalf the aid of Downing-street has never been officially invoked. We do not say this with the intention of casting blame on the compilers of the Reports; these large speculations were not entrusted to them; their appointed province extended no further than to the collection of literal facts about certain schools peculiarly situated. It is to their credit that they have travelled beyond this mere enumeration of particulars, and, generalizing the results of their inspection, have presented in some instances very useful conclusions for the study of all serious friends of education in the land; but they are, after all, only conclusions from limited data, inferences from facts about the most advanced schools, not the results of a general investigation, which the reporters had neither the time nor the authority to institute.

An exception may perhaps be found to this criticism in the Essay submitted to the Lords of the Privy Council by Mr. Fletcher, the Inspector of British and Denominational Schools. Forty pages of his Report, with an Appendix of twelve plates very carefully prepared, are devoted to an analysis of the returns

of criminal justice, with the view of showing the connexion between ignorance and crime. We refer to this Report, however, with the express object of explaining that this is *not* the kind of result which the inspection we have described would be likely to produce. Mr. Fletcher's analysis and the thirty-one conclusions, which he deduces from it, are founded on statistics obtained by him from public sources, and in no degree from his own personal observation. Any clever and painstaking student of the same returns might have presented my Lords with a similar *resumé*, though he had been in no way connected with the work of education. We must own to a certain degree of distrust in our approach to such statistical compilations. Facts are classed together under the same heading, and with the same numerical value, which yet differ so widely in their real significance, that we never know with accuracy how much ought to be deducted from the arithmetical sum before they can be adduced as testimony of practical weight. Mr. Fletcher has been very scrupulous in his endeavours to make every allowance for disturbing circumstances; considerations of race, influence of migration, difference in the various classes of crime, are all noticed in modification of tabular returns; yet we cannot lay down his Essay without the impression that we have been watching a species of intellectual thimble-rig, which by skilful management of the same materials would have produced as readily an opposite result. When we find, for instance, that the county of Monmouth, though its ignorance far exceeds that of the neighbouring shires, is yet in almost every moral characteristic superior to them, we cannot banish so remarkable an exception from our minds even at the dictation of the most accomplished statist, proving in the most lucid manner the general coincidence of ignorance and crime. To many minds, a few well-ascertained facts, recorded by persons capable of distinguishing such as are typical of a class from merely exceptional cases, are of more weight as illustrations of the actual condition of the country, than volumes of statistics unaccompanied by that reality which personal observation and intelligent description alone can confer.

The sketch which we have given of one function appertaining to an Inspector's office must, we are aware, have a somewhat formidable appearance to such of our readers as are accustomed, with a true English instinct, to reckon the cost of whatever design they undertake. We hasten to reassure them by saying that our idea by no means implies the existence of such a permanent staff as its first statement may suggest. Very much of the information which we have supposed an Inspector to furnish, would only be necessary in the infancy of an educational

system; its compilation would resemble the first survey of a new territory for future colonists, and would not need to be repeated, when the forest was cleared and the intellectual soil reclaimed by laborious and successful tillage. When education had fairly established its ground as an essential part of the social system, it would need no corps of spies to watch its continual progress. It would not rest even on the zeal or intelligence of school managers; the parents themselves of the poorest children would be as vigilant over the advancement and nurture of their little ones as the natural guardians of the heir to a peerage or a throne. For cases of neglect or decay a proper visitatorial authority would be provided, working, as it was intended to do in our ancient seminaries, not by the formal routine of a periodical inquisition, but by the exercise of a power sympathising with the objects of the institutions to be visited, and able to adapt itself to every emergency as it arose. The Inspector's office, so far as it implies a permanent system of inquiry into the condition of schools, is a bad substitute for the old appointment of a Visitor. Vast expense might be saved, if the authorities of the Privy Council would confide the oversight of the schools aided by them to the charge of Local or Diocesan Visitors, exercising a statutable power of reformation within the bounds prescribed by the trust deed, and ready to act upon any call either from the pupils of the school, or from any persons interested by a desire for the public good in the success of education. The idea that no honest application of the public money can be hoped for without the check supplied by the vigilance of Government Inspectors, is to assume at once a keenness on the part of the official, and a low standard of morality in the teacher,—both alike contrary to the ordinary experience of mankind. In a large body of Inspectors the majority must almost of necessity degenerate into the administrators of a formal routine of inquiry; in a large body of duly-appointed Teachers a vast proportion would have no need of the stimulus supplied by so uncongenial an espionage.

We have endeavoured to show that the work of Inspection, in its inquisitorial aspect, is of far wider application, but of a less permanent character, than the Lords of the Privy Council seem to suppose. We have proved that on their own showing the narrow sphere of operation which they have recognised, is wider than their performance; and we have intimated our belief that a heartier faith in their own system, accompanied by a fuller information as to its working, would have commanded Parliamentary assent. We proceed to consider the second of those functions, which we comprehended in the due fulfilment of the Inspector's duty.

It is assumed by the promoters of the Government scheme that the visit of the Inspector, besides the security it affords for the fulfilment of the conditions imposed on the receivers of public money, is most valuable to the managers and teachers of schools in the opportunity afforded them to ask advice and assistance from an experienced friend of educational progress. On this head the Inspectors' reports are naturally meagre; those gentlemen could hardly dilate on the value of their own services to the subjects of their care. The nearest approach to such a panegyric is to be found in the Report of Mr. Gibson, Inspector of Schools belonging to the Free Kirk of Scotland, in which, under a passage of somewhat broad flattery addressed to my Lords of the Council, lurks a delicate encomium of the beneficent operations of their Lordships' acting Inspectors.

'To one engaged, as I have been during the last nine years, in inspecting elementary schools, in holding familiar intercourse with the teachers, in conferring with men in every rank of life, and of every variety of view in regard to the means by which our social condition is to be improved, and our labouring poor rescued from intellectual and moral degradation, and made useful and happy members of the great framework of society, instead of being permitted to become its soured and malignant enemies, or its reckless and avenging destroyers, the operation of your Lordships' Minutes affords a very large measure of pure and elevated joy. The work which they have already performed seems to me incalculably important. They have fostered or called into existence several hundreds of schools, in which thousands of our population receive a good and useful education. They have cheered and animated many of our teachers, stirred them to exertion in self-improvement, and directed them in a course, perseverance in which will greatly benefit themselves, and enable them to benefit unspeakably more than they have hitherto done, the pupils entrusted to them. They are the means of rearing in some of our best schools many of the ablest pupils for the office of teacher; and, if carefully and judiciously administered, they will probably in a few years change the whole aspect of our elementary schools. These schools will henceforth be superintended by men, systematically trained to the discharge of their duties, and conscious of the dignity of their work, earnestly ambitious of adequately performing it, and stimulated to exertion by the countenance and cooperation of those who are fitted to appreciate their labours, and whose approbation and encouragement it is both an honour and an advantage to obtain.'

Without critically discussing the accuracy of this rather high-flown statement, we may safely allow that all these advantages may be to some extent conferred by the agency of a department of education. The timely grant of pecuniary aid to a school, whose supporters have begun to lose all heart at the repetition of the claim on their purses, may restore waning confidence, and in some cases even avert the destruction of the Institution. Still more the visit of a really skilful Inspector may be the means of imparting courage and hope to an overworked and unsupported Schoolmaster, may open to him hopes of distinction as a stimulus to exertion, or (which is far better)

may cheer him under difficulties by the remembrance of the importance of the duty entrusted to him, and the reward promised to all that care for the little ones of Christ. With respect to the schools of the Church, it is needless to say that such a function ought not to be left for a Government Inspector to perform. Wherever there is a faithful pastor, there the schoolmaster has his natural friend and guide, the sharer of his disappointments and the director of his aims. If it be said that the Clergy do not of necessity possess an acquaintance with the details of elementary instruction, we answer that there is nothing in the conduct of a parochial school, which an earnest man, who has at heart the welfare of his flock, may not readily master; or, if it be a difficulty, there is no reason why the professional training of a Clergyman should not include such studies as may be necessary to enable him to overcome it. We might have expected, indeed, that the Chair of Pastoral Theology would ere now have been fruitful in professorial teaching on the very important subject of the management of parochial schools. If that Chair should ever be occupied by a divine who realizes the meaning of the pastoral cure, we may perchance hear it acknowledged that a practical acquaintance with the details of school-keeping is not among the least useful acquirements of a parish priest, and a careful instruction in them not the least profitable employment of a Pastoral Professor's time. So far as Church schools are concerned, there is no reason why every parish should not have its own Inspector, as competent to guide, inform, and encourage, as the gentlemen who write out these valuable reports for the perusal of my Lords at Whitehall.

It is not, of course, intended or implied that the schools of the Church are to have an exclusive, or even a primary regard from the civil power; we have long ceased to demand favour, we have learned how difficult it is to obtain justice. We do not then complain that Inspectors are appointed respectively for the schools of the Roman Catholics, of the Kirk of Scotland, of the Free Kirk, of the Wesleyans, and of the British and Foreign School Society; as rate-payers they have a right to equal participation in the advantages which the public funds provide. It must often occur in the internal discipline of those Societies, that the governing body or committee of a school may have very little practical acquaintance with the system of guiding it; a loving regard for the souls and bodies of the children to be taught will, indeed, give to the most inexperienced all the knowledge really worth having; but where education has been taken in hand for commercial purposes, out of sectarian rivalry, or in accordance with some political theory of liberalism, it is probable that the schoolmaster will be left to toil, as best he may, against

the difficulties presented by refractory scholars, ignorant parents, insufficient furniture, and an irregular income. It is in such cases that an Inspector, clothed with the authority of the State, may do incalculable service. What the master dares not offer in remonstrance to his employers, her Majesty's officer can state without fear of a repulse: he can authoritatively suggest new methods of instruction, point out the regulations which require to be altered, the apparatus which ought to be supplied, and the rewards or encouragements which master and scholars alike may need. Nor is it merely on the side of an oppressed teacher that such an Inspector might do good service against an ignorant or impracticable committee; he will be able to afford most important assistance, in many cases, to the managers of a school, against their own schoolmaster. Our readers know how extremely difficult it is to effect the removal of any Englishman from any office, whatever be the extent of his delinquency. The same objectors who have made it part of their daily business to rail at his inefficiency, will come forward to blame the unkindness of his dismissal; we have never yet known a functionary superseded without an outbreak of indignation against the harshness of the act. In schools this national prejudice in favour of vested rights has had a more than ordinarily evil effect. Managers who were naturally unwilling to deprive a neighbour of his livelihood, have felt that unwillingness strengthened by the fear of the reproaches which would be provoked from all who had the right of complaint, without the responsibility of deciding. An Inspector's report of the inefficiency of a master at once removes from the trembling committee the burden of forming a judgment, and the disagreeable reputation of enforcing it; the official shoulders do not refuse to bear the weight, and the school is saved.

The complaint which we have already made of the inadequacy of the Staff employed by the Privy Council, applies with greater force to the function of an Inspector's office which we have now indicated. In the few schools which are at present visited, the time allowed for inspection is far too limited to admit of his assuming such a character as we have allotted to him. To enter into the peculiar difficulties of the case, to give opinions on all the questions which an eager teacher may propound, to name the most approved books, to correct the time table, to discuss the methods of reward and punishment, in a word, to furnish valuable guidance on the multiplied subjects which come every day before a schoolmaster's mind, is manifestly forbidden to the wearied Inspector, whose glance at the school-clock reminds him, before he has completed even a cursory survey, that he has nearly lost the omnibus which is to convey him to the latest

train by which his home can be reached. In this, however, as in the former branch of our inquiry, we are satisfied that the object of our wish might be gained without that immense multiplication of official persons, which economy and a hatred of centralization alike forbid. Let it be known that a disposition exists to help schools substantially in their real work—that eminent instructors are ready to afford the benefit of their experience and study, and it will not be long before the attainment of their services will be sufficiently appreciated: application will be made to Government for the presence of an Inspector; a self-adjusting system will take the place of the present attempted routine, in which no small number of the official visits is superfluous or hopeless.

In what we have now written, it will appear that we have abstained from introducing those elements of unfriendliness which might naturally lead Churchmen at this moment to protest against all State interference. We have tried to look impartially at the whole question, and to sketch the course that might be pursued by a civil power really devoting itself without party feeling to forward the education of the poor. That the vaunted excellence of the Privy Council organization is capable of large amendment, we are fully convinced; but we would not the less gladly bear our testimony to the personal courtesy, the high ability, and the untiring energy, which some of the Inspectors habitually display. We cannot but think that some of those gentlemen would admit the justice of our strictures, and deplore the distrust attending the whole question of public education, which forbids a fuller development of their own office, and a larger application of its benefits to the sacred cause in which they have professedly embarked.

If the duty of simple inspection has been inadequately discharged, it must be owned that the other employments assigned to the Inspectors have been sufficiently onerous. Their great and engrossing business arises from the multiplication of pupil-teachers, whose progressive examination must be annually held, and the schools annually visited, in order that the grants may be paid according to the terms of the well-known Minutes, on which their apprenticeship is based. The masters of these schools must likewise be examined, to ascertain their ability to teach their apprentices the subjects required for the ensuing year. Besides the masters comprised in this class, there are others who seek for a Certificate of merit, which cannot be granted without examination, nor renewed without inquiry into the condition of the school. Nor is this all; the annual examination of all the training schools imposes a protracted and arduous duty on the examiners, in which all the Inspectors have

to take their appointed share. The extent of these occupations may be estimated by the returns furnished in the tables lying before us. At the time when they were completed, the total number of boys apprenticed was 2,424; of girls, 1,156: and these pupil-teachers were distributed over 1,361 schools. Of certificated teachers the total number was 681. Thirteen training schools had received aid from the public funds subsequent to careful examinations of their pupils. A special report had been made upon the Edinburgh Free Church Normal School, and similar reports, but less minute in their details, on the schools at Chelsea and Portsmouth. It is pretty clear, we think, that the fifteen Inspectors could not have had much spare time on their hands.

Of the questions proposed on these occasions, many opinions have been held, and in some instances very decided censures have been passed on the extent of their requirements. We cannot, for our own parts, adopt without limitation the criticisms that have been called forth by these documents. To set a good examination paper is by no means an easy thing,—we appeal with confidence to such of our readers as have tried to do it,—even in the narrowest subjects, with the most explicit description of the preparation which the scholars have made. But in the examinations of schoolmasters it has often happened that persons totally dissimilar in previous training and habits, of infinitely various acquirements and tastes, have been brought together with a very vague idea of the work required from them, and with a corresponding uncertainty on the part of the examiners, as to the standard of knowledge to be fixed. There was no tradition by which they could be guided. It was but yesterday that the teachers of our elementary schools were persons whose qualification for their office consisted in an utter incapacity for any other profession. Now they are members of a class which in rapidity of progress and earnestness of devotion to their work, has no parallel throughout the whole community. In examining them, it was necessary to allow scope for the exhibition of acquirements little inferior to those which command an University degree, and yet not to exclude the occasional aspirant from among the old race of village schoolmasters, who might wish to raise himself and his school to a more honourable rank. Even in the Training Colleges it could not but happen that the young men gathered from so many different places and occupations should, for a time, at least, present themselves for examination, with knowledge too ill-digested and fragmentary to allow of a strictly methodical examination; while it would be extremely difficult for the Inspectors to make due allowance for the progress of those

Institutions, and yet not to exalt prematurely the aspirations of the students for intellectual advancement unsuited to their calling in life.

Allowing, however, to these considerations their full weight, we cannot deny that the general notion of the excessive requirements made in the examinations of Schoolmasters has some foundation. The Inspectors appear to have admitted the fallacy, that superior merit could only be ascertained by more difficult questions. All experience proves that in proportion to the simplicity of the subject matter, the more marked is the difference of its treatment by the really learned and the mere sciolist. In the case of the thoughtful student, who has mastered his subject, and made his reading a part of his own mental store, not a mere accumulation of 'cram' for a particular display, it is certain that his grasp of what he has studied will give him a fulness of knowledge and a perspicuity of statement not to be mistaken in his handling of the most elementary question. On the other hand, it is undeniable that an acquaintance with the higher branches of a department of science does not necessarily include a practical familiarity with its elements. We have known men who could write plausible essays on the philosophy of history, and yet would have found great difficulty in arranging chronologically the reigns of their native princes, or in describing accurately the provisions of their country's fundamental laws. Nor is it uncommon to meet with mathematical students whose bent has led them to investigate the theory of their science in its higher branches without acquiring the habit of working accurately and quickly the problems arising out of its practical application. For the man of letters this partial learning may be defensible; but the Schoolmaster, if he does not know the elements of his work, or has not a facility of producing that elementary knowledge, has been studying in vain. We allow that a teacher must, if he is to teach well, have advanced beyond the limit assigned to his own lessons, but he should remember that the value of that advancement depends on its relation to the humbler path which he has continually to pursue.

We have looked through the Examination Papers contained in the last volumes of Minutes, and have found portions of them which we cannot justify on any possible theory of the studies of a teacher in an elementary school. A paper, for instance, given in January, 1849, on the higher branches of mathematics, including the differential and integral calculus, seems to us a simple absurdity. Surely algebra and trigonometry were enough, without requiring the future Schoolmaster to investigate the equation to a parabola, or to find the diffe-

rential co-efficient of a solid of revolution. Of course there can be no objection to the attainment of these heights by those whose mathematical genius leads them to take pleasure in the ascent; but we could wish that my Lords of the Privy Council would cease to point the way, and to tempt the unskilful climber to the barren toil. Nor can we speak with any greater satisfaction of the encouragement offered to a wide acquaintance with English literature. What would be the impression produced on the mind of a young Sunday-school Teacher, preparing himself for a Training School, by the sight of the question proposed at the Examination to which we have already referred: 'Give an account of English metre down to the year 1700, with specimens in illustration?' What a hopeless prospect to the lad whose poetical reading had been confined to the hymns sung at church or in school, with perhaps a copy of the Paradise Lost, procured from a travelling pedlar, out of his basket of gilt-backed duodecimos! And how edifying would be the survey which he might thus be induced to take, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, of the literature of the Caroline period, the doggrel lampoons of the Puritans, or the love-songs that amused the boon companions of Rochester and Buckingham! Still more appalling, perhaps, would be the demand for 'a brief sketch of the formation of the English language from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation,' required from the candidates at Easter in the same year. We have great doubts whether the majority of educated gentlemen, unless their studies happened to have taken an antiquarian direction, could give us much information about the English language in a more primitive stage than that which gave a clothing to the beautiful conceptions of the author of the Faery Queen. Any knowledge which young candidates for a National School could possess, must be limited to the stray facts to be found in a history of England about the use of Norman-French in our Parliamentary proceedings and Latin in the services of our Church. But we have not given, by any means, the most startling instances of the assumptions made by my Lords of the Privy Council as to the literary advance of the candidates for their distinctions. Will our readers believe that the following sentence occurs in the general examination of Schoolmasters, held in January, 1849: 'Name the foreign writers who exercised the greatest influence on the English literature of the eighteenth century, and trace the effects?' or again: 'What effect has the fusion of other languages in the English had upon its grammar?' Surely, if there is any department of study in which it is desirable to guide untrained minds, in which it is dangerous to let them roam unchecked wherever chance or bad taste may lead them, it is in the survey of what

is called 'literature,' the writings of all who have attained a notoriety in their own day sufficient to hand down their works to posterity with the ill-defined sanction of contemporary popularity. If the youth, whose taste has been formed by the study of Homer and Demosthenes, is often misled by the tinsel of some specious *littérateur* of modern times, is it reasonable to expect a happier result from the unformed mind of the village critic? Or, if he should be fortunate enough to prefer the really great authors of our English name, will he be able to discriminate between their beauties and their defects, or to separate their lofty spirit from the grossness or the violence of their times?

We are quite aware of the remarks to which our last paragraph exposes us. We are prepared to be told that we enslave the intellect, cramp the energies of the aspiring, and close the avenues to literary renown. We distinctly deny the allegation. We are willing to have our Schoolmasters as accomplished as human learning can make them. We do not believe that they would of necessity keep school the less successfully, if they had Newton's mathematical power, or Southey's literary knowledge. But we say that the majority cannot have such acquirements, and that it is not the function of the authority superintending their education to encourage them in the attempt. Give them a stimulus to master the subjects necessary for their own work, and they will be in possession of knowledge, which the more aspiring or the more gifted can develop, if they will, in loftier walks of learning. There is no lack of openings in this country for men of great mental power, or extraordinary acquirements, nor can we feel any regret when such men trip up the indolent possessors of hereditary influence. But to turn the education of Schoolmasters generally into an intellectual forcing-house, seems to us neither beneficial to the pupils themselves, nor agreeable to the design of the State in aiding their progress.

In respect to Schoolmistresses, a reasonable doubt may be entertained whether the system of public examination is applicable at all. We are not going to enter on the extremely delicate question of the difference in mind and character between the sexes, still less to award the meed of superiority to either. We trust that we shall have readers favourable to each side of the question, whom we would not willingly offend. But it will be allowed that a difference does exist, and that modes of instruction or systems of reward, which may be quite legitimate in the education of men, will fail totally in the management of female scholars. If we may draw a moral from the playful verses of the 'Princess,' we have the authority of the most accomplished of living poets against the idea of subjecting our

sisters and daughters to the trials of a public education. It does not draw out their peculiar merits; it is unsuited to their physical constitution. So much, indeed, appears from the Reports themselves. Of one examination of schoolmistresses the examiner says: 'The labour of so much writing, to which 'they were unaccustomed, seemed to fatigue them much, and 'towards the close of the week many were quite exhausted.' Another inspector was told by some of the young women who were candidates, that they had been 'so nervous as to be quite 'unable to do themselves justice; two of them also were so 'unwell that they were absent during the greater part of the 'hours allotted to one or two subjects.' Under such circumstances, what test of their real ability in their vocation would be furnished by their answers to the questions proposed? True education is never a matter of merely intellectual concern: in the hands of a woman the intellectual portion is its most insignificant influence. Her efficiency is to be judged of by the moral tone of her scholars, the quietness and gentleness of their habits, the order of the school, the affection evinced towards herself, the devotion to their work which her wishes inspire. Her province it is to cultivate those affections which are so often utterly deadened among the poor by the hard usage of childish years, and to the want of which so much domestic unhappiness is to be traced. Experimental knowledge, whether of religion or of daily life in its home details, it is her privilege to exhibit, and, as far as may be, to impart. To be learned is neither her duty nor her wisdom, if she wishes to succeed in her vocation.

It cannot, of course, be denied that our schoolmistresses, in many cases, did not reach that standard of acquirements which was absolutely necessary for their office of teaching. We could have wished that the Government, in its examinations—if those trials were needed at all—had been satisfied to bring them up to such a standard. We turn to the questions put before them, and find them supposed to possess a most enviable stock of knowledge on the most varied subjects. In history, they can give 'an account of the foundation and history of one of the Scotch or English Universities;' in ethnology they are able to trace 'the origin of the various races from which the English are descended;' in etymology, they can not only point out the 'traces of the old British to be found in our language,' but give examples also of the derivation of words from the Greek tongue. In natural history, they have at their fingers' ends 'the tribes indicated by the terms, *mollusca, articulata,* and *radiata*;' can describe 'the *leguminose* order of plants,' or 'the peculiarities of the ruminating or the marsupital tribes.' They can prepare the notes of a lesson on the distribution of mountain ranges, the effects of electricity, the manners of the North American Indians

or deliver an ethical lecture on conscience and the mental faculties to the little maidens who have left their samplers for loftier occupations. Not less extensive is their knowledge of music and geography, of scriptural history, and of the annals of the Church; they can write essays on school management, and yet stoop to give 'directions for cleaning a parlour,' or for 'the prevention and treatment of colds.' Our readers may, perhaps, have met with some of the young ladies who combine in encyclopædic abundance these varied attainments: about two hundred and fifty appear to have been more or less successful in their race for fame. Our own acquaintance has been among schoolmistresses of a different class; and we must candidly own that the great respect which we have entertained for some of them, and the admiration which their work has inspired, would not have been increased if they could have lectured on Newton's 'Principia,' or expounded the 'Analogy' to the labourers' children who were growing up under their devoted care.

We have noticed but incidentally the condition of the Training Schools which in the metropolis and in various dioceses are rapidly multiplying. The subject is too large to enter upon at the close of this article; nor, indeed, do the Reports before us give much information respecting them beyond that which is connected with the examinations, of which we have already spoken. Far more important questions belong to the subject of their moral condition, their religious system, and their general influence on character. They are, in some important respects, copies of those old academical institutions to which many of us owe so large a portion of our own character in maturer life. They are too young at present to form the subjects of a rigorous criticism. But with most of them we are glad to believe that a more minute acquaintance would only serve to strengthen the favourable impression produced by the devotedness and zeal of the young men whom they have sent out to labour in the schools of the poor. They have in general enjoyed the cooperation and anxious attention of friends both among the clergy and laity, with whom their development has been an object of religious interest. They have frequently inspired that *esprit de corps* which is so valuable an aid to higher motives and less earthly sympathies. It will be found, as we trust, that the children of these nurseries may be imbued with a steadfastness of purpose, a solidity of principle, and a spirit of attachment to the Church under whose shelter they have been nurtured, which may prove more than a match for the political propagandism of economists, or the cold philosophy of secular intruders. To note their success, if it should please God to bless their efforts, will be hereafter our welcome duty, as it is now our hopeful privilege to watch the auspicious commencement of their work.

ART. IV.—*Rural Scenes. By* MISS COOPER. London: Bentley. 1850.

THERE is a charm in truth. We owe apology to our readers for a sentiment which they will be disposed, perhaps in the same breath, to declare a truism and to question. Yet it is certainly a fact, that it is pleasant to listen to truths simply because they are true. Not because they minister to our theories,—not because we can make something out of them,—not because they in any direct way give us knowledge or information; that is, not because they are facts,—but because we are hearing something that is true. But true things can hardly, in the sense we mean, be truths, unless uttered by the lips of sincerity and truth. They turn into truism when spoken by those who do not feel them. In some subtle way an element of falsehood insinuates itself into what would seem the most absolute verity when pronounced in a heartless or unreal way. We have heard the sentiment, 'We must all die,' so spoken that it rung false on our ears, because the man evidently did not in heart include himself in the general doom: the same words need only to be uttered by one alive to their import and personal application, to sound in our ears like a knell, to sink down into our hearts with all the freshness of a first-heard warning. It is not, however, with truths such as these that we have now to do, nor on which we have founded our reflections. It must be regarded as a merciful provision to give value to the more simple class of minds—minds not remarkable for intellectual endowments—that they can minister in a preeminent degree to the pleasure and profit of others by this one quality alone. Every one who invariably says what is true, or even what he believes to be true, however limited his range of ideas, however narrow his circle of observation, is a benefactor of his race; a strengthener, a consoler, a refuge for weary hearts and vexed spirits, a purifier of the moral atmosphere around him. In this way it ought to seem an easy matter to do good to our species; but, however, even among those who pass for very honest folks, the truth we mean is a rare quality. Men can believe in the prevailing force of great truths, but cannot trust to carrying them through by a consistent adherence to smaller ones. It needs an enthusiast in the cause of truth to believe its efficacy in all the minor details. We thunder out that truth is great, and *must* prevail, and yet seek to make it prevail by management and

policy, by a train of reservations and concealments, by exaggerated statements and special pleadings; we trust in our heart to cleverness, or bullying, or persuasion, — to anything rather than the naked power of truth. We shrink from its two-edged sword, and will not believe that in cutting both ways it will not do itself some mischief. Thoughts like these have been suggested by the unpretending volumes before us; nor are they out of place, though the truths they tell are facts of the external world, and fruits of common observation. If in the field of opinion men would but be as simply true and trustful as in the field of nature—if, as we can discern the face of the sky, we would but as faithfully acknowledge facts, and warnings, and influences equally evident to the eye of faith, and the candid mind! But with whom are these to be found?

There is something at once sobering and refreshing in a simple narrative of facts we can at once credit, in a faithful record, of whatever nature, in the present season of unscrupulous, unblushing assertion, when nothing can be taken for granted simply because it is said. No person, we believe, coming from a concourse of men whose passions have been excited, but must return to solitude and reflection with his instincts of truth so ruffled, his whole being so discomposed, as not to find the administration of some simple truths necessary to his restoration and tranquillity. How much more in the late outrageous tyranny of unproved assertion, when the land, from one end to the other, has overflowed with blind accusation and wilful misjudging and misstatement! When every man has seemed to think it a religious duty to shut his eyes to justice and fairness; to close his heart against his previous principles; when the spirit grows to the last degree perplexed in a region of shadows and falsehoods, in which everybody says things he does not mean, and means things he does not say; when discrimination is thought weakness; and candour double-dealing; and thinking for oneself, treachery; when the bigot asserts the rights of private judgment, and the liberal burns his opponents in effigy, and threatens riot and destruction, and evokes the arm of power on all who differ from him; when sacred truths are travestied to look like error, when absolutely we do not know whom to believe or whom to trust, whose eyes see clearly, whose ears report correctly; when humbled and disturbed we are ready to cry with the Psalmist, 'All men are liars,' not even able (conscious, as we are, of certain clouds of prejudice and unfairness) to exclude ourselves with a true heart from the category—then, we say, does truth become such a desideratum, we hunger so earnestly for something we may believe, some fact that, simply because it is spoken, we may rely upon, that it is positively a relief, a balm,

an alleviation, to be quite sure that on such a day, in such a locality, in the Far-West though it be, the ice first coated the lake, and—

> 'Trumpeted by all the winds of heaven,
> Arrived the snow.'

The white cooling shower refreshes us like some candid statement; the changes of seasons, faithfully recorded, all contain some typical consolation; we gather hopes of returning peace from the stated return of birds and flowers; the details of simple rustic life, the simple labours of the husbandman—all taste of the golden age; in spirit we sit under the forest shade, and moralize on change, and inevitable laws; and of peace, and order, and industry succeeding to the wild rule of savage man, till passion and brute force seem no longer the rulers of the world, and our fancy ventures to repose on some distant region of truth and good-will, as fair and smiling as the rich hills and plains which there, after centuries of gloom and shadow, yield their virgin produce to the patient tiller's hand.

Under the influence of the soothing change our brows relax, our ruffled spirits smooth down, we read on, satisfied that the record of each day is a fact related in good faith, and for the object avowed. Such have been the sensations under which we have perused the work at the head of our article. The subjects may not always greatly concern us, the style is not often elevated, the observant eye has not been assisted by extended knowledge, but the view of the book has been to give a truthful record—this has been attained, and as such we welcome it; and the observations of others have in such a frame of mind more attractions than our own, however healthful and invigorating it is to watch for ourselves the changes of nature, because we are glad to rest on other people's authority, we are pleased to confide, and to learn things in the easy, careless, comfortable way by which pleasant intercourse with our fellows instructs us.

In the present instance personal observation is out of the question, for these 'Rural Scenes' are laid in America. The object of the writer, Miss Cooper, as we believe the daughter of the Novelist, is to give a minute unvarnished record of all that would engage the attention of a naturalist and intelligent common observer in the scene and immediate neighbourhood of a rural village in the States. So little beyond daily events is given, so wanting are the volumes in prefatory remarks and explanations, that till the middle of the second volume we do not become definitively convinced of its precise locality, which proves to be to the north-west of the State of New York, within twenty miles of the river Mohawk, and forty miles from any large town, in latitude 42—50°, which seems to answer as nearly

to our own climate, though with large variations, as any part of the Union. Of the name of the village we are left in probably intentional ignorance.

The design, in some part, of the book, and the apology for its publication, are given in a note to the second volume, where the writer says:—

'We are none of us very knowing about the birds in this country, unless it be those scientific gentlemen who have devoted their especial attention to such subjects. The same remark applies, in some measure, to our native trees and plants, to our butterflies and insects. But little attention has yet been given by our people generally to these subjects. In Europe such is not the case; many persons there, among the different classes of society, are familiar with these simple matters. Had works of this kind been as common in America as they are in England, the volume now in the reader's hands would not have been printed, and many observations found in its pages would not have been necessary. But such as it is, written by a learner only, the book is offered to those whose interest in rural subjects has been awakened, a sort of rustic primer, which may lead them, if they choose, to something higher.'—Vol. ii. p. 158.

The fact of living in scenes of great natural interest is, we know, no reason for the general mind dwelling much upon them. But America is so much the realm of the naturalist, is so dependent on his studies for its interest, is, moreover, so deprived by its newness of the associations and recollections which people every nook and corner of the old world, and supply us with images of grandeur as powerful to the imagination as their endless chains of mountains, gigantic rivers and interminable plains, with all their countless demesnes of earth and air, that we are yet struck with an emotion of surprise that this field of observation should be so little explored. We must not, however, forget that America has produced one naturalist worthy of its magnificence, and the fruit of its characteristic advantages, Audubon, the poet of his art; whom Nature herself, with little aid from man, instructed and gifted for his calling; endowing him with an admirable organization and keen susceptibility, with intense observation, intuitive perception, unwearying energy; strength of body that never failed, a vigour of mind that rose superior to every obstacle, a confidence in his own gifts which led him to slight all systems, and an accuracy of research which enabled him to do without them; a life-long enthusiasm, which never for an instant left him in doubt, but that all these gifts and capacities were heaped upon him for the one object of instructing himself, and portraying to the world the habits, forms, and feelings of the innumerable feathered race; and, withal, an eloquence so new, so energetical, so stirring, so persuasive, as to bring all the world round to his own convictions on this matter, and to enchant readers the least

naturally formed to sympathise, either with his enthusiasm or his pursuits. So that men, city-pent, whose lives and thoughts have from the first accommodated themselves to their destiny, who on their unassisted observation cannot pronounce on the name of the most familiar songster of our own fields and groves, who have never bestowed one voluntary thought on their habits or localities, will yet feel their hearts warm, their souls expand, their imagination glow, under descriptions minute, truthful, impassioned, of some scene of the Far-West, some spot of wood or shore, river, stream, or morass, wherein the bird or beast he sees fit to bring before his readers lives and moves, and loves and hates with a vividness beyond what their own blunted perceptions could discover in the reality itself. He is indeed the poet of birds, and, like all true poets, keeps through life the enthusiasm of his boyhood, indulging in a certain lofty, yet simple grandiloquence of expression, which has a grace and naturalness in the ever-young, however much we eschew it when the effect of transient heats and artificial excitement. We question if Audubon is as well known as he deserves in his own continent; Miss Cooper makes rare and passing mention of him as though scarcely familiar with his works. In her own observations on the birds of her country she does not pretend to see beyond the eye, nor affect any insight into the heart and motives of these most etherial of created beings.

But natural observations are not the only, or the most valuable of the present work. Without any formal design of instructing us in the details of rustic American life, the incidental notices of them furnish us with what we feel to be a truer idea than we had before possessed. Strangers travelling in a new country are most struck with the differences from their own. English travellers in America seem always on the watch for Americanisms; they note down everything that represents the contrast to our own manners. Everything keen, acute, sharp-witted, curious, is recorded; every novelty of deportment, every strange form of address or salutation. In a work by an American such things pass *sub silentio,* and we come in consequence to see stronger features of resemblance between the new and the mother country than we were prepared for. Country people are industrious, and civil, and careful, and slow, and deliberate, and awkward, and ignorant, and superstitious, as with us. It is not always 'go a-head;' but 'slow and sure' seems to be the motto with some of them, as among the prudent of our own land.

This village, being removed from the immediate vicinity of railroads and canals, and having never been subject to any sudden burst of enterprise, may be supposed a very fair example of

rural life, and certainly there does breathe through Miss Cooper's simple volumes a genuine current of fresh country air. The farm-house, except for its file of newspapers hanging from the roof, might even seem a hundred years behind similar ones in our own country, in the social race. Their cottage gardens bloom with the same flowers as ours; they put Christmas evergreens in their *parish* church, and eat mince-pies with enthusiasm; their children are so far behind the age as to go without shoes and stockings in warm weather; the best mannered amongst them make bows and curtsies to their betters; when the population has a holiday they manifest a true English incapacity to make the most of it; and even in that land of plenty there is the poor-house. On the other hand, there are differences, which must as readily strike the passing eye as these agreements. Churchyards they have few or none. They bury their dead in remote enclosures, or in the corners of their own fields; a heathenish, repelling custom. The parish church, whatever that may mean, does not seem to assert itself amongst the train of dissenting meetings. There are indications of greater abundance; cows and pigs are more every-day blessings than, alas! they are with us; and the harvest of the poor, the ancient privilege with us so much prized, is there disregarded; there are no gleaners in America; the custom is unknown; 'the day of small things' does not suit their genius; the poor would not care for it. In connexion with this subject we are reminded of another difference between their corn-fields and ours; they use no *hedges*, the hills and valleys are closely intersected by wooden palings, and the poppy is unknown as a weed in America, nor ever torments the farmer or charms the poet with its scarlet glare, contrasting so beautifully with the golden ears. All points of resemblance, all memorials of the mother country, our authoress treasures up and clings to, for ladies of all nations are conservative; she counts them over, makes much of them, and is jealous of their disappearance.

It is remarkable how established an air everything seems to have assumed in a place which, fifty or sixty years ago, was all forest, and peopled by the Indians. It needs something of research to discover any trace or record of the original possessors amid the smiling corn-fields and pastures. The country is intersected by numerous roads, is full of villages and hamlets, and has already three generations of architecture between its present dwellings and the wigwam. The stream which within man's memory reflected the wild Indian, or the catamount quenching its thirst, has long had its dam and water-mills, its herds of cattle and bands of children—a civilized brook. The lake, whose winter surface was imprinted by the track of the Moose

deer, panthers, wolves, and foxes, is now an arena for the skaters' skill, the great scene of winter pleasure and business, covered with the hoof-print of flocks and herds, and scored with the traces of innumerable sleighs. Little remains of the race that is gone but the trysting stone in the stream—nor of the settlers' first labours, but here and there an original log-hut, and the giant-stumps of the forest-trees still dotted over the soil, and which prove there, as they do here, a most pertinacious encumbrance, an emblem of passive resistance to innovation. Now and then, at rare intervals, an encampment of Indians wanders to the scene of their old haunts, degraded to abject, inert vagrants. The forests recede before the axe, even the native flowers disappear before cultivation, and, like the race they used to cheer, give way to the foreign invader.

'The border of an old wood is fine ground for flowers. The soil is usually richer than common, while the sun is felt there with greater power than farther within the shady bounds. One is almost sure of finding blossoms there at the right season. In such spots we also meet a mingled society of plants, which it is interesting to note. The wild natives of the woods grow there willingly, while many strangers, brought originally from over the ocean, steal gradually onward from the tilled fields and gardens, until at last they stand side by side upon the same bank, the European weed and the wild native flower.

'These foreign intruders are a bold and hardy race, driving away the prettier natives: it is frequently remarked by elderly persons familiar with the country, that our own wild flowers are very much less common than they were forty years since. Some varieties are diminishing rapidly. Flowers are described to us by those on whom we can place implicit reliance, which we search for in vain to-day. The strange pitcher-plant is said to have been much more common, and the mocassin-flower abounded formerly even within the present limits of the village. Both are now rare, and it is considered a piece of good luck to find them. The fragrant azalia is also said to have coloured the side-hills in earlier times, on spots where they are now only found scattered here and there.'—Vol. i. p. 89.

Who does not remember that among the temptations held out to poor Ruth, and the many charms of the new unknown land, the 'plants divine and strange,' which her lover describes to her, come these same rhododendrons and azaleas:

> 'Flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire.'

Dogging the steps of civilization, like vices in the moral world, or diseases in the human frame, come man's primeval curse—thorns, and thistles, and brambles, and a train of attendant plagues to the husbandman—ensuring that, even in the fruitful virgin soil, he shall not escape his original sentence. After enumerating a host of European weeds, which have forced their way, and engage him in ceaseless war:—

'These noxious plants have come unbidden to us, with the grain and grasses of the old world, the evil with the good, as usual in this world of probation—the wheat and the tares together. The useful plants produce a tenfold blessing upon the labour of man; but the weed is also there, ever accompanying his steps, and teaching him a lesson of humility. Certain plants of this nature—the dock, nettle, thistle, &c.—are known to attach themselves especially to the path of man; in widely different soils and climates, they are still found at his door. Patient care and toil can alone keep the evil within bounds. . . . . In this new country, with a fresh soil and thinner population, we have not only weeds innumerable, but we observe also that briers and brambles seem to acquire double strength in the neighbourhood of man; we meet them in the primitive forest here and there, but they line our roads and fences, and the woods are no sooner felled to make ready for cultivation than they spring up in profusion, the first natural product of the soil. But in this world of mercy, the just curse is ever graciously tempered with a blessing; many a grateful fruit, and some of our most delightful flowers grow among the thorns and briers, their fragrance and excellence reminding man of the sweets as well as the toils of his task. The sweet-brier more especially, with its simple flower and delightful fragrance, unknown in the wilderness, but moving onward by the side of the ploughman, would seem, of all others, the husbandman's blossom.'—Vol. i. p. 122.

The great original forests are a *pièce de résistance* to the boldest innovators; even to the advance-guard of civilization it is not easy to get rid of them; yet such wanton war is made upon them that the lovers of their shade tremble for the day when they too shall be a tradition.

'In these times, the hewers of wood are an unsparing race. The first colonists looked upon a tree as an enemy; and, to judge from appearances, one would think that something of the same spirit prevails among their descendants at the present hour. It is not surprising, perhaps, that a man, whose chief object in life is to make money, should turn his timber into bank-notes with all possible speed; but it is remarkable that any one at all aware of the value of wood, should act so wastefully as most men do in this part of the world. Mature trees, young saplings, and last year's seedlings, are all destroyed at one blow, by the axe or the fire; the spot where they have stood is left, perhaps for a lifetime, without any attempt at cultivation, or any endeavour to foster new wood. One would think that by this time, when the forest is fallen in all the valleys—when the hills are becoming more bare every day—when timber and fuel are rising in prices, and new uses are found for even indifferent woods,—some forethought and care in this respect would be natural in people laying claim to common sense. The rapid consumption of the large pine timber among us, should be enough to teach a lesson of prudence and economy on this subject. It has been calculated that sixty thousand acres of pine woods are cut every year in our own state alone; and at this rate, it is said, that in twenty years, or about 1870, these trees will have disappeared from our part of the country.'—Vol. i. p. 250.

The love of what is old, or of what reminds us of the past, is far from a universal instinct; it is the influence of the few over the many, which keeps any records of former times before us. In Western America, the few are very few, and the many have

their way; thus it is their instinct to cut down trees which have been the landmarks of the country, time immemorial of their short memorial time; and our authoress has to lament over lofty pines laid low in very recklessness, and ancient oaks felled where shade would be most grateful, to make way for rows of 'branchless saplings,' because it is the fashion to cut down elms and oaks, and to plant saplings before the door instead. But such exchanges are not confined to the new world; our poets too have had to lament—

> 'The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
> That rustled in autumn, all wither'd and sear;
> That whistled and groan'd through the winter alone;
> He hath gone, and a birch in his place hath grown.'

But the impulse of clearing and sweeping away is not one of moderation. Destruction, whether of trees, or ancient piles of wood and stone, or the institutions of which these are the representatives, becomes a passion. The eye is in such subjection to the mind that it can see no beauty where habit or principle interposes to blind it; and besides, we believe that the farmer has a natural antipathy to trees, as his vocation, in its complete development, wages war against every form of the picturesque.

The present work is in the form of a diary; each day for a year, beginning with the first of March, has its record, varying indefinitely in length and fulness; and the whole embodies such observations as a lady can make whom no weather seems to confine within doors, and who has 'a heart at leisure from itself' to note all the little changes and events in the scenes of nature, the movements of the animal kingdom, or the little world of man, her village and its immediate environs can supply; and these mere matter-of-fact details interspersed with reflections of more or less value. It is a desultory sort of reading, and often lays no very firm hold on the attention; but, as we have said, made refreshing by the truth and simplicity of the plan and its accomplishment. Of the three branches of her subjects of inquiry, the last is of most universal interest. We will give the reader an abridged account of a visit to a farm-house, removed some miles from the village. There is something in the occupations of agriculture of a most equalising character. The farmer, all the world over, has the same distinctive points. Every other habit must yield to the demands of the soil. There are no quick processes, no means of expediting the seasons, or crowding more than one spring into the year; the same patient industry is exacted by every climate, the same plenty is its reward.

'*Tuesday, July* 3.—We had for several weeks been planning a visit to Farmer B——'s; our good friend, his step-mother, having given us a very

warm invitation to spend the day with her; accordingly, we set off in the morning, after breakfast, and drove to the little village of B—— Green, where we arrived about noon; there the coachman stopped to water his horses, and make some inquiries about the road.

'"Do you know where B——'s folks live?" he asked of a man in the yard.

'"Yes, sir; B——'s folks live three miles from here."

'"Which road must I take?"

'"Straight a-head. Turn to the left when you come to the brick school-house; then take the right when you come to the gunsmith's shop; and any of the neighbours about will tell you which is B——'s house."

'The directions proved correct. We soon reached the school-house; then came the gunsmith's shop; and a few more turnings brought us in sight of the low grey farm-house, the object of our morning's drive. Here a most simple and cordial greeting awaited us; and we passed the day most agreeably. . . . .

'Finding we were interested in rural matters, our good friend offered to show us whatever we wished to see; answering all our questions with the sweet old smile, peculiar to herself. She took us to the little garden; it contained potatoes, cabbages, onions, cucumbers, and beans; a row of currant bushes was the only fruit; a patch of catnip, and another of mint, grew in one corner. Our farmers, as a general rule, are proverbially indifferent about their gardens. There was no fruit in the place, besides the apple-trees of the orchard; one is surprised that cherries and pears and plums—all suited to our hilly climate in this country—should not receive more attention; they yield a desirable return for the cost and labour required to plant and look after them.

'Passing the barn, we looked in there also; a load of sweet hay had just been thrown into the loft, and another was coming up the road at the moment. Mr. B—— worked his farm with a pair of horses only, keeping no oxen. Half a dozen hens and some geese were the only poultry in the yard; the eggs and feathers were carried, in the fall, to the store at B—— Green, or sometimes as far as our own village.

'They kept four cows; formerly they had a much larger dairy; but our hostess had counted her threescore and ten, and being the only woman in the house, the dairy work of four cows, she said, was as much as she could well attend to. One would think so; for she also did all the cooking, baking, washing, ironing, and cleaning for the family, consisting of three persons, besides a share of the sewing, knitting, and spinning. We went into her little buttery; here the bright tin pans were standing full of rich milk; everything was thoroughly scoured, beautifully fresh and neat. A stone jar of fine yellow butter, whose flavour we knew of old, stood on one side, and several cheeses were in the press. The wood-work was all painted red.'—Vol. i. p. 178.

After describing the parlour and guest-chamber in one, with its white-washed walls, polished wood-work, its bureau, with the well-worn Bible and book of Methodist divinity, its chimney-piece adorned with peacock's feathers, and brass candlesticks, and cracked china, its hearth filled with fresh sprigs of asparagus, its maple bedstead, so like an apartment for the same class in our own country; the kitchen, with a few more distinctive features, as, a stove, in addition to the wide chimney, wood-work and roof painted red, file of newspapers, tools and

implements,—needed where there is less division of labour than with us, the writer goes on.

'A great spinning-wheel with a basket of carded wool, stood in a corner, where it had been set aside when we arrived. There was a good deal of spinning done in the family; all the yarn for stockings, for flannels, for the cloth worn by the men, for the coloured woollen dresses worn by the women, and all the thread for their coarser towelling, &c., &c., was spun in the house by our hostess or her granddaughter, or some neighbour hired for the purpose.

'Formerly there had been six step-daughters in the family, and then, not only all the spinning, but the weaving and dyeing also, were done at home; they must have been notable women, those six step-daughters; we heard some great accounts of days' spinning and weaving done by them. The presses and cupboards of the house were still full to overflowing, with blankets, white and coloured flannels, coloured twilled coverlets for bedding, besides sheets, table-cloths, and patched bed-quilts, all their own work. In fact, almost all the clothing of the family, for both men and women, and everything in the shape of bedding and towelling used by the household, was home-made.

'Very few dry goods were purchased by them; hats and shoes, some light material for caps and collars, a little ribbon, and a printed calico now and then, seemed to be all they bought. Nor was this considered at all remarkable, such is the common way of living in many farmers' families. It has been calculated, that a young woman who knows how to spin and weave, can dress herself with ease and comfort as regards everything necessary, for twelve dollars a-year, including the cost of the raw materials; the actual allowance for clothing, made by the authorities of this country to farmers' daughters, while the property remained undivided, has been fifteen dollars, and the estimate is said to have included everything necessary for comfort, both winter and summer clothing.

'The wives and daughters of our farmers are very often notable, frugal women; perhaps one may say that they are usually so, until they go from home. With the young girls about our villages the case is very different; these are often wildly extravagant about their dress, and just as restless in following the fashions as the richest fine lady in the land; they often spend all they earn in finery.'—Vol. i. p. 183.

We have been thus minute in our extracts, and in recording the labours of this notable family, because we think our readers will be struck, as we have been, with the consolatory reflection, that after all, our own English farmers are not so very ill off, and in spite of taxes and the repeal of Corn Laws and all the hardships to which they think themselves exposed, would hardly be wise to exchange places with these agriculturists of the New World, though it usually flows with milk and honey. For labourers this cannot be said; they have, unquestionably, more of the good things of this life in the State of New York than we can flatter ourselves they possess in any English county; but with a higher class it is different. What had this most industrious and ingenious family in return for unremitting labour, but abundance of simple fare and enough of home-made clothing? In the sweat of their brow they eat bread. Can it be

said that our farmers with the same amount of labour cannot reap an equal reward; and would not their wives and daughters find it a most unwelcome and overwhelming addition to their duties to have spinning and weaving for a household, superadded? It does not say that Farmer B—— was rich, nor in the way to accumulate a fortune, there is no impression given of his rising in the world. Ambition, indeed, never seems to us natural to the farmer's sphere. The labours of the merchant and tradesman are irksome and full of privation, he needs to be cheered by hope of an easy and more luxurious future; the toil of the farmer, on the contrary, brings its own reward; he lives in the fairest and most cheerful scenes of nature, he has health and vigorous appetite, and sound sleep and spirits refreshed by pure air and exercise, and passes his life, too, with a sense of plenty and abundance in all necessary things and simple luxuries, such as even the more wealthy inhabitant of towns can never enjoy, and the tradesman of a lower class is an utter stranger to. So he saves his money, and dreams of gardens and orchards, and cows and sheep of his own, in prospect—the reward, in a far-off uncertain old age, of economy and restraint in youth and middle life. The farmer has all those things in possession, and at the season of life when he can most enjoy them, for which the other saves his money. But passing from such generalities which have scarcely a place here, our next picture of country life is the Village 'Store,' which must answer in its character and the variety of its wares to our ordinary village shop of the better class.

'Some people like shopping in a large town, where all sorts of pretty novelties are spread out on the counters to tempt purchasers; but there is much more real interest connected with such matters in a large country store, whatever fine ladies tossing about laces and gauzes at Beck's or Stewart's may fancy. The country people come into the village not to *shop*, but to *trade;* their purchases are all a matter of positive importance to them, they are all made with due forethought and deliberation. Most Saturdays of the year one meets farm-waggons, or lumber-sleighs, according to the season, coming into the village filled with family parties—and, it may be, a friend or two besides—two or three seats crowded with grown people, and often several merry-faced little ones sitting in the straw. They generally make a day of it, the men having, perhaps, some business to look after, the women some friends to hunt up, besides purchases to be made, and their own produce to be disposed of, for they commonly bring with them something of this kind—eggs or butter, maple sugar or molasses, feathers, yarn, or homespun cloths and flannels.'

'At an early hour on pleasant Saturdays, summer or winter, the principal street shows many such customers, being lined with their wagons or sleighs; in fact, it is a sort of market-day. It is pleasing to see these family parties making their purchases. . . . It sometimes happens that a husband or father has been either charged with the purchase of a gown, or a shawl, for some of his womankind, or else having made a particularly good sale

himself, determines to carry a present home with him, and it is really amusing to look on while he makes his selection—such close examination as he bestows on a shilling print is seldom given to a velvet or a satin; he rubs it together, he passes his hand over it with profound deliberation; he holds it off at a distance to take a view of the effect; he lays it down on the counter; he squints through it at the light; he asks if it will wash—if it will wear well—if it's the fashion? One trembles lest, requiring so much perfection, the present may after all not be made, and frequently one is obliged to leave the shop in a state of painful uncertainty as to the result, always hoping, however, that the wife or daughter at home may not be disappointed. But male and female, old and young, they are generally a long time making up their minds.

'A while since we found a farmer's wife, a stranger to us, looking at a piece of pink ribbon; we had several errands to attend to, left the shop, and returned there again nearly half an hour later, and still found our friend in a state of hesitation; a stream of persuasive words from the clerk showing the ribbon, seemed to have been quite thrown away. But at length, just as we were leaving the shop for the second time, we saw the ribbon cut, and heard the clerk observe,—"Six months hence, ma'am, you'll come into town expressly to thank me for having sold you three yards of that ribbon!"'—Vol. ii. p. 239.

All this old-world prudence and deliberation, hardly prepares us for some facts of education, which our authoress brings out and comments upon. The two principles of 'impulse' and 'restraint,' which should make up the spirit of education are, she says, not equally cultivated. There is no lack of intellectual activity in their system, but restraint, that is the moral element, all that is included in discipline and self-denial, secures a far less degree of attention. The old seem to have abandoned the task of education to the young, and the young are not the natural possessers of authority—they may teach but can hardly *educate*. They substitute dictionaries and books of science for primers and first steps, (or, as Miss Cooper expresses it, for horn books, a piece of traditional antiquity which she seems to suppose in common use in England,) and thus by hard words and great books make for themselves a certain weight and importance. Boys and girls can impart names and things which they have themselves recently acquired, and possibly may teach them with a certain freshness: they can act on the memory and the intellect, but they cannot guide or control a *mind*. These higher influences are the fruits of thought, and time, and experience, the power of the acknowledged superior over the inferior, of the master over the disciple. Dames' schools, for which Miss Cooper has some yearnings, are with us getting rarer in all neighbourhoods, but everywhere some old woman of experience and practical wisdom, diffuses a certain influence, and imparts a salutary gravity and sobriety of character to the humbler walks of the scholastic profession, which in America seems to be wanting.

'An elderly person acting as master or mistress of a common school, is an unheard of circumstance throughout the country; it may be doubted if such an individual could be found from S. Croix to Colorado. It is even rare to meet one who has decidedly reached the years of middle life; while nothing is more common than to see very young persons in this post of authority. In most situations a young countenance is a pleasant sight; but, perhaps, there is scarcely another position in which it appears to so little advantage, as sole ruler in the school-house. Young people make excellent assistants, very good subordinates in a large establishment, but it is to be regretted that our common schools should so often be under their government, subject only to a supervision, which is frequently quite nominal.

'They may know as much of books as their elders, but it is impossible they should know as much of themselves and of the children, where other points are equal; they cannot have the same experience, the same practical wisdom. Hitherto, amongst us, teaching in the public schools has not been looked upon as a vocation for life; it has been almost always taken up as a *job* for a year or two, or even for a single season; the aim and ambition of those who resort to it too often lies beyond the school-house walls. The young man of eighteen or twenty means to go into business, or to buy a farm, or to acquire a profession; he means anything, in short, but to remain a diligent, faithful, persevering schoolmaster for any length of time.

'The young girl of seventeen and eighteen intends, perhaps, to learn a trade next year, or to go into a factory, or to procure an out-fit for her wedding; never, indeed, does the possibility of teaching after she shall have reached the years of caps and grey hairs, occur to her even in a nightmare.'—Vol. ii. p. 100.

The turn-out of the village school, whatever novelties may have been going on within the walls, is a pleasant rural scene, and, except for the want of shoes and stockings, those necessaries for which our thrifty villagers sacrifice so large a share of their small means, is English enough in all its features.

'The flock that came tripping out of the Red Brook school-house this afternoon was composed of boys and girls, varying in age and sizes from the little chubby thing, half boy, half baby, to the elder sister, just beginning to put on the first airs of womanhood. Different codes of manners are found to prevail in different school-houses about the country: sometimes when the children are at play before the door, or trudging on their way to a farm-house, the little girls will curtsey, and the boys bow to the passing stranger, showing that they have been taught to make their manners; but—alas that it should be so—there are other unruly flocks where the boys, ay, and even the girls, too, have been known to unite in hooting and making faces at the traveller, a disgrace to themselves and their instructors. But the children at the Red Brook behaved very properly, albeit they were not so polished as to bow and curtsey. They told their names, showed their books, and pointed out the different roads home in a civil, pretty way. Indeed, those instances of unmannerly conduct alluded to above, did not occur in the same neighbourhood, but were observed at some little distance from this valley.

'The appearance of most of the little people was creditable; they looked cleanly and simple. Many of the children were barefooted, as usual in warm weather,—almost all the boys, and a number of the girls. In winter they are all provided with shoes and stockings. Here and there among the girls there was some show of tawdry finery: ribbons that were no longer

clean, glass jewels, and copper rings; and one of the older girls had a silk hat which looked both hot and heavy beside her companions' nice sun bonnets; it was trimmed inside and out with shabby artificial flowers. But then, as an offset to these, there were several among the little people whose clothes, well washed and ironed, showed a patch here and there. Now there is nothing in the world which carries a more respectable look with it, than a clean coat or frock which has been nicely patched; when united with cleanliness, the patch tells of more than one virtue in the wearer: it shows prudence, simplicity, and good sense and industry; it shows that he or she is not ashamed of honest poverty, and does not seek to parade under false colours.—Vol. ii. p. 102.

To conclude our notices of rustic manners, Miss Cooper, herself a florist, speaks feelingly of a national breach of honesty —shall we call it?—or good manners, which unquestionably has much to do with the absence of discipline in education, and shows in village morals that disregard for others' rights which is said to characterise the nation at large, and of which those authors have to complain, who, in the thankless spoil that is made of the fruit of their intellectual labour, may see a close affinity to this more tangible form of aggression, in which the village rustics assume the privilege to indulge.

'There is, unhappily, a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens; fruit stealing is a very common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us; there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced, and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; horticulture would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys, and men, too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increase a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community.

'It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-scholars, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden, and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains.

'Another instance of the same kind, but still more flagrant in degree, was observed a short time since: the offender was a full-grown man, dressed in broad-cloth to boot, and evidently a stranger: he passed before a pretty yard, gay with flowers, and, unchecked by a single scruple of good manners, or good morals, proceeded to make up a handsome bouquet, without so much as saying, by your leave, to the owner. Having selected the flowers most to his fancy, he arranged them tastefully, and then walked off with a free and jaunty air, and an expression of satisfaction and self-complacency truly ridiculous, under the circumstances. He had made up his nosegay with so much pains, eyed it so tenderly as he carried it before him, and moved along with such a very mincing and dainty manner, that he was

probably on the way to present himself and his trophy to his sweetheart; and we can only hope that he met with just such a reception as was deserved by a man who had been committing a petty larceny.

'As if to make the chapter complete, the very same afternoon, the village being full of strangers, we saw several young girls, elegantly flounced, put their hands through the railing of another garden facing the street, and help themselves in the same easy manner to their neighbour's prettiest flowers. What would they have thought if some one had stepped up with a pair of scissors, and cut half a yard from the ribbon on their hats, merely because it was pretty, and one had a fancy for it? Neither the little girl, nor the strangers in broad-cloth and flowers, seem to have learned at common-school, or at Sunday-school, or at home, that respect for the pleasures of others is simple good manners, regard for the rights of others, common honesty.'—Vol. i. p. 147.

In the midst of this stir of European life transported to so remote a region, this energy of the Saxon race, prevailing and conquering, and asserting itself lord and master; this life and bustle, these details of homely industry, of common intelligible influences, there is something strange and melancholy in the few notices of the original tribes we find here, and in the degraded part they act in the modern scene. It is certainly no matter of regret that the Indians have ceased to scalp and tomahawk, either each other or their invaders; but every creature of prey excites a peculiar sentiment of pity in captivity and degradation; and there is certainly something pitiful in these descendants of the *Braves*, with the boastful, murderous titles, being seen herded together in encampments by the populous road-sides, dressed in cast-off European garments—ragged coats, pantaloons, and beavers—and still decorated with the savage, senseless ornaments, which once added a fantastic terror to their aspect, but now render their misery grotesque. The expression of the men is described as heavy, sensual, spiritless; they have simply suffered by the neighbourhood of civilization: the women, always subdued and gentle, have benefited more,—their condition could hardly have been made worse by any change. Some Oneida (pronounced with Italian vowels) women, who visited our authoress, are described as soft and engaging in voice and manner, and glad to be employed in little works of industry and ingenuity. One exception to the hopeless barbarism of the men occurs, of a singular nature. A patriarchal party came to the village, the leader of whom, of pure Indian blood, was a Methodist preacher, 'privileged to write "Reverend" before his name,'—the Rev. Mr. Kunkerpott. The two denominations seem to have struggled for pre-eminence in his person; neither got the ascendancy—he was at once Indian patriarch and Methodist preacher; only in justice to John Wesley, or rather to those truths his emissaries were the means of conveying, it should be mentioned that the mouth, where savage expression

is most strongly marked, was here distinguished by a kindly expression.

Audubon, in a fine description of a passage in a skiff down the Ohio, mentions an incident which still further connects to the fancy these apparently uncongenial, not to say irreconcilable, characters :—

'Several of these happy days,' he says, 'passed, and we neared our home, when one evening, not far from Pigeon's Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side, as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and, as we knew that some depredations had been committed in the country, by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for awhile extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed; and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest.'

When nature's tribes retreat before the white man, they form more graceful encampments by brook and wayside; and preserve their original characteristics unimpaired under banishment and oppression: witness the lingering groups of native flowers.

'But there are softer touches, also, telling the same story of recent cultivation. It frequently happens, that walking about our farms, among rich fields, smooth and well worked, one comes to a low bank, or some little nook; a strip of land never yet cultivated, though surrounded on all sides by inferior crops of eastern grains and grasses; one always knows such places by the pretty native plants growing there. It was but the other day we paused to observe a spot of this kind, in a fine meadow, near the village, neat and smooth, as though worked from the days of Adam. A path, made by the workmen and cattle, crosses the field, and one treads at every step upon plantain, that regular path-weed of the Old World. Following this track, we came to a little mound, which is very grassy now, though doubtless at one time, the bed of a considerable spring; the banks are several feet high, and it is filled with native plants; on one side stands a thorn-tree, whose morning shadow falls upon grasses and clover brought from beyond the seas; while in afternoon, it lies on gyromias and moose-flowers, sarsaparillas and cahoshes, which bloomed here for ages when the eye of the red man alone beheld them. Even within the limits of the village, spots may still be found on the banks of the river which are yet unbroken by the plough, where the trailing arbutus, and squirrel-cups, and May-wings, tell us so every spring; in old regions these children of the forest would long since have vanished from all the meadows and villages, for the plough would have passed a thousand times over every rood of such ground.'—Vol. i. p. 169.

There is something delightful, it must be confessed, in the descriptions of abundance with which all classes seem blessed in this New World. To those who are familiar with the daily and hourly privations of our agricultural poor; privations which in

many a fair rural English haunt oppress the heart and cloud the eye of those whose lot it is to dwell among them,—there is an extraordinary sense of pleasure and relief in the general plenty of homely comforts which seems to reign in that fruitful region. There is something arcadian to the fancy—not, we suspect, to the eye—in this absence of care for the mere necessaries of life. So much are certain simple luxuries there considered necessaries, that the poor (for there are poor in all lands) do not scruple to beg for them; and they are granted as readily as the claim for bread is with us. The women are free from all servile unfeminine labour, and may employ their energies and skill to make home comfortable; an exemption not yet attained in our villages, though we are in this respect far in advance of our continental neighbours. Even a party of female haymakers is an unusual sight, and has to be accounted for as a frolic; possibly their greater summer heat rendering the toil more laborious than with us, where we own we should be sorry to see the practice discontinued. Many drawbacks, present and prospective, there must be to this genial pleasant scene; but of these, the present work, from its nature, and possibly from the temper of its writer, gives few indications. It has to do with the external aspect of things; yet there are tokens here and there, which, together with the very excess of cheerfulness in the picture, give rise to misgivings for the continuance of such prosperity.

But it is not in the New World only that the pleasures or cares of life deaden the heart to more weighty considerations. It is not, for example, in America alone that Christmas amongst the poor has come to be regarded as a secular holiday; a time, not of religious observance, but of mere social enjoyment; though the influence of the Church with us yet weighs with the Denominations so far as to induce them, in most cases, to some recognition of the sacred character of the season, which is not the case generally in that part of the United States Miss Cooper describes. Even with us, the feasting has too often outlived the remembrance of the inestimable blessings of Christmastide.[1]

One national festival, Thanksgiving-day, the 23d November, is noticed by our authoress, as universally observed with meetings of a religious character, with ringing of bells, 'good people, in their Sunday attire, going to different places of worship, and shops partially closed;' yet here the dinner seems to occupy the chief share of the public mind, though our author's reflections run in a higher tone:—

[1] Only the other day an intelligent-looking town-child was asked, 'Why do we keep Christmas?'—the form of inquiry being repeated and varied to suit her understanding; but the only answer given, with a doubting puzzled air, as if hardly satisfied with it, and yet ignorant of a better one, was, 'Roast beef.'

'This is a great day for gatherings of kith and kin, throughout the country; and many a table stands at this moment loaded with good things, for family guests and old family friends to make merry, and partake of the good cheer together. Few households where something especially nice is not provided for Thanksgiving dinner; for even the very poor, if known to be in want, generally receive something good from larders better filled than their own.

'It was one of the good deeds of the old Puritans, this revival of a thanksgiving festival; it is true they are suspected of favouring the custom all the more from their opposition to Christmas; but we ought not to quarrel with any one Thanksgiving-day, much less with those who have been the means of adding another pleasant, pious festival to our calendar; so we will, if you please, place the pumpkin-pie at the head of the table to-day.

'Surely no people have greater cause than ourselves for public thanksgivings of the nature that we this day celebrate. We have literally, from generation to generation, "eaten our bread without scarceness." Famine to us has been an unknown evil. . . . . Year after year, from the early history of the country, the land has yielded her increase in cheerful abundance; fields have been filled with the finest of wheat, and maize, and rice, and sugar; the orchards and gardens, ay, the very woods and wastes, have yielded all their harvest of grateful fruits; the herds have fed in peace, within a thousand quiet valleys; the flocks have whitened ten thousand green and swelling hills; like the ancient people of God, we may say, that fountains of milk and honey have flowed in upon us; the humming of the cheerful bee is heard through the long summer day, about every path; and at eventide, the patient kine, yielding their nourishing treasure, stand lowing at every door. General scarcity in anything needful has been unknown among us; now and then the failure of some particular crop has been foretold by the fearful; but even this partial evil has been averted, and the prognostic has passed away, leaving no trace, like the grey cloud overshadowing but for an instant the yellow harvest field, and followed by the genial glow of the full summer sunshine. In this highland valley we often hear fears expressed for this or that portion of the produce being cut off by the frosts belonging to our climate; now we are concerned for the maize, now for our stock of fruits; and yet how seldom has the dreaded evil befallen us! What good thing belonging to the climate has ever wholly failed; when have we wanted for maize, when have we suffered for lack of fruit? Every summer, currants have dried on the bushes, apples have lain rotting on the grass, strawberries have filled the meadows, raspberries and blackberries have grown in every thicket; while the richer fruits of warmer climates, oranges and peaches and water-melons, have been selling for coppers in our streets.'—Vol. ii. p. 140.

Miss Cooper is not without some share of her countrymen's gift of description, a gift which they all possess with much the same characteristics. With them it is the eye, rather than the fancy, which paints. They see things as they are, not with a view to their hidden workings and meanings. A virgin soil, with few associations, very naturally tends to this; and there is a connexion, perhaps, between a new country and a new, independent mode of viewing its features. The new scene has at least assisted them to throw off the chain of habit, through which successive poetic generations have inherited a train of ideas and associations, which being founded in a deep truth imply no servile imitation, and which yet possibly lead to one-sidedness and par-

tiality. Our authoress comments, in her notices of the glories of the autumn woods, on the small praise this season has won from the poets of the Old World, at least till very recent times; and this is generally true, and rather a remarkable fact. That the season which, perhaps, to the eye presents the most glorious beauty, should be either overlooked by our elder poets, or only characterised by its least attractive attributes; that they should pass it by, or only taunt it for the mischief that it does, and call it hard names—'chilling autumn,' 'pensive autumn,' '*pale* autumn,' 'melancholy wight,'

> 'Sallow autumn, filling her lap with leaves,'

—is certainly a thing to excite surprise. It can be from no want of observation; our old poets loved the woods, and could be eloquent enough on their aspect when spring first awoke them to beauty; but it would seem that the eye could never be allowed its independent judgment, fancy always stood by to admonish it of the unreality of all this fair appearance, till rainbow tints 'took a sober colouring;' and it found no heart to admire decay, robe itself in what hues it might. As a modern poet, keenly susceptible to the influences of fancy, and shivering in anticipation, even under the sun's warm glow, has sung—

> 'The autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
> And fair and bright the rivers run;
> These are but streams of winter cold,
> And painted mists that quench the sun.
>
> 'In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
> In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
> These are but leaves that take to wing,
> And wintry winds that pipe so loud.'

The present cannot console him for what he has lost, nor for the dreary prospect before him; he rejects it as some fair deception. With the poet of America it is different; doubtless their season is far more glorious than ours. There nature does all she can to hide the intention and the end of the grand short-lived pageant she represents. The hues of decay surpass in brilliancy summer's richest flowers—

> 'The sweet south-west wind at play
> Flies rustling where the painted leaves are strewn.'

The sun

> 'Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
> The sweetest of the year.'

Where once was solemn gloom, it lets in through the forest shades unwonted rays;

> 'The sunny coloured foliage, in the breeze,
> Twinkles like beams of light.'

Everything to the eye is more bright, more gay, more full of joy, than in the season of hope; and foreboding is lulled to sleep, careless of the future, in the luxury of the present hour. We cannot quarrel with this: it is time, and well becomes the old age of the world, that autumn should have its champions. We share the unalloyed pleasure; we thank the poet for his vivid beautiful pictures; he furnishes us with antidotes, when we are oppressed, through old associations, with the sadness of the time. Every creature of God is good, every season excellent; but still there will ever come back to us, thoughts of our first love; and we feel that on this earth hope gives a keener joy than anything we can attain to by fruition. One breath of the violet, one twitter of joyful anticipation, uttered amid the leafless branches, is enough to bring us back to our allegiance, and we own

> 'The sweet spring-tide,
> Worth all the changeful year beside.'

In America, however, even more than in our country, it needs a large share of this hopeful loyalty to do honour to the spring. With them, even more than with us, it is a season changeful, cold, bleak, and miry—a blustering contest between ice, wind, snow, and sun—and without some of our most intimate and delightful associations. There the snowdrop will not bloom till April, and the violet is scentless; yet doubtless they have their own alleviations to these privations.

'March 31st.—One hears a great deal about the sudden outburst of spring in America, but in this part of the country (lat. 42—50°) the earlier stages of the season are assuredly very slow, and for many weeks its progress is gradual. It is only later in the day, when the buds are all full, and the flowers ready to open, that we see the sudden gush of life and joyousness, it is indeed at that moment almost magical in its beautiful effects. But this later period is a brief one, we have scarcely time to enjoy the sudden affluence of spring, ere she leaves us to make way for summer, and people exclaim at the shortness of the season in America. Meanwhile spring is with us in March, when we are yet sitting by the fire, and few heed her steps; now she betrays her presence in the sky, now in the waters, with the returning birds, upon some single tree, in a solitary plant, and each milder touch gives pleasure to those who are content to await the natural order of things.'—Vol i. p. 17.

The following is a May scene:—

'Flowers are unfolding on all sides, in the fields, along the roadside, by the fences, and in the silent forest; one cannot go far in any path without finding some fresh blossoms. This is a delightful moment everywhere, but in the woods the awakening of spring must ever be especially fine. The chill sleep of winter, in a cold climate, is most striking within the forest, and we behold life and beauty awakening there in every object; the varied foliage clothing in tender wreaths every naked branch, the pale mosses reviving, a thousand young plants arising above the blighted herbage of

last year in cheerful succession, and ten thousand sweet flowers standing in modest beauty where a while since all was dull and lifeless.'—Vol. i. p. 79.

Bryant has a noble passage on the same forest scenery, which our readers will thank us for appending to the prose description:

Thou art here. Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—Thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,
Enjoys Thy presence. Noiseless around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness in these shades
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emantion of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.'

Such is its spring aspect. It is thus our authoress dwells on the forest's autumn change; very wonderful and beautiful it must be, and fit that it cause rejoicing among those whose lot it is to witness it.

'Oct. 11.—These are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant; the moment chosen by autumn to keep the grand harvest home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed; we enjoy with wonder and delight a natural spectacle, great and beautiful beyond the reach of any human means. . . . . We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied colouring; it would seem as though Autumn, in honour of this high holiday, had collected all the past glories of the year, adding them to her own; she borrows the gay colours that have been lying, during the summer months, among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the birds, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph; like

some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets; where they unlock chests of heir-looms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from windows and balconies to gleam in the sunshine.

'The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of colouring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humour. The oak loves a deep rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of this family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all one shadeless mass of gold colour, from the highest to the lowest branch; the bass-wood or linden is orange; the aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought-gold of the jeweller; the samach, with its long pinnated leaf, is a brilliant scarlet; the pepperidge is almost purple; and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. . . . . As for the maples, they always rank first in the show, there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy, with more of variety, than any of its companions, with us it is also more common than any other tree; here you have a soft maple vivid scarlet, from the highest to the lowest leaf; there is another, a sugar maple, a pure sheet of gold. This is dark crimson like the oak, that is vermilion; another is parti-coloured pink and yellow, green, red; yonder is one of a deep purplish hue; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded, still another blends all these colours in its own branches in capricious confusion; the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colours and shaded tints.

'And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye: in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and road-sides, in those of the lawns and gardens—brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually ripening in tone upon the further woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant background, the hills are coloured by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them.'—Vol. ii. p. 73.

All this glory is American—a truly national splendour; it is somewhat remarkable that imported trees retain their European characteristics and are not tempted to rivalry or emulation by their gay companions. They vindicate the truthfulness of the poets of their native land, and keep their 'sober livery,' and 'russet hue.' They wither without brilliancy, and are 'pale' and 'sad' in their last decline. The pageant, like all bright things, is short-lived. Yet winter comes on by slow degrees; even up to Christmas there are soft warm days, so certainly to be depended on as to have a name, the Indian summer; till suddenly the ice sets in, and cold, rigid and stern, establishes his reign. The following is a pleasant, sober November scene, more English in its features, and in the reflections that it engenders, than our previous extracts:—

'Having reached the brow of a hill, we turned to enjoy the view; the grey meadows of the valley lay at our feet, and cattle were feeding in many of them. At this season the flocks and herds become a more distinct fea-

ture of the landscape than during the leafy luxuriance of summer; the thickets and groves no longer conceal them, and they turn from the sheltered spots, to seek the sunshine of the open fields, where their forms rise in full and warm relief upon the fading herbage. The trees have nearly lost their leaves, now scattered in russet showers about their roots, while the branches are drawn in shadowy lines by the autumn sun upon the bleached grass and withering foliage with which it is strewn. The woods are not absolutely bare, however; there are yet patches in the forest where the warm colouring of October has darkened into a reddish brown, and here and there a tree still throws a fuller shadow than belongs to winter. The waters of the river were gleaming through the bare thickets on its banks, and the pretty pool on the neat farm looked like a clear dark agate dropped amid the grey fields. A column of smoke rising slowly from the opposite hill, told of a wood that had fallen, of trees that had seen their last summer. The dun stubble of the old grain fields, and the darker soil of the newly ploughed lands, varied the grave November tints; while here and there in their midst lay a lawn of young wheat, sending up its green blades, soft and fresh, as though there were no winter in the year, growing more clear and life-like as all else becomes more dreary, a ray of hope on the pale brow of resignation."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

A considerable share of the present work is devoted to the Birds of the locality, to the appearance and disappearance, at stated times, of the birds of passage, and the habits of the more constant residents. America must be considered the kingdom of birds, the scene of their reign and preeminence. Leaving to the Old World undisturbed possession of the empire of the beasts, whose court is held in the desert and the jungle, to it belongs the display, in greatest majesty, beauty, and variety, of the infinite countless feather races; and to it the haunts—by stream and shore, in prairie, forest, and morass—wide and vast enough for their needs. All that float on air or ocean, from the thin keen air of the desolate shores of Labrador, to the heats of Florida and Mexico, all find here their most congenial home; here is the scene the best fitted for observing the wonders of Almighty power, in their marvellous capacities and instincts, and in the inexhaustible supply of nourishment for these thriftless pensioners on His bounty. But we cannot enter on the subject of the birds of America, without recurring to the descriptions given of them by their own peculiar historian and biographer, Audubon, of whom we have already made mention. Our authoress only sees them as they flit before her, as they visit her home and cross her path. The naturalist spent his life in attending on them in their haunts; in patient watches, day and night, to acquaint himself, not alone with their habits, but with their feelings; labours made light by the love with which he discovered indications of instincts almost human in their tenderness and forethought. Because, therefore, his descriptions are more minute and full of interest than those of any ordinary observer can be, we will extract from his work in our notices of some of the

more peculiar inmates of this vast region, not confining ourselves to the localities to which these rural scenes have been limited, but indulging in the privilege of change of scene our subjects so freely enjoy. The eagle is found throughout the Union, and merits, by its universal presence, to be the national ensign; 'Not unfrequently is it to be seen hovering over our own little lake,' says Miss Cooper; Audubon perches his tyrant on the wide shores of the Mississippi, where his propensities have grander scope. 'Kind reader,' to use his own endearing form of address, if in years past you have read this description, yet we think you will not be displeased once again to have brought before you the scene of terrible, irresponsible power. After some proud patriotic aspirations, he thus proceeds:—

'The great strength, daring, and cool courage of the white-headed eagle, joined to his unequalled power of flight, render him highly conspicuous among his brethren. To these qualities, did he add a generous disposition towards others, he might be looked up to as a model of nobility. The ferocious, overbearing, and tyrannical temper, which is ever and anon displaying itself in its actions, is, nevertheless, best adapted to his state, and was wisely given him by the Creator, to enable him to perform the office assigned to him.

'To give you, kind reader, some idea of the nature of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of water-fowl, on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched in an erect attitude, on the highest summit of the tallest tree, by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the slight tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and, should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call, the male partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species—the teal, the wigeon, the mallard, and others, are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current; but the eagle heeds them not; they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream—for, kind reader, she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and, with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumage in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward, her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly. So irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath her tail, to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch, in full preparation for the chase, the male bird, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun.

'Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He

glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks by various manœuvres to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that, by such a stratagem, the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air, by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under-side of its wing, and with unresisted power forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

'It is then, reader, that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deeper than ever into the heart of the dying swan. He shrieks with delight, as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his unceasing efforts to render death as painfully felt as it can possibly be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and, when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore.'

This is individual power: we wish we could find space for the account in full of another feature of the feathered race, affording example of their astounding numbers and the boundless spaces over which they range. The passenger pigeon still abounds in large flocks, and Miss Cooper makes more than one mention of them; but the interminable flocks seen by Audubon, who visited the locality many years past, must now have disappeared from the scene where he then beheld them, owing to the gradual clearing away of the forests which at once furnish their food and resting places. We can only liken their multitudes to the flock of quails which fell amongst the tents of Israel, to satisfy at once, the desire and appetite of a whole nation. These pigeons have astounding powers of flight; pigeons have been killed at New York with their crops full of rice, which they must have gathered in the fields of Georgia and Carolina; a velocity such as would enable one of these birds, if so inclined, to visit Europe in less than three days. Their migrations are effected, not for change of climate, but solely in search of food; and their power of vision is so strong, that at this swift rate, and high in the air, they can distinguish the nature of the ground beneath them, so as never to lower their flight or alight on barren ground. We must pass over calculations of numbers, and other interesting particulars, for want of space, and confine ourselves to one or two passages.

'Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's Inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by,

with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aërial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.'

It was to some spectacle like this that we can trace the mysterious enraptured evolutions and comminglings which Dante attributes to the glorified spirits of the spheres, after certain hymns or acts of adoration.

'E come augelli surti di riviera,
Quasi congratulando a lor pasture
Fanno di sè ör tonda or lunga schiera;
Sì dentro a' lumi sante creäture
Volitando cantavano, e faciensi
Or D. or I. or L. in sue figure.' (*Sic.*)

We will carry our readers now to the dormitory, on quite as large a scale as the rest of their appointments.

'Let us now, kind reader, inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of those curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I frequently visited. It was, as is always the case, in the portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and by crossing it in different parts found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was almost a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had first made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelsville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons that were to be slaughtered. Here and there the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. Many trees, two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense, beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing in the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry, "Here they come!"

The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying sight presented itself. The pigeons arrived by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses as large as hogsheads were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and, falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

'No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the numbers of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided. Long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off, in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared.'

Birds are suggestive of the highest ideas of beauty. Not only their lovely forms, their exquisite hues, the grace of their flight, and the meaning and intelligence of their movements, are all full of beauty, but these are suggestive of something higher than what we see. These qualities all mingle with our most unearthly hopes and aspirations, nor can we suppose the human frame perfect, or form a conception of heavenly ministrants, without investing them with the peculiar attributes of these tenants of air, not only as gifting them with new powers of motion, but as falling in with our visions of pure etherial freedom. Of all this beauty Audubon is most keenly susceptible, his painter's hand pourtrays it with poetical truth, his pen describes it with almost luxurious pleasure, and yet, at the end, laments the inadequacy of words to convey the admiration with which it inspires him; while the fair, or vast, or solemn scenes of nature, the haunts of these spirits of the woods or shores, impress him with a simple child-like love and veneration, which it is his gift to impart in a measure to his readers, together with some realization of the outward features of the landscape. His graceful portrait of the Humming Bird is a miniature, and so contrasts with the bolder style of the preceding descriptions; we give it as an example of tenderness and delicacy of touch :—

'Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another, with motions as graceful as they are bright and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen;—where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow, would not pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover?. . . . No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower's cup. . . . Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses, whilst the etherial motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the humming-bird to secure them. . . The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat, in beauty and brilliancy, baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and a vivacity scarcely conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, to the left.'

This little bird seems to have that charm and fascination which is part of the birthright of the beautiful, and which in the human possessor is too often attributed to consciousness and design. It is the gift of those who are always acceptable, and always please, and have known no blight or chill to throw them back into themselves. The following picture of airy grace is a pretty typical representation of such a manner:—

'I wish it were in my power at this moment, to impart to you, kind reader, the pleasures which I have felt whilst watching the movements, and viewing the manifestation of feelings displayed by a single pair of these most favourite little creatures, when engaged in the demonstration of their love for each other; how the male swells his plumage and throat, and, dancing on the wing, whirls around the delicate female; how quickly he dives towards a flower, and returns with a loaded bill, which he offers to her to whom alone he feels desirous to be united; how full of ecstasy he seems to be when his caresses are kindly received; how his little wings fan her, as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her bill the insect and the honey which he has procured with a view to please her; how these attentions are received with apparent satisfaction; how, soon after, the blissful compact is sealed; how then the courage and care of the male are redoubled, how he even dares to give chase to the tyrant flycatcher, hurries the bluebird and the martin to their boxes, and how, on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to his lovely mate. Reader, all these proofs of the sincerity, fidelity, and courage, with which the male assures his mate of the care he will take of her while sitting in her nest, may be seen, and have been seen, but cannot be portrayed or described.'

This light-hearted, good-humoured courage belongs very much

to the same class of character to which we have likened this lovely little creature, and has much the same effect on those towards whom it is shown, who, except in the case of some slower, duller spirit, receive its displays with an admiring indulgence.

'No bird,' we are told, 'seems to resist their attacks; but they are sometimes chased by the larger kinds of humble-bees, of which they seldom take the least notice, as their superiority of flight is sufficient to enable them to leave these slow-moving insects far behind, in the short space of a minute.' —*Audubon*, vol. ii. p. 248.

Nor is the ear of this ardent lover of Nature less susceptible of pleasure than the eye. He is awake to every sound, familiar with every note and cry, and alive to every impression, joyous or sad, they are calculated to awaken. Witness his tender address to the Wood-thrush, whose clear hopeful tones have often saved him from despondency, recalling him in the midst of mental doubt, and bodily discomfort, to fresh hopes and a strengthened confidence in his vocation. Or this tribute to the songster of America, the Mocking Bird, to whose strain he gives a preeminence over our nightingale, whom he likens to an untaught maiden, yet wanting that finish which Nature with careful lessons has imparted to the other. We know not this finished performer, and own to feeling a national jealousy at the injurious comparison. His description begins with a glowing picture of its favourite home, as different in colour and brilliancy from the haunts of our modest warbler, as the character of their songs can possibly be. The scene is in Louisiana. 'It is where the great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, 'crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand 'beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around.'

'It is there you should listen to the love-song of the Mocking Bird, as I this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

'They are not the soft sounds of the flute, or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self,—yes, reader, all! . . . When these scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of Nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.'

Every indication of parental affection is fondly noticed and dwelt upon by our author. The watchfulness of the female bird, her patience, her courage, her skill, her resources in eluding the designs of her enemies, are all tenderly enumerated, and have been the subjects with him of long and happy study. The pleasures of a collector never made him cruel, he repents every experiment, from the ineffectual attempt to suffocate the Eagle,—when the noble bird's bold unshrinking eye abashed him, till he could scarce look his prisoner in the face,—to his experiments on the powers of abstinence of the Guillemots, whose condition haunted him for days till he could release them. The hen-bird, it must be confessed, in most cases deserves *all* the praise for parental care; he is frequently extremely severe on the conduct of the male parent towards its defenceless offspring. Here is the mother Cormorant and her young, seen in the most endearing relation towards each other :—

'Look at the birds before you, and mark the affectionate glance of the mother as she stands beside her beloved younglings. I wish you could have witnessed the actions of such groups as I did, while in Labrador. Methinks I still see the high rolling billows of the S. Lawrence, breaking in foaming masses against the huge cliffs, on the shelves of which the Cormorant places its nest. I lie flat on the edge of the precipice some hundred feet above the turbulent waters; and now crawling along with all care, I find myself only a few yards above the spot on which the parent bird and her young are fondling each other, quite unconscious of my being near. How delighted I am to witness their affectionate gratulations, hear their lisping notes, mark the tremulous motions of their expanded throats, and the curious vacillations of their heads and necks! The kind mother gently caresses each alternately with her bill; the little ones draw nearer to her, and, as if anxious to evince their gratitude, rub their heads against hers. How pleasing all this is to me! But at this moment the mother accidentally looks upwards; her keen eye has met mine.'

A scene of terror and confusion ensues, for which we have not space, in which the mother bird enacts a part to divert his attention from her young. Take again the Mallard, in whom the same maternal instincts are most powerful. The young ones are just hatched.

'What beautiful creatures! see how with their little bills they dry their downy apparel. How in a long line one after another, they follow their glad mother to the water, on arriving at which they take to swimming and diving, as if elated with joy for having been introduced into existence. The male is far away on some other pond. The unnatural barbarian cares nothing about his progeny, nor has a thought arisen in his mind respecting the lonely condition of his mate, the greatness of her cares, or the sadness she may experience under the idea that she has been utterly forsaken by him who once called her only his truly beloved. No, reader; not a thought of this kind has he wasted on her whom he has left alone in charge of a set of eggs, and now of a whole flock of innocent ducklings, to secure which from danger, and see them all grow up apace, she manifests the greatest care and anxiety. . . . Once I found a female leading her young

through the woods, and no doubt conducting them towards the Ohio. When I first saw her, she had already observed me, and had squatted flat among the grass with her brood around her. As I moved onwards, she ruffled her feathers, and hissed at me in the manner of a goose, while the little ones scampered off in all directions. I had an excellent dog, well instructed to catch young birds without injuring them, and I ordered him to seek for them. On this, the mother took to wing and flew through the woods as if about to fall down at every yard or so. She passed and re-passed over the dog, as if watching the success of his search; and as one after another the ducklings were brought to me, and struggled in my bird-bag, the distressed parent came to the ground near me, rolled and tumbled about, and so affected me by her despair, that I ordered my dog to lie down, while, with a pleasure that can be felt only by those who are parents themselves, I restored to her the innocent brood, and walked off. As I turned round to observe her, I really thought I could perceive gratitude expressed in her eye; and a happier moment I never felt while rambling in search of knowledge through the woods.'—*Audubon*, vol. iii. p. 168.

Nor is it only in this one portion of the animal kingdom that his observation is so acute, his sympathy so wakeful. While on the subject of maternal instinct, we are tempted to quote another passage, both in admiration of the instance itself, and in evidence of his powers of discernment; the subject being the little sun-fish, a species of Perch, common throughout America. The feelings of fishes are so little subject to our penetration, that any exemplification of them is valuable. Having described with tender appreciation the beauty of this little fish, and a certain purity for which it is remarkable—a need of sun, and clear waters, and gravelly bottoms; having painted the brightness of its changing hues, and the firmness, grace, and precision of its movements, endowing it with all the good qualities of which a fish is capable, and particularizing the form of the area and embankment it constructs in the sand for its eggs; he goes on to say:—

'Instead of abandoning its spawn as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You observe it poised over its bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance happen to be rolled over the borders of the bed, the sun-fish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunny, and observing that at this period it will not seize any kind of bait, I took it into my head one fair afternoon to make a few experiments, for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act, when disturbed or harassed. Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living ground worm, the greater part of which was at liberty to writhe as it pleased, and throwing the line up the stream, managed it so that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish I perceived had marked

me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, he swam to the further side, there poised himself for a few moments, then approached the worm and carried it in its mouth over the side next to me; with a care and gentleness so very commendable as to afford me much surprise: I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a young grasshopper which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed as the worm had been, and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The sunny appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it deliberately up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed!

'Reader, if you are one who, like me, have studied Nature with a desire to improve your mental faculties, and contemplate the wonderful phenomena that present themselves to view at every step we take in her wide domain, you would have been struck, had you witnessed the actions of this little fish, as I was, with admiration of the Being who gave such instincts to so humble an object. I gazed with amazement on the little creature, and wondered that Nature had endowed it with such feelings and power. The inexpressible desire of acquiring knowledge prompted me to continue the experiment; but with whatever dexterity I could in those days hook a fish, all my efforts proved abortive, not with this individual only, but with many others, which I subjected to the same trials.'

Nor are these biographies less rich in lighter touches. Traits of character and humour abound in them. Birds have their odd, shrewd, ludicrous, or petulant ways, the same as any of our human acquaintance; and all find due notice here. Witness the pompous parading of the wild turkey, and their profound ceremoniousness in all their relations towards each other; the fiery pugnacity of the finch tribe; the gluttony of the great gull, and many others; the sly experience of the crow. We will confine ourselves to a short sketch of the humours of the Barred Owl—'the Sancho Panza of the woods;' clearly a very different personage from the popular notion of him, either as the bird of Minerva, or the type of the most stupid of our acquaintance:—

'How often, when snugly settled under the boughs of my temporary encampment, and preparing to roast a venison steak, or the body of a squirrel, on a wooden spit, have I been saluted with the exulting bursts of this nightly disturber of the peace that, had it not been for him, would have prevailed around me, as well as in my lonely retreat! How often have I seen this nocturnal marauder alight within a few yards of me, exposing his whole body to the glow of my fire, and eye me in such a curious manner that, had it been reasonable to do so, I would gladly have invited him to walk in and join me in my repast, that I might have enjoyed the pleasure of forming a better acquaintance with him. The liveliness of his motions, joined to their oddness, have often made me think that his society would be at least as agreeable as that of many of the buffoons we meet with in the world. . . . . Should the weather be lowering and indicative of the approach of rain, their cries are so multiplied during the day, and especially in the evening, and they respond to each other in tones so strange, that

one might imagine some extraordinary fête about to take place among them. On approaching one of them, its gesticulations are seen to be of a very extraordinary nature. The position of the bird, which is usually erect, is immediately changed; it lowers its head and inclines its body, to watch the motions of the person beneath; throws forward the lateral feathers of its head, which thus has the appearance of being surrounded by a broad ruff; looks towards him, as if half blind, and moves its head to and fro in so extraordinary a manner as almost to induce a person to fancy that part dislocated from the body. It follows all the motions of the intruder with its eyes; and, should it suspect any treacherous intentions, flies off to a short distance, alighting with its back to the person, and immediately turning about with a single jump, to recommence its scrutiny. In this manner the Barred Owl may be followed to a considerable distance, if not shot at, for to halloo after it does not seem to frighten it much. But if shot at and missed, it removes to a considerable distance; after which its *whah-whah-whah*, is uttered with considerable pomposity.'

But it is time we came to an end of our extracts, for the length of which we owe an apology to our readers. Were it not for the consideration already advanced of the soothing charm which may be found in times of excitement in the faithful portraiture of natural objects and scenes, we should not have ventured on extracts from a work which ought to be well known, and probably is to many of our readers; others, however, not making natural history a study, may have passed it over as a catalogue of dry details. It is not only a record of birds, but of a state of things rapidly passing away. Many of the scenes he most eloquently describes are now cleared and cultivated; they have lost their beauty and become useful in the common sense of the term; the flower is changing into fruit—forest scenes have passed into 'rural scenes,' their interminable monotonous depths have let in sunshine and variety, every year cultivation makes fresh inroads on the shadows, till their influence on the imagination is changing its character, no longer a fact, but an antiquity. When will scenes such as the following be a tradition, and their describer a chronicler of the past? The morass holds its grasp firmer than the forest, but cultivation and progress may overcome in the end. It recalls the 'gloomy horrors' of our old poets, and might haunt the fancy of childhood like the tales of ghosts and goblins of our own infancy. Every land has, doubtless, compensation for what seem its deficiencies, the imagination is seldom without appropriate food; if America has no dim past, no line of hero-kings, no architectural glories of times gone by—it has its awful shades and sublime terrors, its secret haunts, the wild beast's lair, and the eagle's eirie. When the light of common day shall have banished these to the night of history, then, if time shall last, will it have human records and human strifes to dignify thought and being in their room.

'I wish, kind reader,' says Audubon, 'it were in my power 'to present to your mind's eye the favourite resort of the Ivory-'billed Woodpecker. Would that I could describe the extent of 'those deep morasses, overshadowed by millions of gigantic 'dark cypresses, spreading their sturdy moss-covered branches, 'as if to admonish intruding man to pause and reflect on the 'many difficulties he must encounter, should he persist in ven-'turing further into their almost inaccessible recesses, extending 'for miles before him, where he should be interrupted by huge 'projecting branches, here and there the massy trunk of a 'fallen and decaying tree, and thousands of creeping and 'twining plants of numberless species! Would that I could 'represent to you the dangerous nature of the ground, its 'oozing, spongy, and miry disposition, although covered by a 'beautiful though treacherous carpeting, composed of the 'richest mosses, flags, and water-lilies, no sooner receiving the 'pressure of the foot, than it yields and endangers the very 'life of the adventurer, whilst here and there as he approaches 'an opening, that proves merely a lake of black muddy water, 'his ear is assailed by the dismal croaking of innumerable frogs, 'the hissing of serpents, or the bellowing of alligators! Would 'that I could give you an idea of the sultry, pestiferous atmo-'sphere that nearly suffocates the intruder during the meridian 'heat of our dog-days, in those gloomy and horrible swamps! 'But the attempt to picture these scenes would be vain. 'Nothing short of ocular demonstration can impress any 'adequate idea of them.'

But we have wandered far from the humbler interests that promised to engage us. Nothing can form a greater contrast to the busy stir of rural life than the solitudes, so dear to the naturalist, which precede them. To him it is not possible but that the settler's homely cares shall not sometimes appear a desecration of those scenes his thoughts have lived in. He cannot fail to have moments of that sentiment inherent in poetical natures, 'the former times were better than these,' as he looks back on the dense and lofty forests, 'once every where spread along the hills,' now fallen before the axe—the awful silences now broken by the din of hammers and machinery—the track of the elk, the deer, and the buffalo, now exchanged for the traffic of man—the broad stream once rippled only by his solitary skiff or the Indian's canoe, now turbid with a hundred steamers. When he sees the rush of civilization, the adventurer from Europe, bent on money and progress, clearing for himself a *bustling* home amid the flowery stillness of the wilderness, we can well excuse his modest doubt in face of the world's judgment, 'Whether these changes are for the better or

for the worse, I shall not pretend to say.' That they may be indefinitely for the better, we at least may feel sure, who bear in our minds the sacred words of preference of man over every inferior creature. Only let our neighbours in their earthly abundance be mindful of the true riches, in their worldly freedom not slight the happy restraints of Christ's fold, and every soul added to their population, every new element and resource increasing their prosperity shall be welcomed by us with unmingled unenvying gratulation, and all the genial sympathies of kindred and brotherhood.

ART. V.—1. *The Ecclesiologist.* London: Masters. 1842—1850.

2.—*Revival of Ecclesiastical Architecture. By* A. W. PUGIN, ESQ. London: Dolman. 1843.

3.—*Prayer-Book of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri in London.* London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

4.—*Hymn-Book of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri in London.* London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

5.—*The School of S. Philip Neri. From the Italian. Edited by the Rev.* F. W. FABER. London: Burns & Lambert. 1850.

THE confession of inability to handle adequately a subject has become a conventionalism about as threadbare for the exordium of an article as the invocation of Clio to lead off a schoolboy's copy of Hexameters. Still, we so sincerely feel our present inability, that we are desirous of incurring all the ridicule inseparable from commencing with it. The questions which we have designated in our heading by two words of very modern mintage, touch upon subjects the most mysterious and exalted which can concern incarnate man—the visible worship of his God in the Catholic Church. To treat it with any completeness, we must first define with something which ought to be a technical generalization, the theory of worship in the Universal Church, which we venture to term Ecclesiology—a word which has been brought into circulation in other quarters, and is generally understood in a restricted sense. Having done this, we shall find ourselves in a position to deal with that more local, but most interesting, question which has led us to enter upon the subject at all,—the consideration, that is, of certain corruptions of this theory, which have had their rise in Churches in communion with the Roman See. We shall discover that these have impregnated more and more the ritual system of that communion till at length they had become its virtual, but not recognised rule, and that they have, within a very few years, finding themselves unexpectedly confronted by a systematic revival of the older and truer view, both in the Anglican and the Roman communions, striven to maintain their ground by an antagonistic systematizing, chiefly amongst the congregation recently imported into England of Oratorians, whose identification with their superior, Dr. Newman, has led to the noticeable result of his theory of development being directed to explore corruptions in ritual as well as in doctrinal matters. Hence, having no better name for the movement, we have designated it

Oratorianism, a word under which it has already got current in conversation and even in print.

We have long been anxious to discuss this subject, but those stirring events which have, since our last number appeared, been passing about us, have rendered us if possible more so, feeling as we do how very desirable it is, in these times of feverish and unhealthy strife, to turn oneself, if one can, from the last most unhappy results of disunion to a somewhat calm investigation of any causes which have led to it, so as, if it be granted to us, to contribute something towards their future remedy, and to lay up something which may serve as an indication, however vague, of any one of the reasons which have conduced to the rending of the vest of Christ, and so help to that adjustment of differences, free, generous, and forgiving, which will and must take place, if ever the eyes of the pilgrims of the earth are to be blessed with the realization of that fair vision which cheers them in their weary wanderings through the valley of the shadow of death—the vision of the true Church of the Future, when Ephraim shall not envy Judah—the Catholic Church at one again, purified, and undivided.

It may be thought that such a train of thought is beyond the scope of our subject, and rather suited to commence a formal treatise on doctrine. This, however, we can in no way admit; ritualism has that connexion with doctrine that one almost necessarily follows the other, just as the body and the mind affect each other; and in the ritual shortcomings of all branches of the Universal Church, we can easily trace the correlatives of other shortcomings of a more spiritual kind, inseparable, we might almost say, from the condition of disunion.

Christian worship is derived from that of the old faith. The Jewish worship was, as all sects allow, of two kinds—the more solemn rite of sacrifice, and the auxiliary offering of prayer and praise, and reading of Holy Scripture. The former, confined at first to the Tabernacle, and then to the Temple; the latter, common to the Temple and to the Synagogue: the former a thing which perished at the destruction of the Temple; the latter a thing which continues to our own day: the former, the act alone of high-priest, priests, and levites; the latter, a pious work in which the reader and the choir, composed of children of every tribe, are called on to take the lead. That Christian worship strictly follows this analogy is not a matter of such concurrent acceptation, and yet that it does so, is only another way of expressing the great truth that it is a sacramental system; the external symbol, in short, of the great quarrel between Catholic and Sectarian. 'Opus Dei quod singulis 'diebus, horis propriis ac distinctis, in Ecclesiis et Oratoriis

'nostris celebratur, duplex est; Missa et Officium divinum,' is the majestic—majestic, from its truth and simplicity,—commencement of the Rituale Cisterciense. As the Jewish Church had its bloody offerings, so the Christian Church has the unbloody sacrifice of the holy Eucharist; as the songs of Miriam, and David, and Habakkuk were sung in the assemblies of Israel after the flesh, so do they resound with deeper import in the united worship of the true people of God.

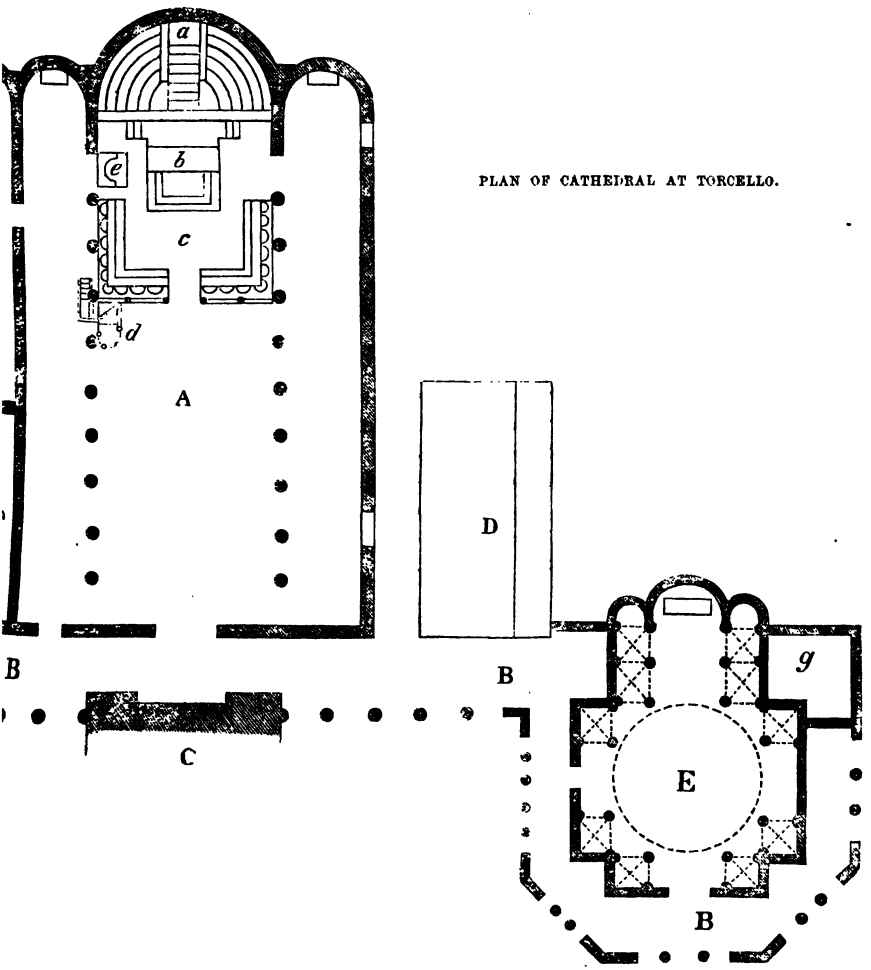
But our object is not now to establish the general truth of Catholic worship against the Protestant counterfeit, which Lord Ashley and his friends at Freemasons' Tavern would fain substitute for it—but to point out the various distortions to which it has been subjected in the Church itself, which have so recently culminated in England, though not in the Church of England, through the Oratorian system.

Few of our readers, we trust, need be told how, both in the primitive and mediæval Church, the double nature of the worship, and the triple nature of the congregation—those in holy orders, namely—those either not *in* Holy Orders, or performing the essential work of such at the time, but ministering about sacred things—and those who were simply laity, simply the bulk of the congregation—were at once symbolized by the construction of the building, double at the same time, and triple in its arrangement; having for the third class the nave, for the first and second that bipartite unity, which was sometimes (in later times that is) considered as one member of the whole edifice under the name of chancel or choir, and sometimes more properly considered as forming two divisions; the holiest, or Eucharistic division being termed the Bema, or Exedra, or Apsis, or Altare, in earlier days, in later times the Presbytery or Sanctuary; or in a few churches (as now at Westminster Abbey), the Sacrarium: the less sacred passing under the appellation, in primitive times, of the Chorus Cantorum, afterwards of the Chancel (properly speaking) in parish churches, chorus, or choir being retained in collegiate or monastic ones. Such, broadly speaking, is the universal type of all Catholicly arranged churches; of San Clemente at Rome, and, before the infidel trod it under foot, of the Church of The Eternal Wisdom at Constantinople, and of the model cathedral of Sarum in England. Two differences existed between primitive and later times, and we will honestly say, we think that in these matters the changes proved development towards a more perfect realization of the principle of Ecclesiology, both in the Eastern and the Western Church. In earlier Churches, those in Holy Orders sat in the Bema, behind the high altar, both during the 'Missa' and the 'Officium Divinum,' the 'Cantores' during the one, as during the other, occupying the 'Chorus.'

Subsequently, all being equally Cantores during the 'Officium Divinum,' the custom obtained of all those in Holy Orders occupying during the lower worship the lower place, and of those only advancing to the Holiest of Holies, at the Missa or Liturgy (to give both the Western and the Eastern term), who should be themselves actively engaged in the particular celebration; their brethren of the same rank, as before, remaining below in the cantoral place, the stalls of the chancel. The other change arising from this, was that while in the older Churches, when the nature of the rite permitted it, the Bema was placed at the west end, and the celebrating priest looked *eastward*, facing the people, on that side of the altar furthest from them, (the altar, we need not say, being detached from the wall,) and immediately beneath the Bema; in the later Churches, the Church being turned eastwards, and the altar pushed back, the priest stood at its west side, facing eastward, and with his back to the people. It will be seen that under all these various situations, in east and west, the Priest stood at the broad side of the altar and facing eastward, the position restored to the English Church by the Martyr Laud, when he replaced the 'Lord's Table' altar-wise, *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ* we trust to our communion. As a portion of this change, we may observe that the usual position of the Bishop's throne was shifted from the central point of the Apse or Bema, to a side place in the choir. Some Cathedral Churches, however, retained till the last century (Canterbury for instance), or still retain this old tradition, and conspicuously amongst them S. Peter's, Rome. Modern bad taste to us, has, however, stuck a subsidiary altar immediately beneath the throne, (which throne is employed, of course, in the enthronization of the Pope.) In consequence of this, Protestants, and not merely Protestants, but Anglo-Catholics, ignorant of ritual lore, have had the unfortunate temerity to apply to this the awful prophecy in the 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians, that Antichrist shall sit in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God, with a very strange forgetfulness that those who seek Antichrist in their own opponents, might find his type elsewhere in that prophecy of Daniel, which announces that he (as fore-shadowed by Antiochus Epiphanes) shall take away the daily sacrifice. We are grieved to see that a respected divine among ourselves, in his recently published lecture, 'Is the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Book of the Revelation?' should have contributed to give currency to this notion.

But to return from this digression—an illustration is worth all description. Southern Europe still possesses a Cathedral, small and neglected, but perhaps the most interesting in the world [illegible]nally (apart from historical association), in the desolate Island

of Torcello, near Venice, once a bustling commercial seaport town. This mouldering church contains both the Bema of the primitive, and the choir of the mediæval church, the former of venerable antiquity, the latter not later than, it is supposed, the eleventh century. Of this church we are, through the kindness of the publisher of Mr. Webb's Continental Ecclesiology, enabled to present the ground plan. Those concentric seats imitated from the Roman theatre (for the primitive Church was not afraid of being called histrionic,) are the Exedræ, the old seats of the clergy. The stalls below, precisely like those to be found in our old parish churches, are their later place—*a* is the ancient



PLAN OF CATHEDRAL AT TORCELLO.

bishop's throne, *e* the more modern one: *b* the present altar, but Mr. Webb conceives that the ancient high altar stood nearer the Apse. With this plan before their eyes, our readers will at one glance realize the two general types of the Ecclesia of the Western Church. From the earliest days some division existed between the people and the altar, called in Greek κίγκλιδες, and in Latin Cancelli, which was apparently at first a partition running round the Chorus Cantorum, which in the earlier churches projected like a peninsula into the body of the nave, instead of being, as in most cases later architects more skilfully contrived, determined by the main architectural features of the building; the chief semi-exceptions being, strange to say, the noblest buildings, Cathedrals and Monastic Churches, where the choir often ran west of the transepts, though always bounded by the side arcades. Latterly, when the lateral boundaries of the chancel became entirely or in great part constructional, either in the shape of its side walls, or, if it had aisles, of the arcade, the western barrier became of more importance, and was in the western church permanently established between the nave and chancel, or choir, under the appellation of rood-screen, while the eastern church as pertinaciously allotted to it (there termed iconostasis) the function of separating the sanctuary from the choir, leaving the separation between the latter and the nave very slight. A western rood-screen of a very early date is indicated in the plan of Torcello Cathedral.

Such, generally speaking with some variations which we shall mention hereafter, was the type of a Christian Church throughout the visible fold, till about the year of our Lord 1500, when the sins of pontiffs like Alexander VI. and Julius II. had reduced Christian Rome to a condition as odious as that of the Pagan city, in the times of its deepest corruption. At this unhappy epoch the venerable Basilica of St. Peter's was re-built; and in the new fabric we behold the high altar standing naked and unguarded in the midst of a vast hall, without any of the traditionary fittings of a church—without sanctuary or choir, without throne near it, or rood screen; such was a gigantic victory of antitraditionary eclecticism: and starting from this date, we perceive a growing forgetfulness of the same old rules of the Universal Church in the reformed English communion, and we also see the precedent of St. Peter's followed with more or less of completeness throughout the Roman communion, both in the building of new churches, and the mutilating of old ones, down to our own time. Just so in England, we behold the churches of the three last centuries displaying, with the bright gleams of Laud's and Cosin's restorations, every conceivable and increasing variety of the tra-

ditions bequeathed to us, by the yet undivided Church, and by our own Church of the middle ages, which the compilers of the Prayer Book had intended should, when not expressly contradicted, be its interpreter. In our own times we have beheld a return to ancient tradition, both amongst ourselves, and amongst the Roman Catholics, and still more lately we have seen amongst the latter that aggressive attempt to systematize and uphold the deviations of modern days, which we are endeavouring to handle in the present article. Such is the spectacle presented by the Western Church. The aspect of the East continues changeless and serene in its old rules and ancestral observances.

One principal cause of the troubles which beset the Western Church, at and since the commencement of the sixteenth century, is very simple, and not to say homely in its statement, although the results into which it has ramified, are most complex. They greatly centre in one fact, that the mediæval Church faltered and delayed too long in its recognition of the expansion of the popular mind, and that, consequently, when it did begin to remodel itself, it did not know where to begin or what to do, and in its attempts to do something, only shifted instead of remedying confusion.

We have lately been writing, as our readers might complain, almost exclusively architecturally, but churches are but halls after all, if not regarded in connexion with the service celebrated in them. In the primitive Church the 'Opus Dei' was as later two-fold, and it was collective and congregational, as well as vernacular. In the mediæval Church it continued to be two-fold, but it ceased to be vernacular, and, except in churches which were collegiate (to use the most general word), the Officium Divinum ceased to be necessarily collective, and nowhere, we feel we may speak generally, was it congregational. Then came the days of the Reformation, and the Roman Church, with a most deplorable deficiency of courage, would neither make the Opus Dei in either branch vernacular, nor the Officium Divinum at all congregational; the congregational attendance at (not participation in the office of) the Missa, the chief remnant of collective worship, being encouraged by the building of Churches consisting of altar alone, and nave, and therefore unsuited to the Divine Office. The English Reformers went to work root and branch, too much so, it might be said, in many particulars, but in principle, in a clearsighted and decisive manner, by rendering (while retaining strongly the distinction between them—more strongly, we might say, in their popular features, from the nudity to which they reduced it,) both the 'Missa,' *called* Mass in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.,

and Divine Office at once vernacular, collective, and congregational. In the Roman Communion things could not stop as they were—popular devotion craved for vernacular food. The result has been a singular system of compromise. On the one hand, the Mass and the observances growing from it, 'Benediction' in particular, which we shall more fully treat hereafter, have almost exclusively occupied the churches, Vespers alone as an authoritative service at the various divisions of the Divine Office struggling for a recognition, which, as we shall presently see is at this moment a subject of attack. On the other hand, an irregular bundle of vernacular forms of worship, litanies, methodistical hymns, and modern prayers, &c., have accumulated, and are encouraged by authority as the playthings so to speak, of the laity, who, it is assumed, cannot compass anything better, while the old and venerable Officium Divinum, the breviary services, are remanded to the mere private use of the clergy, to be recited apart or together, as the thing may be most convenient, and with a licence of anticipation which will have made to-day's matins the early afternoon work of yesterday, this evening's vespers the early work of the commencing day. To the laity, we repeat, the breviary (with the sole exception of vespers,) irrespective of its not being in the vernacular language, is not perhaps a sealed book, but a book which is about as currently in practical use among them as the Homilies are amongst ourselves.

This state of things Oratorianism dares not only to vindicate but to formalize, accompanying the audacious feat with a bold confession of the most anti-primitive tenets of modern Romanism, set forth according to the 'theory of development,' which they conceive, and truly so, to be symbolized by their actual ritualism. This latter consideration it is which gives the Oratorian movement its great and fearful importance; without it, it would be merely an untenable and grotesque caprice, or a desperate attempt to justify abuses, similar to that which the 'high and dry' put out against the ecclesiological revival; but as it stands, it is a well pondered system, pregnant of future and increasing peril to the Universal Church.

Though, as we have shown, the first complete manifestation of the new theory of worship was reserved for St. Peter's, that is to say, for the era of the second rending of the Unity of the Church, yet the seeds of it had been sown much earlier in the days when the primitive glided into the mediæval epoch, or, in other words, about the time of the first schism between East and West. We have above stated two or three points in which we think that mediæval ritualism exceeded in truthfulness and beauty that of the early Church, and we conceive that it

did so also in other particulars. But while we do not fear to make this acknowledgment, we must at the same time say, that we think it all along carried with it the seeds of self-dissolution, a body of corruption bound to its body of life and beauty, which ultimately stifled it. Such seems in other things, higher and more important than ritualism, to be the destined condition of the divided Church; glorious and most holy in many things, because she is the Spouse of Christ; weak, fallible, and corrupt in others, because she has not kept her first estate, standing upon feet where iron and clay commingle. With respect particularly to Catholic ritualism, the forms into which it has practically shaped itself in the three branches respectively of the Christian Church, strike us as singularly emblematic of their character in all other things. The ritualism of the Roman Church is an awful struggle of gigantic right and gigantic wrong, in appalling proportions, and inexplicable intermingling. That of the Eastern Church, a stern tradition of an old good thing, not impaired, but not improved; while that of the Church of England is a wonderful instance of a keen, intellectual exhibition of pure and true first principles, hitherto little understood and little coerced into practice by those whose property they were.

As we have indicated, the worship of the Christian Church, until the fall of the Roman Empire, was twofold, and also congregational. The universal confusion which followed that dissolution of the empire was profitable to the spread of the faith, in so far as it brought Romans and barbarians face to face, and so enabled the missionaries of the former nation to penetrate into hitherto inaccessible regions. The foundation, about the same epoch, of the Benedictine Order, gave centrality and shape to missionary exertions. Evangelizers went forth, Benedictine monks in little knots, and brought thousands upon thousands to the laver of regeneration, and fed them with the Bread of Life. S. Benedict when he founded this Order had not thought much of missionary work for his brethren; he established a society of men who were to toil in the fear of God, and to worship in the fear of God, and the latter duty he divided into assisting at the Holy Eucharist, and singing, according to the way he drew out, the divine office. His first monks were Italians, and Latin was still the language of Italy. Accordingly, they used their vernacular language in this twofold worship. This custom was self-evident, and simply necessary as long as the Order was confined to Italy. Then came the missionary era of Benedictinism; the simple monks who perilled their lives to win souls, were men who valued obedience much, and venerated the memory of their Father Benedict,

and had to deal in their converts with men rough and little educated—children in intellect, though men in years and passions, and sprung from races very susceptible of feelings of awe. The almost inevitable concurrence of these circumstances, the counsel alike of simplicity and of diplomacy, was to use in Saxon England, and Teutonic Germany, that same Latin language in the worship of God to which the missionaries had been acclimated in their southern home, to train their spiritual children, children doubly, in a worship where the eye and the ear, and the moral part of man had more to do than the intelligence. It is useless now to speculate how the whole current of the world's history would have been changed, had there been vouchsafed to the Church some second Benedict, some new Gregory the Great, to grapple with the changed condition of the universal fold now spreading northward; but it is useless to run into speculations which can only make the head throb and the eyes fill with tears. A similar process, though in a less complete form, went on in the East; while in southern Europe, in Italy and France and Spain, successive corruptions and admixtures of barbarous words estranged the vernacular further and further from the Latin tongue. The revolution in not many ages was complete. Monks, canons, and nuns in their choirs sang, day by day that Latin divine office, which, save on great days, the Laity, with the exception of some few learned and pious folk, never dreamed of attending, and on Sundays and festivals the parish priest gathered round him to Mass, and Mass alone, his obedient flock. The architectural result of this immutability of language was (as far as it went) the compensating advantage, for it produced that constructive distinction between the nave and the chancel to which our mediæval churches owe so much of their beauty, and which has so extensively ramified into all the accessories, (such as screens, &c.,) of their internal arrangement, and which finally approves itself in its parochial type to be so well adapted to the ritual of this our Church of England in the nineteenth century.

As in the bulk our old parochial churches reproduce themselves in England, so, on the other hand, the cathedrals of that epoch refuse to be literally imitated, from the exclusively claustral nature of their arrangements, with close screens, and enormously elongated choirs, utterly unsuited, except by the vulgar practice so universal in England, of crowding the laity into them for vernacular and united worship.[1] But this great size of

[1] A practice not confined to England: it is a matter of course to find laymen, and even women, in the choir-stalls of Antwerp and Cologne, at the Sunday High Mass.

these churches was not exclusively the result of the disuse of vernacular worship, but also of the growth of another principle, which we have purposely reserved till now to consider in the whole, as being more than anything else the germ of Oratorianism, that of multiplying altars in the same church, a usage peculiar to the Western Church, and not universal there; as according to the Milanese rite, till S. Charles Borromeo, in the days when ritualism declined, altered his cathedral, there could be but one altar in one church. When precisely the practice sprang up in the Western Church we will not inquire. It is sufficient to say that its growth had an obvious, though not necessary connexion, with that exaggerated, and more than primitive, respect for relics which characterised the divided Church.

The extent to which in comparatively early times this custom prevailed, may be comprehended by the fact that in the curious plan of S. Gall's Abbey Church, as existing or proposed to be built in the ninth century, fifteen altars are marked; we may, by the way, observe that this plan likewise contains the peculiarity, especially characteristic of German churches, of having two choirs, one at the east and the other at the west end, which Professor Willis shows to have existed in the Saxon Cathedral of Canterbury, and is still found in the Dome of Mentz, till the first French Revolution the Primatial Church of all Germany.

This system had a direct tendency to foster Oratorianism, to use the word by anticipation. The Eastern Church, as we have said, only allowed one altar in one church, preferring to build their churches small; and agglomerated them, so as in some instances in Russia, (in the so called Cathedral of Moscow,) to make a house of churches piled up next to and above each other, consequently nothing like Oratorianism has prevailed in the east. The typal idea of a church, as carried out in the eastern practice, and the Anglican (mostly, we grieve to say, in theory) is simple and grand. The one altar of God standing in the sanctuary, the choir, and the nave, in the one church. Subsidiary altars may (we do not wish to pass a sweeping condemnation on them) be so arranged as not to interfere with the pre-eminence of the principal one; where there is a large number of communicants even utilitarian views might not disallow them. But it is a more difficult problem to combine this subordination with paying to each of these subsidiary altars—each, be it remembered, as much an altar as the principal one—the honour due to so holy a thing. It was almost impossible to fence each altar off by a sufficient screen, and give it a sufficient sanctuary; as for giving it a choir of its own, this was plainly out of the question, except in the case of the altar of the Lady Chapel, which, however, must be considered in the light not of a subsidiary altar of the

same church, but of the principal altar of a subsidiary church. Here then, in the very palmiest days of mediæval conventual ritualism, we have Oratorianism in the bud very early indeed. The altars at S. Gall are scattered about in a way to delight Mr. Faber, but there was one altar above others which formed the type of the high altar of a modern Roman Catholic Church. We have seen that the laity could not and would not take part in the divine office of the conventual churches, but it did not follow that they were not very anxious to worship there, nor that the monks did not piously endeavour to meet their wishes. The only worship at which the laity much cared to attend was the Mass, and accordingly their devotions were met by setting up, just outside the rood-screen and at the east end of the nave, a species of subsidiary high altar, devoted especially to popular use; such existed at Canterbury cathedral for instance, and at S. Alban's abbey, there dedicated in honour of S. Cuthbert, and in Durham cathedral called the Jesus Altar. This altar was in all cases the people's *Ultima Thule*, the one great sacred centre and completion of their prospect; the nave was for them to gather in, the altar bounding it, the point towards which to worship. The mysterious choir beyond, and the high altar which they had heard crowned that, were to them as much a thing they cared not for as though they existed not at all—as the countries beyond the Channel to the rude Dorsetshire peasant. This nave, then, and 'this people's high altar,' were in point of fact the neo-Roman Church, the cathedral of S. Peter's, with its unprotected high altar; the Jesuit's typal Church all over the world, the ideal of the young English Oratorians. So appropriate is the term 'people's high altar,' a designation thrown off *currente calamo*, (as we happen to know,) in an editorial footnote in the Ecclesiologist, with reference to S. Cuthbert's altar at S. Alban's, that Monsignore Eyre, in his Life of S. Cuthbert, uses this appellation, with a reference to that journal, in a way which shows that he (a modern Roman Catholic ecclesiastic) took it to be an ancient and recognised term.

We have shown how, even in mediæval northern Europe, where the Ecclesiological theory reached its highest (too high) development, the coming Oratorianism indicated its certain necessity. But the highest development of the latter first manifested itself in Italy. Here the mediæval system of Church arrangement never took so determinate a form as in the North. Varieties, such as the choir *behind* the high altar, and the latter immediately fronting the people, of course at once bridged over the great difference between the two systems. The altar, which the people could well nigh touch, was the high altar of all, and not merely a secondary one provided for their behalf; while in

churches like S. Miniato, at Florence, an arrangement nearly identical with that at Durham and S. Alban's was carried out. In Spain, again, the fifteenth century saw the establishment of that strange arrangement, which put the choir in the eastern portion of the nave, and the sanctuary in the eastern part of the church, leaving the western for the people, who were thus placed east of the choir, and in immediate contact with the altar.[1]

So swept by the Middle Ages, and then the revival of Paganism, as well as of literature, came; printing was invented, and men got at once critical and sceptical. The ritualism of those Middle Ages was clearly foredoomed to a crisis. Had the Roman Church boldly taken reform into her own hands, and not waited till Luther and his followers compelled her to a half-reformation, as in other things so in ritualism the Christian world might now have been far otherwise; but in ritualism, as in those other things, she, with a pertinacity not always so much of principle as of prejudice, missed the flood of the tide. She met the popular craving for united and popular worship by building churches in the shape of halls, with an obtrusive altar in the middle, and by docking, under Quignonius' hands, the poetry and the significance of the Breviary, while retaining the Latin, to suit an imaginative populace, who would have sympathized with the poetry and were righteously demanding the vernacular.

England made short work of all, and on her own account produced her vernacular services, founded on her old 'Officium Divinum,' and her own vernacular Communion Office; but unfortunately in so doing she did not fence her own work with safeguards sufficient to ensure its being handed down in its true Catholic import.

The establishment of the order of the Jesuits completed the downfal in the Roman communion of the ritual tradition, while the ridiculous preference for pseudo-classical architecture over that which was the natural growth of Christian times and Christian requirements, led very naturally to a contempt for those ritual arrangements which had been for so long inseparably connected with the architectural forms which clothed them.

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[1] Still even in Spain the old tradition survives in a meagre and attenuated form. The choir and its occupants are brought into a faint ritual connexion with the high altar by a curious isthmus of separation from the people. For, while the eastern limb is screened off for the sanctuary, and the most easternly bays of the nave are screened, or rather walled, off for the ritual choir north, south, west, and east, a narrow passage, traversing the cross from east to west, separated by low northern and southern screens, connects the sanctuary with the choir and isolates the people alike from both. We mention this because the recent arrangements of Westminster Abbey have been defended by misunderstood or misrepresented Spanish authority. In the true Spanish arrangement, as in Seville Cathedral, it will be found impossible to do what is done in Westminster, to walk straight across the church from transept to transept.

Such, generally speaking, was the state of things till late in the half century just concluded. Gothic architecture had from various causes regained its popularity in England, before the revival of Church principles was developed. The combination of the two produced amongst us that ritualistic movement, which invented and appropriated the name Ecclesiology, and has made itself so extensively felt even in otherwise uncongenial quarters. Contemporaneously there was coming into notice, in the Roman communion, a young man, so early converted from a merely nominal Anglicanism to the Roman faith, which his father held, as really to be all but an indigenous Romanist, Mr. Welby Pugin, of course, we mean. Brought up to the professional study of Gothic architecture, full of talent, original and independent almost to a fault, he very soon realized for himself the system of mediæval ritualism, and he very soon forced it upon his co-religionsts almost whether they would or not; imitators soon crowded about him, and we fancy have found themselves engaged upon much that should have been his. In the meanwhile a similar movement was going on in France; a school of mediæval ritual architects sprang up, among whom stand out preeminent the names of M M. Viollet le Duc, and Lassus; and some of the many freaks of the late king of Bavaria, and the vanity of the present king of Prussia, helped to give the movement a life in Germany, though more artificial and sickly than the life in England or France.

Any bystander would have imagined, that although Rome stands coldly and sullenly immoveable, yet that within the English and Roman Communion, a reform, clothed in the shape of ecclesiological development, was in progress, a reform which it might be hoped would extend to something beyond externals. All at once a new antagonist came ready armed into the field from the quarter least expected.

Of all the individuals whose faith in the Church of England has unhappily proved less strong than the sight of her fallen condition—by common consent the most famous and the greatest—the only great one, we might say, as contrasted with merely clever or merely learned,—is John Henry Newman, once the chief, by a singular destiny, of those who led on the Catholic revival in the English Church, and now the keenest foe of that revival. His character we will not endeavour to paint; no one of his contemporaries can safely do so. On some future day, we doubt not, it will be drawn, when all his life shall have been unfolded, and that career which, for multiplicity of events, seems already to have reached a Nestor's term, and in number of years is not more than half a century, shall have attained its yet undecypherable conclusion. But still some

strong points show themselves attaching, in all its mutations, to that wonderful man's character, which may be summed up in the formulary of a keen intellect and a struggling mind, if not sceptical itself, yet hardily delighting to grasp with scepticism, and to give it its due—with intense desire of self-control, sometimes prevailing, sometimes worsted,—and always glad to compromise by a daring paradox, careless how many might fall in attempting the dizzy heights on which he alone sought to find security. Soon after his change of religion he went to Rome, when of course there was at once a question of turning his great talents to the practical service of the Roman Communion in England. This, it was decided, should be accomplished by entrusting to him the mission of establishing in our island a branch of the Congregation of the Oratory. This congregation was one of the many fruits of the enterprising sixteenth century—the very modernization of a religious order, which it strictly is not, its members only living together so long as it pleased them to do so—and its work being practical—preaching, and so on—an institution, in fact, eminently fitted for the nineteenth century and for Mr. Newman, and affording in all those features of its system, which are not exclusively Roman Catholic, a most valuable model for those Colleges of English Priests which are absolutely needful if we ever mean to refute in practice Cardinal Wiseman's bitter taunt about *his* portion of Westminster, and show that 'Her Majesty's Clergy' are the Clergy of the lambs of Christ. The founder, we forgot to say, of this congregation, was the famous S. Philip Neri, who lived and died in Rome during the sixteenth century.

Accordingly Mr. Newman returned to England, as Father Superior of an English branch of the Congregation of the Oratory. When he came home he found his troop recruited from an independent quarter, and by another person, who has sought and secured attention, though a far inferior and differently-minded man—Mr. Frederick Faber. As Mr. Newman was all logic, so Mr. Faber was all imagination; brilliant, versatile, unstable, yet able to lead others along with him in his changes through a peculiar attractiveness of manner. Hero-worship was always a chief characteristic of his disposition. While avowedly firm in his allegiance to the Church of England, his hero was Archbishop Laud. His Anglicanism began to totter, and Archbishop Laud at once and for ever gave way, first to 'the man of the middle ages,' (*i.e.* S. Gregory VII.) of his book of travels, and then to a Saxon saint, to whom, true to his north country extraction, Mr. Faber devoted himself wholly and solely, and with a kind of jovial recklessness of consequences, S. Wilfrid. While in the height of the Wilfridian delirium, soon after the publica-

tion of his life of that saint, Mr. Faber changed his communion, and in so doing carried with him certain of his old parishioners whom he had organised into a sort of confraternity for collective devotion. Once a Roman Catholic, he developed this confraternity into a species of congregation, and lodged them with himself in a house at Birmingham. This body, which was placed under the protection of S. Wilfrid (to which, instead of William, their founder changed his second name at his second confirmation) was soon recruited by men of Mr. Faber's class of life. Lord Shrewsbury allotted to it a country-house in a beautiful valley of Staffordshire, and one of Mr. Faber's companions, at his own cost, built it a very pretty church from Mr. Pugin's designs.

The formation of Mr. Faber's congregation at Coton Hall, and Mr. Newman's establishing 'the Oratory' in England, were proximately contemporaneous, and in no long time a junction between the two bodies was effected. As one consequence of the change, Mr. Faber's idol, who had retrograded from the seventeenth through the eleventh to the seventh century, bounded off again to the sixteenth. The Saxon monk became the Italian gentleman in the form of S. Philip Neri, whose merits as the 'representative Saint of modern times,' he has recently descanted upon in three lectures, with such an *entêtement*, that even the journals which are disposed to go with him have been compelled to remind him that there were such people in modern times as S. Ignatius, S. Charles Borromeo, and S. Theresa, while Dr. Doyle of S. George's, fairly laughs to scorn him and 'his childlike turned-down collar,' in a letter to the Tablet.

Our readers will probably here inquire of us, what possible connexion with the corruption of Ecclesiology can be established by the fact that Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber recently joined the congregation of the Oratory. They will remark that, of course, the churches built under the system of S. Philip Neri, erected at a time when all churches were reared in defiance of precedent, partook of the general corruption. They will observe that even the Jesuits, heretofore specially identified with Italian ritualism, have in their new church in Farm Street Mews in London gone far back towards the mediæval tradition, and that PP. Martin and Cahier of that order, are two of the most distinguished Ecclesiologists living. Our only reply to these interpellations would be that they were perfectly and absolutely true, and self-evidently so, we should have thought, to any dispassionate thinker. But Mr. Faber never has thought, and never will be able to think, like any one else. Eccentricity has always thwarted his superficial talents, and his deviations from common routine, are as a rule intolerant of opposition. Mr. Newman,

likewise, loves a paradox. True, his paradoxes, when he acts upon his owu inspirations, are of a more royal dimension than those of his sparkling colleague; but the two when brought together act and re-act upon each other. In the present instance Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber had a common bond of sympathy in a lingering love for Italian architecture, which was singular among two men of their school and time. This came out in a passage in Mr. Faber's 'Foreign Churches and Foreign People,' published in 1841, where he refuses to decide the superior merits of Pointed or Italian architecture, till he has beheld S. Peter's. Mr. Newman's share in building Littlemore Church, prevented his being suspected of a similar prepossession; but we have heard it upon very good authority, that he acknowledged to a friend, that although carried away by the mediæval current to build that church in Pointed architecture, since he entered Trinity College, Oxford, as an undergraduate, and worshipped in its Italian chapel, his feelings were with that style. A curious illustration this of the dominant principle which he afterwards enounced: the building of Littlemore, after the old Anglican type, was but another expression of the well-known avowal, that he recognised and defended the Church of England, not so much on his own individual convictions, as rather ministerially exhibiting its received principles. He made a somewhat open confession of his real personal sentiments, in that strange book, 'Loss and Gain,' where, after instituting a comparison between the two styles, he characteristically turns the scale in favour of Italian, by comparing the cupola, its type, to the vault of Heaven.

But with Mr. Newman there was a deeper and a stronger motive at work, to lead him to embrace dogmatically at once the corruptions of worship and ritual during the last three centuries, and with them the popular craving for vernacular worship as something to be gratified in a subjective way. He had committed himself to the Theory of Development, as the rule of the Church's doctrine and practice, and the view which had led him to close with the truth of Romanism. This theory as laid down, and still more as acted upon, by its expositor, was one of a restless activity, and necessarily embraced all things. There could hardly be a development of doctrine without its being accompanied by a development of ritual and of worship. As, moreover, the doctrine of development embalmed and justified all the deviations from Catholic antiquity, which the Roman portion of the divided Church had attracted and assimilated, so also the external development was called upon to fulfil a similar function.

From these concurrences arose the system which we have

termed Oratorianism. The liking which Mr. Newman and Mr. Faber both felt for Italian architecture and Italian ritualism above any thing which was English, partly born in them, and partly a violent and artificial recoil from a condition of artificial Anglicanism, in feelings as well as theology, through which both had passed, led them to idealise the Churches of the last three centuries built in Rome, and to denounce Mr. Pugin's revivals as simple pedantries, while their favourite style is, wonderful to say, propped up on the plea of Roman infallibility, because it happens to be the fashionable style in the Papal City. This would have been a comparatively unimportant thing if it had stopped there; they would probably have found few to agree with them; but upon this they hinged their doctrine of development, and drew the inference that the Ecclesiological symbolized an imperfect, theirs an advanced, state of Christian doctrine. The old churches and the new views would not work together: it was felt that one must give way. The Ecclesiological system prescribed screens, and chancels, and reverence for the altar; theirs rejected all these traditions of the old Fathers and customs of the Universal Church, as barbarous and cumbersome expedients of undeveloped doctrine, when faith was too rife, love too cold. The enlightened nineteenth century had need of other things. These other things were the symbolizing in the worship of the Church of two doctrines, both advanced by the Church of Rome, to the verge of materialising; both ostentatiously paraded by the Oratorians in a more advanced and more material form than ever; both of them, as dealt with by that body, destructive of reverence; both of them assumed by the teachers of the new schools as the points which, irrespective of tradition and the whole *corpus* of Catholic doctrine, the worship of God was intended to exhibit. These two doctrines, 1. That of the Real Presence, *irrespective of the Sacrifice which makes it,* (a development of the idea of Transubstantiation as distinct from the Catholic verity of that awful presence;) a doctrine out of which has grown already the exorbitant importance given to the rite of 'the Benediction of (or rather by) the Blessed Sacrament;' a rite, the essence of which is the blessing of the flock by bringing forward the Hostia to an increased proximity with them. 2. The doctrine of the prerogatives of S. Mary, irrespective of Him owing to whom she holds them (which is in the course of being formalized in the form of the Immaculate Conception); a doctrine which has had, even in the hands of Mr. Newman, the fearful result of the 'deification' (we must use this word) of him *who was supposed to be her husband,* and who along with her and with *her* Divine Son, *his* charge, in a recent sermon (Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations, 1849,) has been put forward as the *second* member of an all-

powerful *Triad* (we were near using another noun). 'It will be 'blessed indeed if Jesus, Joseph, and Mary are there [at the 'deathbed] waiting to shield you from his assaults, and to receive 'your soul. If they are there, all are there; Angels are there, 'saints are there, heaven is there, heaven is begun in you, and the 'devil has no part in you.' When we contemplate the really materialistic, really lowering tendency of these views, we stand aghast. That the second of them, which gives S. Joseph priority over her whom all generations shall call Blessed, might very easily be corrupted into the Socinian idea of the Holy Family (so true it is that extremes meet), is a thing so obvious and so alarming that we will merely indicate it. We have as little hesitation in saying that the equality to Mass which (we speak from a close survey of the tone of the new school's productions) we find given to 'Benediction,' (a rite, it must be observed, which custom has connected with the evening,) of which the astutely-concocted attacks on Vespers, contained in the article on Popular Services in the Rambler for October last, was a part, must inevitably tend, first, to a merely material view of the most mysterious of all mysteries, then to very irreverent dealing with it, and finally to a 'philosophy of the Real Presence'—pardon us, a *development* of the doctrine, which with a little more manipulation will result in absolute Pantheism.

We can now fill up the blank we have hitherto left, and show how it is that modern Italian Church architecture is the legitimate instrument for Oratorian ritualism. The explanation, incredible as it may seem, is this:—the Real Presence being regarded, as we have said, in a most materialising manner, and apart from the Eucharistic Sacrifice, it is assumed that everything which prevents proximity of presence and of sight to it on the part of the congregation is wrong. Chancels keep them at a distance from the altar, therefore they are to be cut off. Screens hide the tabernacle, therefore they are to be cast down! The system, to be consistent, should forbid consecrating at the west side, and denounce tabernacles. Perhaps it may do so yet! We feel confident that this simple statement is enough to show how unfortunate is the outcry brought against many of the most active and earnest of the English Clergy, even by so-called High Churchmen—an outcry which *has* sufficed to leave one of the most zealous of them in fearful doubt as to the tenure of his cure—that they Romanize, when they restore mediæval ritual. Mediæval ritual is *anti-Roman*, as Rome *now* is; and this Rome knows full well. Were there less jealousy, less passion, and larger-hearted views abroad, men would feel that in the simultaneous revival, in the Anglican and Anglo-Roman bodies (not to mention France) of old traditionary

rites, long forgotten on both sides, is to be found an earnest, it may at least be permitted to hope, of restored communion upon primitive and universal principles, lost among the errors and contentions of modern times. True Christian, ancient, ecclesiology, and modern Romanism, are not compatibilities. Encourage the former, and you aid the reformation of the Western Church. Put it down, and in your shortsightedness you throw open wide the doors to Oratorianism.

We feel that we are speaking somewhat at a disadvantage, having had to compose for ourselves a summæ of what has never been so completely systematized by its professors, and being therefore liable to a charge of misrepresentation or invention. We speak, however, from a study of their writings, and—we believe there is no breach of confidence in saying so—from a conversation with a neophyte of the Oratory, whom we accidentally fell in with while visiting for curiosity's sake (not for any services) their church of St. Wilfrid, Coton Hall. This young convert actually poh-poohed the reverence which might induce the laity (acting there as such should have done in a church of our own communion) to shrink from going near the altar. While telling us that there were at communion-time rails, he took care to explain that this was solely for utilitarian objects, and not from reverential feelings. As a practical proof too of how their system worked, an altar had been set against the south wall of the south aisle (the church by Mr. Pugin being in its design mainly correct), without the slightest barrier between it and the congregation, who from the smallness of the structure are thereby brought into a most disagreeable nearness to it. Orientation, we should add, is exploded by the Oratorians. We were, we own, fairly staggered by what we heard, prepared as we were, should we ever fall in with a disciple of the Oratorians, for much that would shock those ideas which we had been taught were the necessary development of Catholic worship.

The theory of Oratorian popular services we shall not at present handle. Its drift is very manifest, on the one hand, to propagate a species of popular devotion, and on the other, to render them merely for the people, and different from anything like the notion of the old 'Officium Divinum.'

It is, we unhesitatingly own, the consideration of these fearful tendencies, and not any æsthetic or antiquarian feelings for mediæval churches and their fittings, which makes us look upon the Oratorian system with such apprehension. Whatever faults may be found with the Eastern Church it certainly does not Oratorianize. *Sacrifice* is the prominent idea of the Oriental worship, and we have never heard of S. Joseph being placed before the *Panagia*. As in its doctrine so in its worship, it

rejects the new notion of irreverence indicating love. Witness its Iconostasis, witness its veil. It seems to us, by fact and inference, almost irrefragable that the Ecclesiological system is in fact far more cognate with modern Constantinople than with modern Rome;—with the system which does not, than with the one which does, level screens and curtail chancels.[1] And yet how little do these thoughts—thoughts founded on fact and not on theory—seem to have occurred to those who rejoice at the Church being deprived of Mr. Bennett's activity and successful zeal because he had, in his new church, carried out the things which the converts repudiate, and because he had defended them by an appeal to the Undivided Church. How many the downfall, if consummated, of S. Barnabas may not entice to the Oratory, it is not for us to conjecture.

In drawing this picture of Oratorianism, we have, for the sake of completeness, forestalled chronology. The first intimation of the new light which had broken upon the converts was not in any publication especially put out by a member of that congregation, but in a journal—then weekly, now monthly—the 'Rambler;' edited very notoriously by an 'Esquire,' who while an Anglican Priest, had generously built a Church upon Ecclesiological principles, which, we must do him the credit to say, he very handsomely abandoned to the Church of England on his secession, when some chicanery might have enabled him to keep it. This attack followed upon what had seemed the triumph of the Ecclesiological principle in the Anglo-Roman body, the opening of S. George's, Lambeth, in an article on that Church, in the Rambler for July 8, 1848. The battle was at first directed against screens alone, of which the writer pronounced, 'our aversion to screens, both theologically and architecturally, being very strong;' the theological aversion being the view which we have drawn out above. The challenge so daringly thrown down was quickly taken up; and, for some time, the Rambler became the channel of a very fierce controversy, which continued till its change to a monthly issue put a stop to it. On the other side, two of the chief defenders of screens, Mr. T. W. Marshall and Mr. Pugin, chose the Tablet as their organ. The latter, in a letter, written with all his characteristic dash and talent, printed in the Tablet for September 2, 1848, pointed out, in a sentence italicised by himself, the true meaning of an attack which was ostensibly against screens alone; the writer in the Rambler professing to be an admirer of Pointed architecture. '*The screens once gone, the*

[1] Mouravieff, in his history of the Russian Church, mentions the restoration of screens as a result of the restoration of the uniates to Eastern communions.

'*chancels will follow, aisles, chapels, apse, all, and the cathedral* '*sinks into an assembly-room.*' The Rambler, in its arguments, appealed to considerations of the days we live in, as conclusive against appeals to tradition, and made much of the impossibility of the rite of Benediction being celebrated where there was a screen; an argument answered by the home-thrust contained in the fact that in a church, where the Feast of Corpus Christi, that annual solemnity of which Benediction is the constant repetition, had been just established, a church no less than the cathedral of Vienne in France, and notorious for a beautiful screen and loft, the loft was made use of in the ceremonial. The Rambler also dropped some strange theories as to the undesirableness of the sign of our salvation being found in the Church contemporaneously with the reserved Hostia, an idea which we fully expect to see developed in the Oratorian system.

In 1849, the conflict had extended over the whole field of architecture, ritualism, and Church music, (with a singular exception in favour of mediæval vestments, for *practical* reasons,) in cleverly written, but utterly misty papers, in the Rambler, of which the result was, a confession of Oratorianism, with a prudent reserve of loopholes, and the promise that that journal would put out a series of plans and designs for development in churches suited to the towns of the nineteenth century. The first was to appear at the commencement of 1850. Accordingly, we opened that Rambler with curiosity, and laid it down with astonishment. This church of the future was a horribly ugly Romanesque, one by Mr. Hadfield, without a single merit of a Pointed one, and everything, (a *high* screen alone excepted,) aisles, chancel, stalls, &c., which Oratorians found to object to in mediæval structures. Mr. Pugin did not fail to be down upon the abortion in a stinging pamphlet, further remarkable for some candid and well-expressed admissions of failure on his own part, in some early churches, which had, we believe, quite the effect of putting right some previous misapprehensions relative to him. The second model church was hardly less curious, being a Middle Pointed one, by Mr. Wardell, ecclesiological in all but screen and stalls, both of which, in the accompanying letter-press, the architect advocated as necessary to complete the structure. But of the third we must say, 'none but itself can be its parallel.' Its parent is Mr. C. Parker, who proclaimed his bantling Romanesque, and gave us an affair combining more features of bad Italian and bad Louis XV. than we could have well thought congregable in one little building, with (the objects of the series of the churches being to produce an utilitarian series) a large open loggia affixed to the struc-

ture. With this the series abruptly concluded, a step in the wisdom of which we should think all classes and all denominations would agree.

Before recurring to the Oratory itself, we must, by way of parenthesis, record, that the screen controversy gave rise to rather an amusing episode, in a discussion which arose on the propriety of a custom prevalent among some of the Ecclesiological side, of filling their chancels with laymen dressed up as 'dummy' priests. Here we need not say we think the movement party got a very fair advantage of their opponents, one of whom, Dr. Doyle, of S. George's, had the courage to defend it, in a letter, in which he pleaded for it on score of the consolation it afforded to (married) converts who had given up their own chancels in 'Protestant' Churches. Mr. Pugin promised, in consequence of this controversy, to publish a work on screens, which, we trust, will ere long appear.

In the meanwhile, the Oratorians themselves were not idle, but, literally fulfilling Mr. Pugin's saying, of the cathedral being turned into an assembly-room, opened (under Mr. Faber's especial charge, Dr. Newman presiding over the parent house at Birmingham) the late Lowther Rooms, in King William-street, Strand, as their church, or 'Oratory,' at the end of 1848. This change of appropriation galled Mr. Pugin very much, but we think not very fairly. Granted that the association of a church with a late dancing-room is not pleasant, yet nobody can deny that it is a change very much for the better, and that in these times any room which is large enough is a treasure, when a temporary church is on foot. We know, in London, of a similar appropriation having been made for the temporary worship of a very earnest Anglican congregation.

The Oratory was at first meanly furnished, and meanness in Divine worship was for some time a point insisted upon by that party: latterly, as in the Rambler's pattern churches, it seems to have slipped out of notice. It is curious that since its opening, the Oratory has been decorated in a more seemly way, at the cost of a noble lord. When the Oratorians, if the report which we have heard be true, build their church, which is to cost £35,000, in London, we shall, we fancy, be told that one of their prime tenets is the duty of carrying out *their* system of ritual, with a magnificence which will put to shame that of S. George's. Indeed, we think we see in Mr. Faber's Lectures on S. Philip Neri, the germ of this change, in the passage where he dilates on the way in which the arts have always gathered round the congregation of the Oratory.

We have now brought down our sketch, fragmentary and imperfect as we feel it to be, of Ecclesiological progress from the

primitive basilica to the mediæval cathedral, thence to the paganizing structures of modern Italy, and down to that revival of ancient forms, in which both the Anglican and Anglo-Roman communions, each acting upon independent principles, have of late been so active. We have pointed out the men and the causes which led to the dogmatic resumption of the traditions of the sixteenth century, in opposition to this revival, which seemed to promise to be something more than an architectural one. We have sketched the fearful doctrinal perversion, which seemed to be enkernelled in this dogmatic opposition, and we have found it making to itself a habitation in London, as it has also done in Birmingham. We have a very wide field before us still, to give specimens of the worship which it has developed, to try them by the touchstone of the Universal Church, to test at the same time the theory and the practice of Anglican worship, and finally, to adventure some rules of ritualism, which might likewise be assumed as primary principles for the worship of universal undivided Christendom—when the teaching of the Oratory and the Proprietary Chapel shall both be things which exist, if at all, out of the pale of the One Catholic Church.

But these matters are so extensive, and we have already run on to so great a length, that we must postpone it till another number. Our remaining subjects will be found charged with weighty topics of thought to those who believe in the Catholic Church, as a living, energizing thing, set up for the salvation of souls, and not merely an antiquarian record, or a convenient theme upon which to build sermons, speeches, pamphlets, and, on emergencies real or supposed, addresses to the Crown. As we write this we do not forget that Advent-tide has come on, that fearful time, which shows that we have advanced a stage further towards that

> 'One supreme divine event
> To which creation moves.'

A new Church year has commenced, and if the signs all around us do not play falser than falseness, it will be a year pregnant with momentous consequences, pregnant, we must in fear add, with probing woes to the Christian Church. The time has come when the foundations of all things must be examined. In the meanwhile it is Advent, and the Church will soon commence her invocations, full of sorrow, full of hope, invocations in which the calendar of the English Church permits us to join, —O Clavis David, et sceptrum domûs Israel, qui aperis et nemo claudit, claudis et nemo aperit, veni et educ vinctum de domo carceris, sedentem in tenebris et umbrâ mortis.

ART. VI. *Sermons on some of the Subjects of the Day, preached at Trinity Church, Marylebone. By* GILBERT ELLIOT, D.D., *Dean of Bristol.* London: James Darling. 1850.

THESE sermons would, in the ordinary course of things, have deserved no particular notice in our pages. For as their errors and misrepresentations are (unfortunately) by no means unique or novel, so are they not here propounded with any such vigour or eloquence as to make them especially worth criticism. But on the other hand, Dr. Elliot is unusually audacious in the expression of his peculiar opinions; and these opinions, so far from disqualifying him for high preferment, so far from being—as, we cannot but think, to a person of consistent principle or scrupulous conscience, they ought to be—a bar in his own mind to the acceptance of a post of hierarchical dignity, have been invested with undue importance in the present critical posture of affairs, as being the utterances of one chosen by the present distributor of crown patronage to succeed the late unhappy holder of the Deanery of Bristol. Thus the readers of newspapers have lately been told that Dr. Elliot, in all the dignity of Dean, at public meetings called in Bristol to protest against the papal aggression, 'electrified' his audiences, as well he might, by repudiating his own priesthood and everybody else's, and by stultifying his own position—so far as that can be done by the negation of the only idea of a Church which can justify one man in becoming a *prelate* over another. And some pamphleteerer, we have observed, trimming his sails to the popular gale, has made one of the worst of Dr. Elliot's Bristol sentences the motto of his lucubration.

So that it may not be wholly without profit to give our readers some idea of the distinguishing principles of Dr. Elliot's theology, as enunciated in the present volume of sermons. In so doing it will not be necessary to cull out—as might, however, easily be done—vague and loose and doubtful expressions about such sacred doctrines as those connected with the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation: such as, even if pardonable in discourses hastily written for the pulpit, ought never to have appeared in print without careful correction. Nor need we trouble ourselves to point out the glaring contradictions which meet the eye of an attentive reader in nearly every page. It will be quite sufficient to exhibit as much as possible in his own words the main and fundamental error of Dr. Elliot's scheme of divinity. Most of the sentences we shall quote speak for themselves, and require neither comment nor refutation. Accord-

ingly, we do not purpose to show at any length how irreconcilable his opinions are with—not merely the spirit, but —the letter, of the authoritative formularies of the Church of England. Our task shall be confined to bringing together various passages, and developing from them Dr. Elliot's belief as to the nature of the Church, and then showing how necessarily there follow from this other most erroneous conclusions as to the Christian ministry and Catholic doctrine.

It will scarcely be necessary to point out, once for all, that Dr. Elliot appears wholly to ignore the existence of the Church of England before the Reformation. It would seem to be an essential part of his theory that a fresh beginning was made at that epoch, and that nothing was inherited by the later from the earlier Church, except what was actually and expressly adopted in the Articles. Probably he never thought deeply enough to find out how many vital truths would be indefensible on this hypothesis against an infidel enemy, or indeed, as we shall see, perhaps he is careless as to any external safeguard of truth, boasting, as he will be found to do, in the assertion, that any individual has it in his power independently to discover for himself 'what is truth.'

I. But now, first, we must endeavour to determine what, according to Dr. Elliot, the Church *is*. It would really seem, so far as these sermons go, that it has never even entered into his mind to imagine that that article in the Creed, 'The Holy Catholic Church,' has any ascertainable meaning; or that any notion as to its meaning might be gathered from the Ordinal. The nineteenth Article is assumed as a sufficient definition of the Church: but in point of fact, some important qualifications even in that meagre statement are in practical application eliminated. Dr. Elliot's theory may, we think, be fairly stated to be this:—that the Church is nothing more than an expression of the national will, as to the external form of religion, ascertained and defined by the ordinary legislature. This view, and its necessary consequences, shall be pointed out in his own language.

The first passage we shall quote contrasts the truth denied with the erroneous view propounded:—

'Attempt is being made' [he says in a Prefatory Address dedicated to his late parishioners] 'to persuade you that God has appointed a visible Church, with a prescribed polity, power and authority, and that this Church ought to be received of men because of this appointment of God; and that the Church which the people of England have established, is that Church; and that the people of England did establish that Church, because they believed it to be the one which God had appointed. But this is not so. The community of England does not recognise in the details of any existing Church whatever, specific institution or ordinance of God. It denies that any Church of peculiar polity or power is authorized by God to demand its establishment

or recognition. And when the community of England framed its Church, it both asserted its own right to do so, and denied the claim of any visible form of Church as being divinely instituted.'—*Prefatory Address*, p. xxiii.

This view was expressed just before in other words:—

'. . . who knew that the people of England were the Church of England; who in their national assemblies would only allow legislation for that Church' [*sic*:—he *means*, would allow no legislation for that Church save in the national assemblies]—'who acknowledged no authority either of office or of doctrine but what the people, in their assemblies, conferred or sanctioned.'—*Prefat. Address*, p. xxii.

Again, still more offensively,—although, *in truth*, the qualification introduced makes the assertion nugatory—the same opinion is expressed in Sermon I.:—

'. . . a Church, which so far as it is the Church of England, because established by the English nation, is created by the law, upheld by the law, paid by the law, and may be changed by the law, just as any other institution of the land.'—P. 11.

Again:—

'The hearts of this people of England were stirred to consider whether the tenets and practices which Luther and the band that had gathered round him condemned, were or were not compatible with God's truth and their own salvation. For some years there was hesitation and change in giving definite expression to the national decision. But in the reign of Elizabeth, the nation, through its ordinary channel, the legislature of the realm, gave a constitution, a ritual, and a law, to the visible Church of Christ in this kingdom.'—P. 104.

Now we really wonder whether Dr. Elliot in his heart believes the above to be a true history of the Reformation: and whether he thinks that the existence and doings of Convocation in those days are a pure myth. In another sermon, however, to do Dr. Elliot justice, Convocation is mentioned as a co-ordinate authority—not with the 'people,' but—with the Crown.

'I could accumulate' [he says, p. 145] 'passage on passage out of the early formularies, books sanctioned and ratified *both by Convocation and the Crown*, which would show that the Church of England never admitted, nor dreamt of any other priesthood than that of Christ,' &c.

Again, at p. 114:—

'This people of England . . . . vindicated to themselves and to every Christian people the right within their own realm to frame a Church of such outward form and of such discipline as might to each appear expedient.'

And, a little further on, in a passage in which there is but the most minute ingredient of truth:—

'Can they be its true children,' [viz. of the Church of England] 'its faithful ministers, who, with Rome, vindicate Orders through apostolic succession, as of *the essence* of a Church; who couple with such Orders *undoubted* possession of truth, and *sole efficacy* of the Sacraments; who know of no salvation, as by covenant, where Orders derived from the Apostles

through Episcopacy do not exist; who would confine to the Clergy an authority and power, derived from sacramental grace, to discern what is true in matters of faith, and to decide what shall be right in matters of polity; who deny to a Christian people the power and the liberty to frame for themselves such ecclesiastical institutions as may appear suitable to themselves; who ostentatiously claim the title of a true Church of Christ for that Church, which seems to mingle the idolatrous worship of a mortal —albeit the mother of the Lord—with the worship of God in Christ, while they presumptuously, if not impiously, deny that title to the evangelical Churches planted throughout the world, whose doctrine is no less pure than our own, and whose form of polity is possibly not less apostolical.'—P. 116.

Once more, at p. 125, Dr. Elliot again enunciates the position that the Church *is* the State. 'Be it yours,' he says, 'to per-'petuate as the greatest glory amid much that is glorious con-'nected with our England, that as a nation it is a Church of 'Christ.'

At the end of the Sermons he has added an 'Address on Confirmation,' dated 1850, in which appears the same teaching. 'The people of England felt themselves compelled to quit all 'communion with the Church of Rome. . . . . But when the 'people of England had to form themselves into a separate 'Church, and had to consider what their public services and 'their ceremonies should be, they said in their Articles "that 'Confirmation was not a sacrament of the Gospel," but had '"grown of a corrupt following of the Apostles."' (P. 256.) Upon which misstatement we must make one brief remark: that the very heading of the Thirty-nine Articles by itself refutes Dr. Elliot: wherein they are expressly said to be 'Articles agreed upon *by the Archbishops and Bishops* of both provinces, *and the whole clergy*, in the *Convocation* holden in 1562.'

We have left to this place the most formal expression of this theory as to the nature of the Church, because it leads on at once to some of the necessary consequences of such a view.

'At the Reformation it was given to this realm to feel that God's Church ought not to be something standing apart in a Christian land, and amid a Christian people, from their ordinary law and life,—that there ought not to be one polity called the State, and another polity called the Church; and that the polity of the State might be independent of the action and control of God's Word and will,—but that a Christian people should know and feel themselves above all to be a Church of God, bound to know and to obey his will. And this nation, understanding and feeling this, became, as a nation in its corporate capacity, a congregation of faithful men, a visible, manifest Church of God, determining as a people to bring themselves under acknowledged subjection to God, with a national faith, a national worship, and a national conscience. As a nation, through its ordinary channels of legislation, it gave to itself laws as a Church. It recognised no claim whatever on the part of any supposed commission, deriving its authority from the apostles, either to give a law to the people, or to assume the ministry among them. It never listened, if the clergy ever made it, to any claim to what the apostles themselves disclaimed, "the dominion over

their faith," or to be "lords over God's heritage." Its ritual it prescribed, its code of doctrines and of discipline it ratified, such form of ministry as it thought most expedient it appointed, the duties of the ministry it determined, the sustentation of the clergy it provided for, all by its ordinary channels of legislation as a nation; and while it permits of no change except through the ordinary legislature, it commits to its ordinary courts interpretation, where its formularies have occasioned doubt or difficulty; and attributes to the sovereign the title, under Christ, of supreme head of this national Church, because the sovereign is the executive of the will of the three estates of the realm.'—P. 123.

II. In the last quoted passage more particularly, but also in many of the preceding citations, Dr. Elliot distinctly denies that Episcopal Ordination is of the essence of a Church. The Preface of the Ordinal states: 'It is evident unto all men diligently 'reading the Holy Scripture and Ancient Authors, that from 'the Apostles' time there have been these Orders of Ministers 'in Christ's Church; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons .... And 'therefore, to the intent that these Orders may be *continued*.... 'no man shall be accounted or taken to be a lawful Bishop, 'Priest, or Deacon in the Church of England,[1] or suffered to 'execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, 'examined and admitted thereunto, according to the form here-'after following, or hath had formerly *Episcopal* Consecration, 'or Ordination.' All this Dr. Elliot's theory repudiates. The 'Ministers in Christ's Church' are, in his scheme, not persons who had received the indelible character of Holy Order, but merely, as a matter of propriety and convenience—not of necessity, 'an authorized and accredited ministry.' (P. 6.) This notion is insisted upon over and over again in Sermon I. He there labours to prove that *if* the clergy of this day may be called (as the Apostles were,) ministers of Christ, or stewards of the mysteries of God, 'it must be under very different commis-'sion... from that... under which the Apostles acted.' (P. 3.) Yet, in Article XXVI. it is expressly said that those who minister the word and sacraments, 'do not the same in their own 'name, but in Christ's, and do minister by His commission and 'authority.' And Dr. Elliot continues, 'It is not because they 'have been ordained by those who are said to possess their power 'of ordination in direct line from the Apostles that I claim such 'deference .... nor is it because I hold them to be a sole autho-'rized ministry, inasmuch as they have been ordained by Epi-'scopal ordination, that I claim such deference. On the contrary, 'I hold with what I think can be little doubted to be the sense of 'the nineteenth and of the twenty-third Articles, and with what

[1] Among the many unauthorized alterations in modern Prayer Books is the substitution, in this place, as in others, of 'The United Church of England and Ireland' for 'The Church of England.'

'was undoubtedly the opinion of those who framed those Articles, 'that he is a lawful minister who has been called by any con-'gregation of faithful men.' (P. 5.) Here, as elsewhere, (see p. 109,) Dr. Elliot quotes the twenty-third Article as if its words were '*by* the congregation,' instead of '*in* the congregation'—although the phrase 'IN *the* congregation' is repeated twice in the body of the Article, besides once in its heading.

It is only fair to say that in the continuation of this sermon, (p. 10,) Dr. Elliot, with inexplicable inconsistency, appears vaguely and indistinctly to claim the grace of the Holy Ghost as given with the imposition of hands: but in Sermon V. (p. 106, et seq.) he is even more explicit than in the last quoted passage in denying the grace of Order.

'Now I earnestly beseech your attention to what I am about to state. If any peculiar grace, or authority, or power be delegated by God to any body of men by imposition of hands successively from the Apostles, or by any imposition of hands at all, or by any other form prescribed by God; if God has promised, has attached any such peculiar, specific grace, authority or power to any prescribed form whatever, then is such imposition of hands, or any other such prescribed form clearly a sacrament. Such peculiar grace attached by promise to any form prescribed by God fulfils every condition of a sacrament, as a sacrament is universally defined throughout the body of Christian believers. Consequently the Church of Rome, believing that there is such peculiar grace attached by promise to an outward form prescribed by God, very consistently places Orders among the Sacraments. And if the Church of England believed that God has ordained any visible sign or ceremony or' [? for] 'conferring Orders, attaching any peculiar grace to that sign or ceremony, then also it could not have helped receiving Orders as a sacrament. Now mark the very decisive and peremptory answer of the Church in the twenty-fifth Article, in words so few as though it did not think the matter admitted of question. It denies that "Orders are a sacrament;" and denies it on the specific ground, "that they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God." Thus, in contradiction to Rome, it clearly repudiates it as a fiction altogether, that God has prescribed some positive action through which Orders may be conveyed, or that he has annexed peculiar grace or authority to imposition of hands, successively from the Apostles, or to any other arbitrary form of ordination whatever. Do not allow yourselves to suppose that there is the slightest room for doubt or question, whatever, as to what the doctrine of the Church of England is in this matter. There is no more uncertainty possible as to its clear repudiation of all authority and of any essential and sacramental grace, as dependent on some form of ordination prescribed by God, than,' &c.—Pp. 106, 107.

Now, the more the above passage is considered, the more mischievous it will appear. For who can doubt that it would convey (perhaps was meant to convey) to ordinary readers the impression that the Church of England denied any grace as accompanying Holy Orders? And yet the careful insertion, in every case, of the qualifying words 'prescribed by God,' artfully reduces the whole passage to an argument against

Orders being a sacrament in that high and paramount sense in which Baptism and the Lord's Supper are sacraments; which no one would deny—not even, we imagine, a Roman Catholic, who is not called upon to believe that Orders were 'ordained by Christ himself,' in distinction from their being ordained by the Apostles under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The argument, so guarded, is *nihil ad rem,* for proving that the Church of England does not regard Orders as a '*sacramental,*' or even as a 'sacrament,' in the sense in which holy matrimony is so called in the Homilies.

But having thus laid it down, as proved by the twenty-fifth Article, that the Church of England 'denies that any peculiar form of ordination is necessary to any due ministry in the Church,' Dr. Elliot makes meaningless that important qualification in the definition of the Church, in Art. XIX., which requires that 'the sacraments be DULY administered according to Christ's 'ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite 'to the same.' By the same process the full meaning of Art. XXIII. is evacuated, and it is pretended that 'it answers 'very plainly to' [that is to say, it refutes] 'the Roman 'assumption of a divine commission being accorded to its 'Orders.' (P. 109.)

The words of this Article are:—'It is not lawful for any 'man to take upon him the office of preaching, or ministering 'the sacraments in the congregation, before he be *lawfully* '*called and sent* to execute the same; and those we ought to 'judge *lawfully* called and sent, which be chosen and called 'to this work by men who have public authority given unto 'them *in the congregation* to call and send ministers into the 'Lord's vineyard.' Upon this Dr. Elliot thus comments:—

> 'Those words ought to be to you as words of gold. They cut up root and branch the claim of any body of men, because of some authority vested in them otherwise than *by* the congregation, (!) to be peculiarly the servants and representatives of God, and the only channels of salvation. Our Church does not conceive that there can be a visible Church, which shall not set apart a ministry; nor may any doubt that God's blessing shall be richly given to those whom "a congregation of faithful men" shall, with prayer, send into the Lord's vineyard. But as in the twenty-fifth Article our Church denies that God has imposed any peculiar form of ordination as necessary to the validity of Orders, so here, in perfect consistency with that language, it speaks of "public authority," and not "divine authority," as designating who should send ministers into the Lord's vineyard; and thus it asserts for every national or particular Church the full and perfect right to give unto itself such laws as shall constitute and regulate its own ministry.'—P. 109. (Cf. also pp. 114, 115.)

It is needless to say more than that this view of Art. XXIII. (not to mention the quiet substitution of '*by* the congrega-

tion,' for '*in* the congregation')[1] is directly opposed to the Preface of the Ordinal, which most expressly states the necessity of '*episcopal* consecration or ordination.' Dr. Elliot, however, implies this view of Orders throughout his volume. Thus, as one example, (p. 190,) he asks incidentally, 'Where in the 'Bible is to be found the doctrine of no efficacy of sacraments, 'except as they be made sacraments by the consecration, or by 'the administration of any one set of men, peculiarly com-'missioned thereto?'

III. This view of ordination is, of course, accompanied by a complete denial of a *priesthood;* but this denial is almost invariably pointed against the notion that the Catholic idea of a priest and a sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist involves a disparagement of that one 'full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' Whether this is done out of ignorance or out of malice, it is hard to say; but it makes it difficult to select for censure passages which, theologically considered, are fighting enemies of straw—opinions which nobody maintains—although they convey to ordinary readers the most erroneous and unworthy views as to the Christian priesthood. The following extract is perhaps the least guarded one on the subject. 'Not one line 'of all the teaching of our Church, whether in her formularies 'or liturgy, comes near to countenance the notion of a sacri-'ficing, or interceding, or atoning priesthood, or any priesthood 'whatever, save that alone of Jesus Christ.' (P. 141.) As a consequence he says elsewhere, 'Our service rejects an altar—both name and thing.' (P. 230.) (See also p. 14.)

This view, further carried out, leads Dr. Elliot to make a statement as to the power of the keys, directly contrary to the words conferring that power in the Ordinal. His language is meant to be a *reductio ad absurdum.*

> 'If necessity of mortal priesthood to these ends be acknowledged, there follow, as inevitable consequences, that men, and therefore sinners, can *retain* the sins of other men; that men, and therefore sinners, can *forgive* the sins of other men; that men, and therefore sinners, can withhold or grant the grace of God; that men, and therefore sinners, share with Jesus Christ his priesthood and all it involves.'—P. 140.

Immediately upon this follows a long argument against the *word* priest. 'However the unfortunate use of the word priest, in our rubrics,' (Dr. Elliot does not tell his hearers that this

[1] It is worthy of observation that in the Latin Articles, the word here translated 'congregation' is *ecclesia*, not *cœtus*. In Art. XIX. it is said 'ecclesia Christi visibilis est cœtus fidelium,' &c. But *cœtus*, here properly used as explanatory of part of the idea conveyed by the word ecclesia, is not again used in the Latin. It is in Art. XXIII. *in ecclesia*, three times, and in Art. XXIV. once, where the English has 'in the congregation.'

word was deliberately substituted in several instances, at the last revision of the Prayer Book, for the more vague term minister,) 'may just afford ambiguity enough to serve those 'who wish to deceive the unguarded and unreflecting, no impres-'sion can thence be derived, by any reasonable person, that our 'Church does on that account teach the existence and the 'necessity of a priesthood.' (P. 144.) Dr. Elliot would hardly have been so positive in denying that any word but πρεσβύτερος is the correlative of the word priest in the rubrics, had he remembered that the heading of the thirty-second Article is, in the Latin, *De conjugio sacerdotum.* In the course of this discussion, by the way, we find this further plain contradiction of the preface of the Ordinal,—'I do not know that Scriptures make any distinction of Orders.' (P. 142.)

IV. *Such* a Church, and *such* a ministry, cannot conceivably have any authority. Hence Dr. Elliot, against the twentieth Article, 'Of the authority of the Church,' can speak thus, in censure of his theological opponents: 'Others claim for men, 'either pope, or council, or church, even for this our Church of 'England, which so clearly repudiates it, a power to give autho-'ritative interpretation of that book (the Bible).' (P. 189.) And in the course of a very shocking sermon, (No. X.) in which he distinctly teaches that *any* individual whatever may by private prayer obtain the leading of the Spirit into certain truth on any point, he says, 'Unquestionably this doctrine of 'the Spirit being given to lead unto all truth, and that it shall 'so lead when sought and relied on, and obeyed, tends to an 'independence of man's teaching and man's authority, *as though* '*any man, or any sect of men, had recognised power to define what is* '*truth*' (*sic*). (P. 246.)

Any 'authority' of the Church is also expressly denied, it will be remembered, in the passages quoted above, about the popular origin and constitution of the Church.

Again, the following passage—one of several—is quite inconsistent with real allegiance to a Church that has ever so little dogmatic teaching.

> 'To endeavour to have a simple faith; to refuse to mingle in controversies, or to become a partisan; to be incurious as to what the thousand speculations may mean, which men call "theology;" to care little about a dogma or creed, when God gives you his word, and the Spirit to interpret it; . . . . though all this be the teaching and the guiding of the Spirit, it suits not the contentiousness and pride of the world; . . . . and I believe it to be this temper, this reliance on the Holy Spirit to guide into all truth, which those who are yet but too much the children of darkness, call "latitudinarian."'—P. 249.

The Catechism also naturally comes under his ridicule. He talks of 'drilling its words into the memories of children,' and

continues, 'I cannot but consider that the endeavour is almost 'as absurd as hopeless, to make these young children such 'adepts in the peculiar doctrines of the Church of England, as 'that they shall be able very clearly to distinguish them from 'other doctrines, or able, with any great force, to maintain 'them against opposite doctrines.' (P. 53.)

V. The 'Address on Confirmation,' before referred to, is not only entirely opposed to the spirit of the Prayer Book, as well as the very letter of the office, but it contains besides a summary of most of the peculiar errors of Dr. Elliot. One marvellous passage must be quoted:—

'So then you see, as I said before, that confirmation does not mean that something is to be confirmed in you, but that you are out of your own mouth, will and heart, to renew the promise and vow made for you at your baptism. . . . . Some persons there are who seem to think the grace which was given you in baptism needs to be confirmed, that is, made sure to you, and strengthened by this rite; but this is not so. . . . But nothing man can do, either of any power of his own or of any authority of office, can either give you greater measure of that gift, or take away any portion of it. And you will see that the order of Confirmation says nothing whatever of confirming baptism, but only of you confirming the promises and vows then made for you. Accordingly, if persons were baptized, as many are, without godfathers and godmothers standing for them, and then joined our Church, they could not use our service of Confirmation, because they of course could not renew the vows and promises which had never been made for them.'—P. 260.

We have now pointed out, in order and connexion, the principal errors of Dr. Elliot's theology. Our readers will have seen for themselves the inconsistency of such teaching with the true doctrine of the Church of England. We confess that when we take into consideration the gravity of the evil of such views being allowed to pass unquestioned and uncontradicted—the degree to which they virtually sap the very foundations of belief in at least one Article of the Creed, *The Holy Catholic Church*—their obvious contrariety to often the very express statements of the Prayer Book and Articles—the shamelessness and the dishonesty of argument with which, in this instance, they are propounded,—and the fact that Dr. Elliot has been advanced, in spite of these opinions, perhaps in consequence of these opinions, to high station in the Church,—we must say we think a serious question arises, as to the power, which unquestionably existing in the English Church, can be appealed to for an authoritative censure, by an Ecclesiastical Judge, of doctrine so manifestly false.

ART. VII.—1. *Sacred and Legendary Art. By* MRS. JAMESON. 2 vols. London: Longman. 1848.

2.—*Legends of the Monastic Orders, as Represented in the Fine Arts. By* MRS. JAMESON. London: Longman. 1850.

3.—*Emblems of Saints: by which they are distinguished in Works of Art. By Rev.* F. C. HUSENBETH. London: Burns and Lambert. 1850.

IN these anxious and stirring times, when each year, and almost every day, brings forth portentous events in the history of the Church, and the destinies of the world, it is almost inevitable that men should overlook the minor features of the great changes which are everywhere taking place. To watch in every quarter the progress of the struggle between good and evil is the work of the wise and earnest-minded among us, of those who are set as watchmen on the heights of our spiritual Zion, who look out into the night and tell us if there be any sign of the dawn of the resurrection morning; and there are no symptoms, however faint, of this hidden working which they would overlook if they truly recognised them to be such, but there are many things which we hold to be manifest tokens of the same, that do not in any sort arrest their attention, because not bearing directly on the spiritual condition of Christendom.

Among these we would class first, at this time, the existing state of art; not simply viewed as it now is, but with reference to what it has been. This is not a subject, it must be admitted, on which the master-minds of the present day are disposed to occupy themselves. Some there are, no doubt, artists by nature, who have been driven to this vocation by so resistless a power of genius that they have looked through the very tears of childhood with a painter's eye, or babbled in verse with lips that scarce could frame the imperfect words of infancy; and such as these have no power to resist the heaven-appointed calling, which claims their entire thoughts and energy; but the great leaders in the army of Christ's soldiers are too much occupied seeking out the ambush where the enemy lies hid, or setting landmarks to guide their people through the darkness, to give time or thought to that which they conceive to be fitted and chiefly, if not only, for the amusements, or at best the embellishments, of life.

They feel these to be solemn days in which we live,—days

pregnant with events of great and significant import; and they have no ears for anything but the sounds, dull and hollow as the fall of the avalanche on the mountains which are all around them—telling how barriers are crashing down which have stood the storms of ages, and how kingdoms are being convulsed and principalities shaken: as soon would they think of pausing to listen to the voice of the nightingale, or to define the tints of a rose, when staggering up some dangerous ascent, with foes on every side, and pitfalls at their feet, as linger now to descant upon the poet's song, or examine the merits of the painter's work.

This age is essentially practical—it has of necessity been rendered so by the moral convulsions and threatening storms of which we have spoken; men must look to the very ground beneath their feet that it crumble not away, and they deem the gifts of genius but the outward expression of the beautiful, things lovely and of good report, indeed, as a pastime for holiday hours when the spirit is unvexed and calm, but having no task to perform in the one work of such momentous importance to ourselves, even the upholding of that holy faith, over which the Son of man hath cast so fearful a doubt, whether He shall find it on this earth at His coming.

But is this a just estimate of these less solid acquirements to which some minds are constrained, as it were, by the very principle of their nature to devote themselves? We know that all things on this earth are designed to work together for that great end—the consummation of Christ's kingdom; and if any fail to accomplish their share in the universal effort, it cannot be from a deficiency in their actual nature, but because they are perverted from their proper use by the corruption of man. Now in most cases this perversion is not occasioned by a wilful distortion of any of the good gifts of this life from their purpose as first conceived in the Divine intention, but simply because their power to work for good is not sought out or recognised. And yet, that any channels for the communion of mind with mind, and the development of human thought, should be deemed not only more insignificant than others, but actually powerless in the one great cause, is an assumption springing from intellectual arrogance, which the dimness of our sight in this twilight world, and the limited exercise of our judgment cannot justify.

How is it possible that we can be fit judges what are the great and what the lesser instruments employed in a work which has been organized by Him in whose sight one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day? In that outward creation which He pronounced very good, is there any part however minute

which does not contribute to the beauty of the perfect whole—the flower as well as the tree, the grassy bank not less than the tremendous mountain—can we not say of the smallest blade of grass which He deemed requisite, that without it all would be incomplete? Again, does the stately river on which the commerce of a nation depends perform a nobler work than the rivulet that waters the labourer's field, causing it to fructify and yield food to his children and himself—since both tend to that for which all the fair provisions of nature are appointed, the good of man? And so in the ordering of the moral universe, among all the wheels within wheels of which that marvellous machinery is composed, the action of the most minute have often the largest share in moving the complex arrangement of the whole.

Who among us shall dare to judge what subtle influences are brought to bear on man in the progress of that glorious scheme now at work throughout the world—the renovation of his nature by Christianity? What can we know of the requirement of wisdom, which by innumerable and apparently insignificant channels, works on the mysterious souls of men with a delicacy and variety of action which no human mind could follow? How shall we trace out the fine chords that are sent to seek the responsive echo in the heart, or analyse the interminable variety of character and circumstance which requires that some who would not be won by the hearing of the ear should be allured by the seeing of the eye; or that others who would turn with distaste from the truth as set forth in a grave and weighty form, should yet insensibly imbibe its spirit when conveyed through the medium of sweet verse or pages of attractive matter. In a word one would argue, that while our teachers rightly hold the press and the pulpit and individual influence as the surest instruments for leading men to that Great Light, they do ill to overlook the poets' and the painters' art as agents which may likewise be rendered of great and practical utility in that important task. We are propounding no new view.

There was a time, as we shall shortly prove from the annals of the past, when the Church of Christ recognised in the fine arts one of her most powerful and effective engines for working on the minds of her children, and when she required not to claim from the sons of genius the dedication of their powers to her service, since they did not conceive it possible that they could do aught with these talents committed to them, but trade with them on behalf of their coming Lord. And truly with no grudging or hireling's heart did they perform their life-long work; they believed themselves, on the contrary, appointed to a special honour — invested even

from their birth with a high and holy office which demanded the entire consecration of themselves and all their power; that the fire of their genius might be like the lamp of sacred oil, for ever burning before the altar of their God. Even as Samuel was called of old by the voice Divine, so did they hold themselves summoned to minister within His spiritual temple, and their part therein was to be like those who bore the silver censers, and were for ever sending up sweet incense before the throne. That ever they should sacrifice at the shrine of the world or their own self interest, was a species of practical apostasy from which they would most utterly have shrunk; but rather like the women who in those days were wont to come kneeling to lay upon the altar steps the golden ornaments and sparkling jewels of which they stript their arms and necks, so did the musicians, and painters, and poets of that time thankfully offer up to the only true God the precious things of their souls, the treasures of their intellects, unallured by the false worship of the beautiful as an abstract principle, or the still deadlier homage of the mind to mammon.

There are few things among the signs of the times which we conceive to manifest more clearly than the present degradation of Christian art, how, in the last few centuries, the love of many hath waxed cold. It would be a matter of astonishment to us that this defection is little thought of or deplored, had not the decadence been so gradual. The enemy who stole the good seed while men slept, hath robbed us of many fair things unperceived; and the process by which the spirit of sacrifice has died out among the children of genius, to be replaced by sordid cravings, or the selfish calculations of a worldly ambition, has involved too many changes of more palpable importance to have been greatly heeded.

It were easy to trace out the share which a chilling Protestantism, allied to the grasping encroachments of commerce, has had in this evil work, but our space would not admit of such an inquiry, however interesting; we must be content to look at present to the result without examining the cause. Of this it requires no peculiar keenness of perception to judge at once. The apostasy of genius from its own holy vocation in these latter ages, and the surrender of its noble powers to the service of the world is so complete, that we should be disposed to look hopelessly on the far-spread evil, without so much as raising a voice to protest against it, were it not for the hopeful revival, in this our own day, of the Church's ancient fervour, and her children's holy zeal. Fifty years ago the subject could not have been broached at all; and the fine intellect and bright imagination of the painter and the poet might

have been left without appeal or remonstrance, to make merchandise of the divine fire within them, and traffic with God's gifts in the Vanity Fair of this world as they would. We may hope better things, however, of our own time, and from the nineteenth century we demand the re-consecration of art to Christianity.

This is an appeal to which we are fully aware that we may not expect a practical answer will be given till long after this generation has been swept away. We cannot but feel in looking at the state of art at present, not in our own country alone, but in all Europe, that it must indeed be a work of time before this long exploded truth can be recovered, that the dedication of genius solely to the service of God is not only its legitimate use and intention, as originally bestowed upon man, but the ordinary and bounden duty of every one who possesses it.

How widely and miserably such a system differs from the practice of the present day must be apparent to all, however slightly their attention may have been turned to the subject. In the whole range of art, as at present existing, there seem to be but two main springs of action; the first, and by far the most powerful, is the lust of gain; the other is the ambition of worldly fame. There is of course a certain class among the works of art which are essentially requisite to the Church, and which are, and have been devoted, though not as yet without grudging, and among ourselves without suspicion, to her necessity, such as ecclesiastical architecture, glass painting, silversmith's work, &c., and, in another branch, the composition of hymns and canticles to suit the present taste; but these are mostly given with a compulsory service, which demands its worldly reward, and we speak now of the voluntary contributions which crowd our exhibition rooms and teem from our press, whose essential object, as fixed by their authors, is undoubtedly the praise of men, or the still more substantial earnings to which they look.

That there has been a physical as well as a moral defalcation in art, is a matter too evident to be questioned; none would doubt its extent who ever compared the divine works of the old masters with the compositions of modern times. Now we are most deeply convinced that the outward deterioration is but the palpable manifestation in the visible work of the degradation in the spirit which has animated him who produced it. Why is it that we have no Fra Angelicos and Peruginos, no Dantes and Tassos, no Palestrinas in our time? Why is it that we should look in vain among the productions of our cotemporaries for the divine beauty—in truth the very beauty of holiness—that in various shapes was made manifest by them to the mortal senses?

It is because the glory and power of an answered prayer for God's inspiration is beaming on us, in the spiritual loveliness that haunts the pictured forms of one, thrilling to our hearts in the solemn verse of another, and stealing on our ears with the sweetness of an angel's song in the melodies of the third; nor would the prayer ever have been made or answered, had not each gifted soul already consecrated their entire power and energy as a freewill offering to their Lord—a restoring unto Him in His own appointed way of the gifts which He had given.

Generally speaking we may say that this devoted spirit no longer exists, and for this cause we now behold that Genius of art in the dust, bound and degraded, fed with unseemly food, and producing most chiefly works of an earthly and sensual caste, which once, as the pure handmaiden of the Christian Faith, went with that mighty power whithersoever its influence extended—striving to set forth its glory by every means appointed, alike to the refined and gentle, who could appreciate her subtler beauties, and to the ignorant, who could better understand her visible teaching than the words of wisdom unintelligible to their unlearned minds.

It may not be unprofitable to indulge for a moment in a vision, however ideal, of what might be, were Christian art restored to her legitimate office as the devoted servant of the Church, when her existence should be only an outward expression in various shapes of the eternal truths of which that Church is keeper. Her mission, so long forgotten, is to win the souls of men by her allurements and attractive teaching; making known, in beauty, to the young and to the ignorant masses of the people, that Christian Faith, which too often is presented to them under the most chilling and repulsive form; and overcoming, for the voluptuous and earthly, the seductive images and tones of the world, by bringing before them fairer shapes and sweeter sounds, as shadows of heavenly things—were this holy mission of art but fully recognised by those whose natural gifts have enrolled them under her banners, how glorious might not be their working! Then would they perceive themselves to be a consecrated body, appointed to serve God in one special channel; and as all dedication of self involves a life of denial and purity, so, in order to concentrate their powers on the one object for which art was given to the world, they would divest themselves of all desire for the praise of men and the worldly goods, to which artists so often prostitute their talents. They would strive to live ignoring the existence of aught save God and their own soul, desirous only of producing, not what shall most tend to their own fame or the humbling

of a rival, but what shall most further the glory of their Lord, and prove the surest instrument for His work on the souls of men. Then would art appear in guise so heavenly, bringing such eloquent visions of holy things before the eyes of man, and sending such an angel voice of warning through the world in music or in poetry, that the hearts of men would be touched, their consciences awakened in spite of all the world's searing, and their spirits drawn upward to the Alone Source of all true beauty.

It might, indeed, seem almost despairing, with thoughts such as these, to look around us on the actual profanation of the fine arts. A melancholy spectacle truly they present to us, uninspired by the grace, unhallowed by the motive, and they that should have been as brethren, working the good work with the same noble instruments, are often bitterest enemies at heart, full of envy and self-love; for if any thing were required to show how miserably art has fallen from its original use and first estate, the evil passions which seem to be for ever springing from its exercise, and actually produced thereby, would be sufficient proof that there is a deep seated corruption now for ever distorting and debasing it.

An artist's jealousies and heart-burnings are proverbial, and how often is common-place rivalry the motive of all their zeal and labour. Yet even the world has a loftier ambition than emulation, it has that which, though perhaps the least gross and despicable, is not the least pernicious of the principles that rule the artist mind—viz. that abstract worship of the beautiful which approaches so nearly to pantheism. This semblance of truth, even more we should say than the mere worldly ambition or the lust for gold, will come between art and Christianity, because it has a look of purity with which the artist soul contents itself, when the immortality within it revolts against these baser uses.

We shall do better, however, by seeking to discover what are the obstacles which militate against the consecration of art in the present day, than by lingering any longer to lament its abuse. The first great difficulty consists in the simple fact that men not only do not comprehend the sacred mission to which art is appointed, but they do not conceive the possibility of its being rendered available on behalf of Christianity. This objection we propose to remove by referring to the experience of past ages, when the Church drew most goodly and pleasant fruit from the devotion of genius to her cause. Supposing this overcome, however, and that the artist world were to cast down the golden idol of their worship, discard the incense of human praise, and return to the service and allegiance of

their lawful master, a new difficulty would arise, most likely, in their being unable to discern the means by which they were to make the fine arts active engines in His holy cause. Here again we have the practical evidence of other times; and records yet remain to us from many lands, both in tradition and in history, where we may find minute details of the noble works then undertaken, and the mode by which the artist prepared himself for his sacred labours.

We shall most advance our argument, and answer both difficulties, by giving some account of the system, whereby in earlier days art was made the organized instrument of the Church, as we have learned it in the very localities themselves which were thus favoured.

Our field of observation has been most in those lands which have been ever subject to the operation of the eastern branch of the Church; but we could not perhaps take a fairer guide than her teaching in this respect, not only because it is still at work in various quarters to this day, but because the simplicity and undeviating obedience to rule which so nobly characterise her practice, have their full power in these minor channels of good, as well as in the weightiest matters of the law, and enable us to follow the course assigned by the Church to art, both in principle and action, with great clearness and purity of detail. It must be remembered, however, that in talking of what was customary among Eastern Christians, we are in fact giving the practice of all Christendom, as even after the unhappy separation of the western and eastern branches the same spirit still guided the exercise of genius, till the degeneracy of later times had rendered it so universally corrupt, that perhaps in the east alone, and that only in certain localities, does it retain somewhat of its ancient holy fire.

We find, then, on consulting the treasures of the old Byzantine monasteries, as well as the traditionary knowledge of the people themselves in the present day, that at the time when Christianity was in her greatest glory in Byzantium, art was so solemnly devoted to sacred purposes, that its exercise was entirely confined to religious houses; and further, that it was subject, in all the three branches of poetry, painting, and music, to certain set laws, arbitrary as the canons of the Church, and supposed to be derived, as we shall presently show, from marvellously high sources. In Spanish art, as in other *cosas de España*, the Oriental tradition long survived: and there are extant several Spanish treatises rigidly prescribing the details of Christian art.

The theory as to the destined use of art which they held as a point of doctrine, is simply that as well as all good gifts

of God, it was created solely for His service and worship, and that it was an act of treason to His divine majesty to profane it to common uses; if any man felt within himself that the seal of genius was set upon him, then they believed that straightway he must account himself as one sacred, ordained to a life of more than ordinary devotion, and most often, as a means for the higher consecration of his powers, to asceticism. The great work which they believed it was the mission of Christian art to accomplish, was the instruction of the people in divine truth by the most attractive means; such a teacher was in those days in fact, absolutely necessary; for reading was an art confined almost entirely to the monastic orders, and the system of exhortation from the pulpit was in great disuse. The unchanging and most eloquent services of the Church were, of course, the main and divinely appointed medium of conveying to those nations the doctrines of our holy faith and her requirements, but in aid and interpretation of these they trusted much to the work of the fine arts. Thus the entire records of the Church's warfare upon earth up to that period were made known to the people by means of sacred paintings. These were conveyed by travelling monks from house to house, and not confined to the churches alone, although no doubt the old Byzantine pillars of these noble structures formed the legitimate and best framework to such holy subjects, whilst they in return gave to them an outward attraction which drew many of the ignorant within their walls. By means of these sacred images alone, the whole history of martyrdom has been known to the Eastern Christian; and not only have the actual facts been thus displayed before their eyes, but the artist's skill was wont to paint so truthfully the triumph and glory of a soul faithful unto death over the agony of the body, that we positively affirm from the experience we have had of these yet existing works, no power of teaching, no volumes of eloquence, would so awaken the conscience or win the heart, as the images there represented of the triumphs of the Christian faith.

All who have ever visited the ancient churches in the interior of the East, may test the accuracy of this assertion, for in obedience to the undeviating law of which we have spoken, the type of ecclesiastical painting has not varied one hair's breadth through the centuries that have passed away; and all who will may yet read, upon the time-stained wall of many a holy building, the eloquent sermons which preached Christ's cross to those, who, clinging to it, we would trust, have ages since been safely landed on the eternal shores. No one could doubt how powerful an engine is Christian art, who once has looked upon the pale solemn faces of those pictured saints, represented at the

very moment when they bartered their death agony for a celestial crown—the ghastly details of their bodily torture rendered unmistakably plain, so that no one may deem the *Via Crucis* shall ever be soft treading unto human feet; whilst the ever-recurring evidence of the no less sure and blessed truth, *Post crucem corona*, is with equal clearness set forth in the image of the opening heaven, to which the dying eyes are turned, beholding already the angel ministers of the heirs of salvation stretching forth their hands with joyful welcome to their new companion, and upholding the everlasting crown before his aspiring gaze. In those days, too, when the conversion of the heathen was a task for which there was scope in every town and by every hearth, the people were stimulated to energetic efforts for the propagation of the Faith by glowing representations of the successful working of the saints, where the deeds done in this visible world, and their result in that which is unseen, were displayed together. The chains of sin and sorrow were beheld falling from the hands of those on whom the waters of baptism were descending, and the known presence at such holy sacraments of the angelic hosts was simply recognised in their actual appearance in visible shape among the group. Most frequently they are seen pointing to the celestial Paradise, whence rays of light descend, and where a place is speedily preparing for those to whom has now been given the Christian name by which they may be known in heaven.

Herein lies one great secret of the means whereby this silent teaching of sight was rendered so effective, that art carefully displayed on the same canvass the result in eternity of that which was taking place in time. The present toil was never given without the future reward—the earthly cross without the heavenly palm of victory—the sympathy of our Lord and the holy angels with the Christian pilgrims, wearily walking through the world to their home, was ever made manifest; and the continual presence of the head of the Church, alike with that portion of it which is militant on earth, and that which is triumphant in heaven, was so vividly set forth, that the veil of the flesh yet separating them seems to dissolve into a film before the strong reality of that embodied thought.

A still more wonderful principle carried out in this sacred art was the system of symbolism, whose interesting details in old Byzantine art we earnestly recommend to the study of all who may feel disposed to attempt, even in their own persons only, the consecration of painting to holy purposes. This beautiful symbolic teaching was conducted with a subtilty and depth of meaning, which if sometimes beyond the comprehension of the great mass of the people, as we should imagine, was not the

less, perhaps, singularly adapted to the more cultivated minds of the day.

The mission of sacred painting in the East was not, however, only to teach such profitable details in the history and prospects of the Catholic faith as the services of the Church were not likely to convey, but likewise to impress upon the minds of her children, and to elucidate, with all the vivid reality of an actual representation, the awful truths which she had already taught them. Thus the judgment of the Last Great Day, with the awarding of the awful sentence to each separate crime, was a subject elaborately, and often most powerfully treated. We met with a singular circumstance concerning this subject in a very ancient deserted Church in the interior of Greece. The walls were entirely covered with a well-executed delineation of the Doom; they were, however, blackened with age, and with the fires which the Turks had lit within the Church, in the vain hope of destroying one of God's temples; (in which we may remark, they never succeeded, whatever might be the secret awe or the actual power which arrested their sacrilegious hands,) and it was some time before we could discern the appalling subject; but gradually, on examining more minutely, we discovered, to our great astonishment, that the punishment assigned to the various classes of crimes tallied to the very letter with those of Dante's Inferno and Purgatorio. It was not a mere general resemblance, but a similarity of the closest exactness. There could be no question that the painting was greatly antecedent to the poet's work; and no plainer proof could be adduced that the sacred poems and sacred pictures embodied the one prescribed recognised type of Christian Iconography and symbolism, diffused and accepted throughout East and West.

So deeply impressed was the Church in those days of the power of this agent in her hands, and so active in the diffusion of these works of art, that up to the present time the ancient custom then established still prevails, of furnishing the houses of the poorer classes, as well as the Churches, with sacred paintings. There is not an abode, however humble, among the Eastern Christians which has not some works of Christian art; their antiquity proving that they date from a remote period, and that they have been handed down from father to son, teaching the same lesson to generation after generation. These often prove to be singularly interesting specimens of a very ancient style of art. They consist generally of a wooden frame, on which are painted the faces, hands, and feet of the saints, with exquisite delicacy of touch; whilst the figures and remainder of the pictures are worked in silver.

By this means the Church caused her silent teaching to be conveyed to the further limits of her dominion as well as to the innermost hearts of her children. Of the actual work wrought on the souls of men by the sanctification of this branch of art, we have ample proof in the records of the past. That great writer, so essentially Protestant, to say the least, Channing, has borne unwilling testimony to the effect it can even produce on a mind not only highly cultivated and distinctly antagonistic to such uses, when he says, 'The services of the altar did not move, 'but rather pained me; but when I cast my eyes on the pic-'tures on the wall, which placed before me the holy men of 'departed ages, now absorbed in devotion and lost in rapture, 'now enduring with meek courage and celestial hope the agonies 'of a painful death in defence of the truth, I was touched, and 'I hope made better. The voice of the officiating priest I did not 'hear; but these sainted dead spoke to my heart, and I was 'sometimes tempted to feel as if an hour spent in this commu-'nion were as useful to me as if spent in a Protestant church.'[1] We are not asked to accompany Channing in his preference of anything instrumental to the service of the altar itself, but his enthusiasm may well render it no matter of surprise if we find the desired impression gladly received in the kindlier soil of willing though ignorant hearts.

Did our space permit we could give many instances of the power allowed to this gentle instrument to snatch even souls from perdition. Beautiful traditions there are of fierce warriors, men of blood, and murderers, turning to rest from the heat of the day, when journeying on some scheme of rapine, in the cool shadow of the silent church—there, as they lifted their scoffing eyes upon the sacred cross behind which the awful altar is concealed, suddenly their gaze would meet the solemn eyes of the agonizing Lord looking into theirs with that intense holiness and majesty of expression which characterises most of the *inspired* pictures—then would they struggle beneath the dreadful look, and strive to escape from within the sacred walls; but in vain would they wrestle with the strange fascination of that gaze piercing them through and through, and nailing down their souls before it as His own hands were nailed unto the Cross—and gradually the fire of love, beaming from those divine eyes through all the silent agony of the Cross, would melt the ice around their hearts of stone—horror for the sin which caused that precious blood to flow, now seeming actually to trickle on them from the walls—a love, a longing for the meek and holy Sufferer, that fixed upon them such a look of mournful reproach, would come irresistibly over their spirit, driving out the

[1] Essay on the Church, p. 273.

evil passions, till the knees that never bowed but on a captive's neck, would bend down in trembling before the blessed likeness, and the lips that never opened but to speak blasphemies or cruelty, would frame the unaccustomed Kyrie eleïson. Such were the practical triumphs of Christian art.

Such histories might be accompanied with many more equally striking, of the power of consecrated poetry and music —for this art, no less than that of painting, was devoted with eminent success to this holy work. Many examples are recorded, such as of princely tyrants, gorged with luxury and ill-gotten wealth, riding past some village church, in all the pomp of earthly state, and hearing, through the old windows, sounds so sweet, that it was like an angel singing; and how the holy melody had such resistless power, that they were drawn by it, as by silver chains, towards the Christian temple, where, when they entered, a nameless awe fell on their souls with the shadows that closed around them; and soon the deep words swelling in those divine songs, of which the burden was ever how He died and rose again, would pierce their hearts, and they whose music hitherto had been their prisoners' cries, would join their voices to the vesper hymn, and worship with penitence.

In a simpler detail of facts, however, than these fine old traditions afford, we have abundant proof of the skilful manner in which both music and poetry were rendered effective in the Church's cause. The execution of both, and especially the latter, were chiefly confined, as we have said, to the monastic orders, but not the less they were brought to bear upon the minds of the people; for the monks of those days were wont to seek out their wandering sheep on the mountains, and in the distant villages wheresoever they might be scattered; and among the simple-hearted villagers they would chant the sacred verses they had written in their lonely cells; and so retentive was the memory of their hearers, that these strains, and the truths they conveyed, never passed again from their hearts or lives; even yet their echo is lingering on those mountains over which the rushing centuries have passed since first they sounded there; and still, as of old, the very little children now syllable the sacred words they do not understand, but which hereafter shall be to them the key of mysteries; and thus we may judge, even yet, how acceptable they were to the Oriental imagination; how well adapted to stir the light hearts that would have rebelled against more solemn teaching. We must not overlook one striking fact connected with this subject—that this same art, which the Church rendered so powerful and noble an instrument in the service of God, was first raised by

her out of a degradation on which it is painful even to think. It was in the very Greece and Rome where afterwards the western and eastern branches alike effected so holy a consecration of genius, that first the fine arts were nurtured in corruption. If we have spoken of their present state as degraded, we know not what words to apply to the horrible profanation to which they were then subjected. The walls of Pompeii and the vases of Greece will furnish but too flagrant details; and we have only alluded to the subject, because we were anxious to show how deep must have been the conviction of the Church that art was a holy gift of God, designed for holy uses, and how wise the powerful means by which she appropriated it, before she could have accomplished the result we have been describing; wherein we see it raised out of a very mire of corruption to be the noble servant of Christianity itself.

It is of this conviction and of these means that we would speak, being fully persuaded that some account of them might be of considerable service in the present day; but we are fully aware that in describing them as they actually existed in the Eastern Church, we shall not be able to carry the great majority of our readers along with us in entire sympathy with her views. We shall not the less, however, state them exactly, and we may confidently assert, that where they cannot be received in full detail, the germ of deep truths will at least be found within them, whose recognition were most important to the soul.

The conviction, or as we may call it, faith of the Eastern Church on this point was, simply, that art and the genius which assigned the power to execute it to individuals was not only a Divine gift, but distinctly of Divine inspiration, *i.e.* that although naturally some persons were gifted from their birth, it was yet an emanation of special grace—one of the direct operations of God's own Holy Spirit, which might be obtained by fasting and prayer, where no previous ability or knowledge of the art had existed. In fact, so far as a right and holy use of it were concerned, it was considered impossible that any sacred effort could be accomplished without a peculiar gift of heavenly strength, sought for by lawful means; and whatever a person's natural talents might be, it was never supposed that they could be made effective in action if unblessed and unassisted in this manner.

Two striking proofs we have of this view, as a matter of faith, in the traditionary account of the origin of their ecclesiastical system, both of painting and music. In order to give its full weight to the singular belief connected with the first of these arts in the Eastern Church, we may state, that no one who has ever visited the East can fail to be struck with

the rigid execution of one invariable law, which guides even the minutest details of the sacred paintings, causing the most extraordinary exactitude in the representation of each separate subject, no deviation whatever being found in the different epochs or places in the prescribed form of the composition. This similarity in the conception or elaboration of the various sacred scenes uniformly appearing on the walls of the churches was so striking, as to preclude the possibility of its being merely a natural resemblance of idea in the development of one subject; not only the costume of the various personages is everywhere and always the same for the form and colouring, but actually for the number and thickness of the folds in their robes. For instance, certain of the Greek saints may everywhere be recognised by a peculiar little fold produced by their garment under the knee. Of the practical value of this rigid typical character assigned to Christian art, it is apparent how much more aptly such a system appeals to devotion, and the cultivation of pious thoughts and desires. Mere criticism and the dilettanteism of connoisseurship it is impossible to apply to the Greek icons.

This undoubted characteristic of the sacred painting of the East was long a source of speculation and astonishment among European travellers. It was plain to them that the whole system was guided to the utmost refinement of detail by one law, and this law was not only in operation in all lands where the Eastern Church extended, but had evidently been so for many centuries. For example, the figure of S. John Chrysostom on the baptistery of S. Mark's, at Venice, may be found again, with the most marvellous identity, at Smyrna, Athens, and Constantinople, and well-nigh in every little village church upon the continent of Greece. The painting fresh from the hands of the artist of yesterday was the precise reproduction of the blackened remains of the picture of the tenth century. There has not even been a modification in the ingredients with which their paint is mixed, which are wholly distinct from the preparation of oil or body colours in later times.

Now this mystery, which so long perplexed the European world, was none in the East, and soon the solution of it was made known to all who chanced to see the translation of a certain Byzantine MS., by the French author Didron. For those unacquainted with this volume we may briefly mention that it is a curious work, entitled Ἑρμηνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς, or, Guide to Painting, the production of a certain Greek monk named Panselinos, whom the French translator states to have lived in the eleventh century, but to whom local tradition, as we have gathered from his countrymen, assigns a yet earlier

date, as he is asserted to have composed this volume during the reign of Theodore.

In another point also the traditionary account disagrees with Didron, that he concludes the monk Denys, painter of the convent of Fourma, near Agrapha, who lived at a later epoch, to be the actual author of the work, wherein he embodied the instruction he received from the mere paintings of Panselinos. The Greek Church holds that the latter was alone the actual composer of this singular volume, but that Denys gathered together the various parts and recopied them so as to form the perfect whole.

Panselinos was a monk of Mount Athos, where this MS. has been so carefully guarded that it is at the present day in a state of remarkable preservation. It consists of four parts. The first, which is entirely technical, treats of the mode of preparing brushes and colours, and of the walls on which the frescoes and pictures are to be wrought, as well as of the actual painting of them. The second, and most important part, details with much precision the system of symbolism, which is of wonderful depth and wisdom, and gives also the whole of the sacred subjects which are to be represented. The third part indicates the different places in the church, or porch, refectory or fountain in which it is orthodox to place various subjects. Lastly, an Appendix is wholly devoted to the minutest directions as to the representations of our blessed Lord and the holy S. Mary, and gives most of the inscriptions which are used in the Byzantine paintings.

It is now well known that this work is in fact the code of laws by which the Christian Iconography of the East has been governed for the last eight centuries, with an authority as arbitrary as it is undisputed; but that it also furnishes the solution of what might well be considered the unnatural and extraordinary obedience which has been rendered to them is not so well understood. We say *unnatural* obedience, for it certainly does appear to us that a submission, in various lands and during many centuries, of that artist mind, which is usually of all elements the most ungovernable and independent, to a list of rules that are not even among the canons of the Church, is indeed contrary to the ordinary working of human nature, and can have resulted only in some deep motive; and such in truth there is, although it was wholly unknown to Didron, who wonders in vain over the matter.

We shall now give the legendary form of this secret cause, which we heard from one whose forefathers dwelt close to Mount Athos in the days of Panselinos himself, and whose own birth-place is almost within its shadow. We frankly admi-

that the history we are about to relate has a very poetical and embellished aspect; but of the main fact on which it turns no member of the Greek Church would admit a doubt.

The father Panselinos, was a man of singular holiness and devotion, who in the deep solitude of his cell on Mount Athos nourished an ardent desire to work some great service to the Church of Christ; but how could he, a monk, cut off from all communion with his kind, do aught but seek her glory by his prayers and vigils? This was, he knew, a blessed and a powerful instrument, but his soul desired some more visible fruit of the zeal that seemed to consume his very being in this inaction. At length he bethought him that both in body and soul he might effectually serve her, by giving himself to the work of painting the frescoes for the monastic chapel and other churches; with the mind would he conceive images of celestial beauty, and with the hand embody them in outward shape to bless the eyes of the Christian worshippers.

With all the ardour of the impassioned eastern nature he betook himself to the task, asking only such a blessing on his labours as he sought for all ordinary actions. He prepared the wood on which he was to paint—it was that of the holy doors, where some sacred subject is always presented to those who worship towards the altar hidden behind them—he had fixed which sacred scene was to be the first work of his hands; the blessed Lord was to be there, represented in the humility of human infancy, but with the majesty Divine piercing the veil of the flesh, and with the presence of His sweet mother watching over Him, and saints in adoration at His feet. In the early dawn of morning, when the forest of Mount Athos was lit with the glory of an eastern sunrise, and the golden rays were streaming through the arches of the old Byzantine Church, the monk Panselinos knelt down before the holy doors and began his work. He drew the canopy which was to be above the divine Head; he fixed the position of the figure, and then lifted his hand to commence the sacred form—but suddenly the brush fell from his trembling fingers; he looked round with a startled shrinking glance, as though he feared an avenger were behind him, and bowed his head upon the pavement: a terrible thought had struck him with exceeding horror, that he was committing a species of sacrilege. How should he, uninspired, dare to portray the countenance which shrouded the Godhead! as well surely attempt to represent the sun shining in its strength! and how could he seek to delineate the blessed saints and martyrs in such guise as to allure men by their pure aspect to purity, or by their tortures to any suffering for Christ's sake? how was he, a sinner and corrupt, to produce

these holy things? yet he felt convinced that here was a great instrument, which might be made available in the Church's cause, for up to this time there were no sacred paintings in the Eastern Church, except some in the rudest form, more calculated to inspire ridicule than pious thoughts; and if he, as merely a sinful man, were unfit to work so holy mission, so were all others of his kind. He went back to his cell and fasted and prayed all day.—As night drew near he laid himself prostrate on the earth, and earnestly supplicated that, since sacred painting was obviously a fit and noble agent in the work of Christianising the world, it might be made known to him by what system of delineation it was to convey truth to the hearts of the people, and that power might be given him to portray the sacred scenes and subjects as heaven willed they should appear before the eyes of men. His prayer was heard, and that same night the revelation came to him by angelic ministry of the whole system, even to the minutest detail, of the ecclesiastical painting which was to be so great an engine in the hands of the Eastern Church; most especially that marvellous refinement of symbolism, which really seems as though it could not have sprung from mere human intellect, was fully disclosed to him, precisely, so Eastern piety believes, as it is found in the MS. which has been the Church's guide from that hour.

When morning dawned the monk was already engaged, still under the divine inspiration, in recording word for word the instructions he had received; and these, when completed, formed the code of laws entitled Ἑρμηνεία τῆς ζωγραφικῆς which has been so rigidly obeyed throughout the Eastern Church since then.

The secret of this obedience is now plain; it is a matter of faith in the Church, that this manual of instruction came by inspiration of heaven, and Oriental art would count it sacrilege to deviate one line from its commands.

Being thus convinced that the mission of painting is so divine a thing, Eastern Christians hold, as we have already stated, that the power to assist in this work can only come by direct assistance from above; but they believe that this may be given either in answer to special prayer, or bestowed unexpectedly on some heaven-chosen recipient of an unwonted grace: of this last an example is given in the history so little known of Georgio Marcos, the painter of the celebrated church at Salamis; which it seems scarce possible to conceive could be the work of one man We extract Didron's own account of this extraordinary building, as an impartial judge who has no idea whatever of the peculiar explanation which the Greek legend affords of the marvels of the painting. He thus speaks of it;—

'Malgré l'habitude qu'on peut avoir de compter les figures d'un tableau ou les personnages qui tapissent un monument, on est étourdi à la vue de ces figures hautes depuis six pieds jusqu'à six pouces, qui s'alignent le long des murs, qui s'enroulent autour des archivoltes qui escaladent les tambours des coupoles qui se promènent au pourtour des absides qui sortent de partout, s'enfoncent dans toutes les longueurs et montent à toutes les hauteurs. . . . La quantité de ces figures est du plus haut intérêt, mais leur disposition générale et l'arrangement de tous les groupes en particulier importent plus encore. Tous ces êtres crées par l'art sont disposés dans un ordre remarquable, et suivant lequel défile regulièrement sous nos yeux, l'histoire figurée de la religion, depuis la création jusqu'à la fin du monde, en passant par les patriarches, les juges, les rois et les prophètes, par la Vierge et Jésus-Christ, par les apôtres, les martyres, les confesseurs et tous les saints. . . . . A Salamine on n'a pas seulement peints des personnages et figuré des scènes ; on y a encore baptisé les individus et les traits historiques au moyen d'inscriptions ou d'épigraphes qui designent ou les expliquent ; et ces épigraphes sont extraites de toute la Bible d'abord, et ensuite d'une grande quantité de livres religieux, les œuvres des pères, la vie des saints, le grand Ménologe du Melaphraste ont été mis à contribution. Sur la banderole qui tient S. Jean Damascène est écrite une sentence tirée des ouvrages de ce grand docteur ; il en est de même pour S. Grégoire de Naziane, S. Basil, S. Jean Chrysostome et pour tous les autres. La difficulté augmente ainsi et la science que devrait posséder l'artiste chargé d'un pareil travail ne se trouverait assurément chez personne. Quel homme devait être ce peintre de Salamine pour avoir accompli une pareille entreprise ! '

Now the history of this painter, Georgio Marcos, which Didron a few pages later tells us he vainly sought, is thus given by his countryman, from whom we heard it. This church is called the 'Phanaromeni,' or 'The appearing.' It takes its name from the incident (so speaks tradition) to which it owes its existence. Georgio Marcos was a poor labourer of Megara, who had never so much as heard of painting; but who in his own simple way sought by all means to manifest his devotion to his master: often it was a source of deep regret to him that he could do so little, but still he never dreamt of attempting aught beyond the performance, with scrupulous care, of the simple devotions enjoined by his priest. One night as he lay on the hill-side, resting from the heat and burden of the day, there appeared to him a celestial vision, that bid him arise and go to Salamis, and there fill the church, of which the walls had been newly raised, with paintings of such holy scenes and divine representations as should render it a very treasury of religious instruction. Georgio awoke, knowing no more of the art of painting than when he lay down to sleep; but the command was given, and this was enough for his simple faith: he rose, girded himself, and went forth, journeying towards Salamis; being there arrived, he told the monks of the monastery, who were building the church, that he was sent by Heaven to paint it, and asked for materials that he might begin his work.

With no more hesitation than his own the monks provided him with these. They saw that he was not of their fraternity, and in truth but a poor ignorant labourer, yet they knew that the Lord, who trieth the heart and the reins, chooseth ever fit servants for His own holy work. They led Georgio to the church, and left him there still in utter ignorance of the art, but likewise still in blind faith that no command was ever given without the power to perform it. He took the brushes in his hand and applied them to the wall, when straightway beneath his touch those wonderful shapes came out which now render this richly decorated church one of the most remarkable in Europe. In an incredibly short space of time it was, so the legend says, completed; and the happy artist retired into the monastery, where he was gladly welcomed as a brother by the admiring monks, and where henceforward day by day he worshipped in the holy sanctuary it had been permitted him so marvellously to beautify.

A similar belief in a divine origin sanctifies the ecclesiastical music and poetry of the Eastern Church. The chants used in the service at this present time are so disfigured and distorted by their nasal and unmelodious style of singing, that it seems scarce possible to recognise their original form; when examined, however, they are found to be simple and solemn strains, full of harmony, and resembling so closely the true old Gregorian tones, that it is quite clear the one must be the offspring of the other. The Eastern Church affirms that it is so, and that the Western branch borrowed from them; an assumption in which there is reason to believe they are correct; but they likewise trace back the descent on earth of those tones, which they affirm once echoed only in the courts of heaven, to a revelation made to a holy father of the Church. The tradition runs somewhat after this fashion. He, being rapt in prayer, and earnestly supplicating that the Church of Christ might glorify Him in every possible channel, was given such grace that his ears were opened to the voice of the angels singing. And forasmuch as they who once have heard celestial melodies can never more forget them, when he woke out of his trance he was enabled to communicate to his brethren the sweet sounds he had heard; and from that moment the Eastern Church sang God's glory in no other strain.

In like manner as to the inspiration of sacred verse, we have an account, in the third chapter of a work by S. Denys, of the author of most of those now used on festivals. He was a certain S. Hierotheus, sometime member of the Areopagus, and converted by S. Paul, and afterwards consecrated bishop by him. S. Denys was his pupil, who states that he was carried in a trance to assist at the last hour of the Holy Virgin on

earth, where he led the songs of rejoicing after the Apostles. From that time his biographer says, that he was ever so rapt in a perfect communion with the celestial songs, that he was universally acknowledged to be a 'Divine Singer;' by which title he stands in the Greek Calendar, and which implies that it was given him to enunciate inspired poetry which was in truth the echo of the heavenly. When, after a life of piety, he was carried to join those songs for ever, he left to the Church the sacred strains he had thus acquired, and they are extant, as well as in full operation, to the present day.

We have given these traditions simply to show how deeply rooted in the Church of the East was the faith which in its plain and practical sense one might still desire to see acknowledged; that sacred art being of Divine origin, and the power to execute it a gift of special grace, it must be followed on the same principle as all other good works, whether they be of the inward growth of Christ's kingdom in the soul, or its outward advancement in the world. Having once established in the mind the one purpose to which art is to be devoted, the power to perform it is to be sought by the ordinary means appointed to us as channels of God's grace on other subjects. These were the only means used by the Eastern Church to render the fine arts worthy and effective instruments in her cause. All who desired to execute any sacred work, whether of painting or of a strain suited to some special ceremony, solemnly gave themselves up to several days of prayer and fasting; they then received the Eucharist, and forthwith proceeded to their toil, firmly convinced that the blessing of God rested on them. It was thus that the two young men, entitled the γραπτοὶ, or the written—now saints of the Greek Church by the names of SS. Sabba and Theodora, composed the songs which it is believed cost them their lives, but yet drew many a soul in later times from earthly thoughts to the pure regions where themselves are now at rest. They acquired the name we have mentioned because the Emperor Theophilus caused twelve iambic verses to be written with a hot iron on their faces.

This practical sanctification of art was not confined to the Eastern branch of the Church alone. It is a universal belief in Italy, that none can fail to recognise the pictures which have received inspiration from Holy Communion by the heavenly and mysterious beauty that is given them. A singular instance of this was brought before our notice lately by one of our own countrymen, whose cool unbiassed judgment and unimpeachable veracity make his testimony most valuable. We give the account of the remarkable picture which he relates in

his own words, as extracted from his journal. He was in a gallery at Stutgard, and says:—

'The first picture which Monsieur B —— showed me was a head of Christ, by Hemling—a full face, in the noblest simplicity of manner, and painted with the most scrupulous delicacy and truth, in which the serene composure and searching glance of conscious Omniscience is so irresistibly startling, that one feels overawed and *incapable of beholding it steadfastly*. Of all the efforts of art I never recollect to have experienced the force of expression so powerful and utterly discomposing as that produced by this heavenly countenance. We were actually in presence of the Godhead, and under the influence which such an idea would excite. It is unusual among the innumerable pictures in which the meek Jesus is introduced, to find him otherwise represented than as the man of sorrows, and under the influence of grief, partaking far more of His human than of His heavenly nature—but this remarkable countenance beams with an expression so remote from any mortal feeling, so unutterably divine, that it leads us unconsciously to avert the eyes from its penetrating gaze.'

And now, in conclusion, let us look for one moment at the practical result which may be drawn from all that we have said —how are these, the time-honoured and hallowed customs of southern lands to be applied to our own country; how is art, one of the fairest of God's gifts, to be rescued from the service of the world, and offered up on the altar of our holy faith?

If we should seem somewhat Utopian in our view of what might be effected by the energy and right-mindedness of our English artists, if they once admitted the sacred obligations of their genius, we would simply ask if it is not a self-evident proposition, that any principle designed to be to men a spring of action must be utterly worthless, except it lead in its full development to perfection? The only true wisdom has taught us in the heart-stirring words, 'Be ye perfect,' that we must ever set before ourselves the highest standard in all things; and we shall make far greater progress by struggling on to the utmost consummation of our desires, however hopeless of attaining to them, than if we only set before us that which seems quite within our grasp.

Personally we have so deep a conviction of the work that might be wrought in this world, if art in all its branches were wholly Christianised, that we would not, in justice to the cause we advocate, offer less than the highest aim to the efforts we desire to awaken, however little we may expect, that even in the generations to come such an end may be attained. Much, perhaps, may be done by the sincere desire and earnest toil of but a few, and we are very sure that these are more likely to make an offering of themselves for the sanctification of their art, if they are not to contemplate the result of that sanctification in its full completeness, but rather to be content with the

promise of indefinite probabilities which might be produced by that which they can only pursue in parts.

On artists especially we would seek to impress this one fact—that the consecration of art in its spirit and operation will produce also its intrinsic elevation and amelioration; for, as Christians, we must believe that nothing truly and purely beautiful can be produced, except it have the inspiration of a good motive, and, let us reverently add, the still higher inspiration of a heavenly blessing. The first principle, therefore, connected with this subject which we desire to have received as truth in our country, is, that art, like all things else in God's marvellous creation, has a religious and mystical nature, and that the purpose and mission for which it was given to the world, is in order that it may be an active instrument on behalf of Christianity; and that not only this is its appointed work, as ordained by the Divine mind, but that it rests with the will of man alone to give it the true life and purpose for which it was created.

The life-like productions of the painter's hand—the glowing pages of the poet's verse—the fair works of the architect and musician,—these are destined to be the expression, the outward and visible signs of the hidden and inward truths of God's own revelation. This truth we would desire to see acknowledged as capable of practical working, not by artists only, but by those also who are our pilots through the waves of this troublesome world—those to whom it is given to sway the great masses of the people, and who, in seeking out every possible channel for the enforcing and elucidating of the doctrines and requirements of our faith, have too often seen in the arts only the innocent pleasures of a life too earnest and too solemn to be so embellished. We would have them so recognise the true mission of religious and mystical art, that they shall with their counsels and influence urge on the children of genius to the noble work of its restoration to God's service; and because these times are full of anxiety and dread, our future pregnant it would seem with storms and darkness, let them not think that the services of this gentle and beautiful handmaiden of the Church could not avail to wrestle in any sort with the spirit of evil, nor her soft fascination be felt amid the temptations and difficulties that beset men on every side.

Amid the deep affliction of the Church and all the turmoil of the world, God's work is being wrought on many hearts by means of such gentle influences as this whose power we now desire to see acknowledged. While the storm of contention and persecution rages round us, still soul after soul is silently going up into heaven, which have been drawn back into the sacred fold out of life's vanity, by subtle lowly means to

which we never could have attributed such strength. Whatever be the outward aspect of events around us, we know that the one work, God's own work, the battle between good and evil, is still advancing surely, in every element of which the moral world is composed; and we have this one duty clear, amid all the doubt and difficulty of this present time, that both as a body and as individuals, we never must cease, whatever happen, from fighting against sin in every channel which we can mould to such a purpose.

We say not that the purifying work of art is to be wrought upon the searching intellects, among the stern inquirers after truth, nor yet that it could be as strong meat to the hungry soul, who, turning from the pure word of God, hath starved on the ashes of this world's pleasures—but there are many babes who might be fitly nourished with this milk a little while —many light and frivolous minds, who, loathing more deep and solemn teaching, might be allured to better and higher things by the outward beauty of this gentle monitor.

How many thousands are there, who in the midst of all the anxieties which fill the holiest minds at this time, care nothing for all these things, but strive only to seek amusement wheresoever they may find it. Let us then call in the aid of this power to beguile such to deeper and better thoughts, when least they look to be so guided; and when they go in search of pleasure into our picture galleries and exhibition rooms, or seek it among the works of our modern poets, let them find therein only the voice of God. Let them no longer see portrayed before them, whether with pencil or with pen, only images that fill the mind with earthly beauty, or with the luxury of earthly passion, or the gorgeous history of ancient times—but let them find set forth in glowing colours the glory of the Christian faith, the unutterable sweetness of martyrdom—the beauty of the immortal Hope, which alone can be without betrayal the desire of all souls. Let the meek eyes of pictured saints shine in upon their hearts, eloquent of the rest in which they are enfolded. Let the realities of the unseen world be brought by the hand of art so palpably before them in visible shape, that they shall be drawn insensibly out of earth's fancies, to seek an entrance where there shall be the disclosing of the Divine Vision.

If the children of genius should ask by what means they shall gain the power to work such blessed effects, we bid them do as did their forefathers in the art, and having acknowledged that they are by their gift consecrated in special manner to God's service, let them wait upon Him in prayer night and day, that His own Holy Spirit may give grace and power to their hands and voice.

Let such be the function of the poet and musician. Of old no work of their art was attempted without previous reception of the holy eucharist—let it be so again; let those men of gifts consecrate their lives in some measure of communion with Him who is the centre of all beauty, and in that ineffable intercourse they shall hear and see many things, which, though unspeakable, it yet shall be lawful for them to utter to the souls whom they are given to attract. Nor let any despair, because of the greatness of the work to which he feels he can devote but his one solitary life. His single offering, if sanctified with holy zeal, and blessed in answered prayer, shall yet ennoble art! Nor is there any effort, if it be purely given, in humble trust that the blessing asked thereon shall surely come, which will fail to bear good fruit at last; though it may not be till he who made it hath long been taken to his rest.

ART. VIII.—*An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy. By* CARDINAL WISEMAN. *Fourteenth Thousand.* London: Richardson. 1850.

IN the days of chivalry there was a sport called the Quintin, intended to teach steadiness and caution in the use of the tilting spear. An object was set up at one end of the tilting ground, with certain marks, representing those parts of the body within which, by the laws of chivalry, a courteous knight might fairly level his aim; if the jouster in charging it aimed true, the figure went down before him; but it was made to revolve on a pivot, and if his lance touched it wide of the prescribed limits, the shock caused it to swing round with violence, and brought a heavy bar or sand-bag, with which it was loaded behind, full against the head of the awkward performer. Something like this has happened with respect to the late Roman move in this country. A blow aimed singly, but somewhat unwarily, in one direction, has brought round, from a different quarter, an unexpected and rough counterstroke.

The blow was aimed in perfect security and much self-gratulation, full at the English Church—not, for the present at least, in its temporal relation, but—in its spiritual character. It was meant to be a denial, to all who understood the meaning of such a denial, of its existence as a Christian Church—not as an Establishment, not as a religious communion, not as an integral estate of the realm of England, not as a body invested by the English constitution with high place and privileges. It seems to us theoretically a mistake, though perhaps a true instinct, to say that these are touched by it: the direct object of its attack, all that it desires—all that it was meant at present to deny, is that the Church of England is any portion, in any sense, of that Holy Catholic Church, which inherits the doctrine and the hopes of the day of Pentecost, to which the promises and grace of the Gospel were specially pledged. This was what the Bull of Pope Pius IX. was intended to challenge, solemnly and in the face of Europe and of Christendom, in terms meant by their indirectness to be at once as safe and as insulting as possible.

Full of this object, Cardinal Wiseman sent before him his famous Pastoral; in full reliance on the imposing, yet legal way, in which this document set forth the meaning of the Bull, he followed it leisurely and complacently in a progress through Europe. The times seemed propitious. The English Church appeared to invite attack. Within was distraction, misunderstanding, and discouragement. Without, a body of active and eager assailants, recruited from her own communion: and at

their head a man, whose influence has been felt so widely throughout English society, and who will long leave the traces of his strange work behind him, come what may. Not a party in the Church, but the Church itself, seemed beaten down and uncared for; summarily dealt with by a high-handed liberal Premier, without sympathy from a public, wearied with theological disputes. It was the time to strike. The English Church might, it seemed, be safely insulted, and if possible wounded, without any feeling being excited in a tolerant and indifferent community, beyond the passing interest of a new quarrel about ecclesiastical claims, between Churchmen of different, instead of between those of the same, communion; or if the more sensitive feelings of Protestantism were touched at first, a 'No-popery cry' for a short time, would be no unpromising means of creating additional disunion and suspicion in the English Church, and would help, in its measure, without in the smallest degree hindering, the object proposed.

Cardinal Wiseman, a little surprised at the first symptoms of the storm, which met him at Vienna, yet writes perfectly at his ease to Lord John Russell. He blandly dwells on the kindness and courtesy which he has ever met with from every member of the Government, especially from Lord John Russell; he is fully confident that he can remove every suspicion that the act of the Holy See was suggested by '*political views or by any hostile feelings.*' Against anything that Lord John can be supposed to care for in the English Church the act is not aimed, at least not directly. With his view of the English Church the Cardinal would be delighted to concur: against anything that is but a function or organ of Government the Cardinal is most anxious to disclaim 'any hostile feelings;'—'hostile feelings' against the spiritual pretensions of the English Church it was not necessary to disclaim; the Cardinal considered that he might entertain these to the full, with the full leave and approbation of the Whig statesman.

And so doubtless he might, and welcome. But the difficulty was to separate the two, for the purpose of attack, as clearly as they were separated in the Cardinal's practised mind. He may consider the British public very dull in not seeing the distinction between an ecclesiastical and a political aggression—history, he should remember, has had a tendency to make them obtuse on this matter: as a fact, however, in his attempt to convince them, he has failed signally. The thrust so dextrously planned, so maturely prepared, and given at the very time of vantage, has been aimed so untruly, that it has brought round on the astonished assailant, from a quarter whence he least expected it, a buffet as heavy as it was unforeseen.

He had not reckoned on the necessities of a ministry, or the reality of that mixed feeling against his Church, which it might suit those necessities to turn to account. The Premier had been so 'especially kind and courteous'—the age was so tolerant and liberal—his own aims and hostilities of so purely a spiritual kind—directed against no friend or favourite either of the Premier, or of the age. That the Premier should break through not courtesy only, but etiquette and the reserve of office, and invest a theological invective with the importance of a ministerial manifesto,—that the Times should seriously cry No Popery,—that the public which he had left, a few months' ago, liberal and enlightened, should be found by him, on his return, frantic with religious excitement, and echoing the watchwords of Exeter Hall, from every corner of Great Britain, from marts of trade and county-halls, down to remote villages never seen in print before—that the outcry of corporations and parish vestries should be deliberately countenanced by the grave protests of the élite of science and learning, by men of the world and men of business, by bodies which probably never moved in such a cause before, the collective Bar, the College of Physicians—were contingencies which, naturally enough, had not entered into the Cardinal's calculations.

The explosion which has greeted him, whatever else may be said of it, has undoubtedly been on the largest scale of popular demonstration. Whether viewed as a display of enthusiasm or madness, of loyalty or irreligion, as a wild act of panic, or a grand one of defiance, as the expression of inconsistent bigotry, or disappointed confidence, it has been such a display as is not often witnessed in England. Whether to our glory or our shame, it will mark the middle of the nineteenth century in England to future times. It will be as characteristic an index of the general spirit and feeling of the country, as the policy of free trade, or the Whig ministry of compromise. It cannot be denied the features and proportions which identify a movement with a nation. The lofty claims of the Pope's Bull have called forth no less an antagonist than the State and people of England.

The time has been fruitful of incidents, in themselves singular and characteristic. The subject, discussed by every body, has been handled in all varieties of ways; sometimes with temper and good sense; more often, we are sorry to say, without them. The agitation has disclosed much real, and much uninformed, attachment to the Church. As is usual in time of popular ferment, many foolish, and many base things, have been said and done, and some manly and noble ones; there has been too a due proportion of the grotesque and unaccountable.

Jews have sympathised zealously with Sir Peter Laurie against the Pope; the Bishop of Worcester has appealed against his invasions, to 'an acknowledged Canon of the Universal Church.' The Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Roebuck have written letters, which, in ordinary Decembers, would have afforded topics to the papers for a week. In all quarters, the varieties of self-conceit and folly have taken the opportunity to break loose, from the impertinent magistrate on the bench of a police-court, to Lord Winchelsea and Nottingham, imagining himself Prime Minister, and composing a despatch to the Pope. The great county feudalities have emulated the Court of Aldermen in religious zeal; and if the latter are represented in sense by Sir Peter Laurie, we should be sorry that His Grace of Buckingham, or Lord Fitzhardinge, should be deemed faithful examples of the domestic virtues of a Protestantism, however extreme. But all details are forgotten as soon as noticed, and are lost in the magnitude of the phenomenon itself. And after what the Prime Minister has condescended to, and deemed becoming his office, his party, the close of a long public life, and a reputation next to that of Sir Robert Peel,—when he could devise no other expedient to touch or direct public feeling, than the petulant flippancies of a fashionable preacher, and thought it not too bold to have recourse to them—the extravagances of smaller men, politicians who feel bound to ape him, fanatics whom he has put on their mettle to outdo him, seem but natural and in place. The tone of public feeling is not much indebted to Lord John Russell. Probably no other English minister would have thought of such an addition to the the resources of statesmanship, as borrowing from the methods of the late Mr. Daniel O'Connell. One thing only remains to give a finish to this singular experiment,—that he should explain it away.

The bluster and violence of meetings and addresses will probably soon be over, not, we may hope, judging from the tone of leading articles in the Times, without some wholesome sense of shame at the follies which have been committed, and the absurdities which have been spoken. But the fact remains for us all to ponder over, that a mere symptom of a disposition on the part of the Roman Court, to attempt to regain its ancient position in England—a measure formidable only in its significance, and incapable at present of affecting the rights, religious or civil, of any child in England, but a measure which implied the hope that England might one day yield to Roman teaching, and submit to Roman government—has been sufficient to rouse the jealousy and indignation of every class of society, in every part of England. Such a fact does not disappear with the excitement by which it was shewn, and is too important to be over-

looked or forgotten. Account for it as we may, judge it and characterise it as we will, reduce it as far as we can from its present dimensions—and there is plenty to be said on all these heads—it will still remain a matter of very serious and anxious thought.

With respect to its direct bearing on the Roman Catholic communion, we have but a few words to say.

It is quite plain that the English State and Government have been in a false position towards the Roman Catholic Church, ever since the laws against that Church were relaxed. They have been content to continue in a position, relatively to that Church, different from that of any other state in Europe, whether in or out of communion with the Pope. Formally and officially they have been content to ignore his existence, content to act as if unconscious of the very being of one of the great powers of the world; to carry on into times of peace a fictitious ignorance, derived from times of hostility, when the law did not, and the Government dared not, *know* a Roman Catholic, except as a political offender or presumed foe. Government relaxed and repealed the penal laws; but partly from security and indifference, partly in obedience to the religious prepossessions of the people, it would take no notice of the Pope. It seemed to think that being acquainted with him would be acknowledging his authority, and holding communications with his Government would be inviting him to encroach. Never certainly was English isolation and reserve more singularly displayed than in the fact that, up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the necessary communications of our Government with the Roman See were *obliged to go through the form of being kept up by stealth.* It seems like the extremity of caricature on the shyness of our manners, that a country which is mixed up with the affairs of all the world, which must be represented in the infidel and barbarian courts of the East, as well as in the despotic or republican cabinets of Christendom; which finds reason to court the alliance of the king of the Mosquitoes and the black chiefs of the Gold Coast, and makes treaties with the Emperor of China and the natives of New Zealand; which has quarrelled and made it up again, times without number, with all its neighbours and allies,—should be unable to find means to be on intelligible terms with the Pope, baffled by difficulties of etiquette. The result of this diplomatic refusal to be introduced has been, that the English Government has kept itself without the ordinary means of arranging matters of mutual interest with a power, possessed not merely of general influence, but of influence in England itself. Conscious of its existence, and not without jealousy of it, successive Governments, instead of readjusting relations to altered circumstances,

have affected a solemn and impracticable stiffness, as if, by choosing not to know that Roman Catholics are more than a denomination, it could prevent them from being so, or escape the difficulties which might arise from a divided allegiance.

Of course the advantage has been all on their side. Short of actual predominance, a Church which aims at influence, and has the means of gaining it, can wish for nothing better than for full toleration, and not the smallest notice from Government. It is not often that the hereditary distrust of Governments towards religious influence is lulled; Government never favours and seldom protects, without claiming an equivalent. In no other country in Europe has the Roman communion escaped the superintendance of the State. Alike where it is the national or a tolerated religion, in Spain and Russia, Lombardy and France, what may or may not be done by the head of that communion is the subject of specific and minute conventions, or of constant and angry debates on the meaning of such conventions. The Pope is respectfully recognised as a great spiritual authority, only to be treated as a foreign potentate, bound to distinct stipulations. He treats with high official personages, with kings and ministers of state; but these high personages claim to be consulted on all important arrangements, to interfere, to interpose their veto; his public decisions and decrees go through official channels, but they may be stopped there. One feature of this system of State control is found with startling uniformity; the right of Government, usually to appoint, but with scarcely any exception to object to, the Bishops whom the Pope confirms, and who claim their mission by the grace of the Apostolic See.[1] The claim to inspect and license all public documents from Rome, which was so stoutly insisted upon under the old 'Catholic' monarchies of Europe, in France, in Spain, in Austria, may have been in later years

[1] 'La nomination par le souverain paraissait plus conforme au principe monarchique, tel qu'il se développait dans les états modernes; et entre les mains des princes pieux et éclairés, elle procurait à l'Eglise des avantages réels. C'est pourquoi ce mode a été, dès le quinzième siècle, introduit dans beaucoup de pays par des concordats et des indults, et confirmé par des concordats modernes. Il subsiste actuellement en Portugal, en Espagne, en France, dans les Deux Siciles, et en Autriche. En Allemagne, l'élection appartenait encore aux chapitres en vertu du Concordat de Vienne; mais en Bavière, le dernier concordat a également conféré la nomination au roi. Dans les pays non-Catholiques, au contraire, la nomination des évêques Catholiques par le souverain, répugnant à l'esprit de cette institution, l'élection a été maintenue. Tel est le cas en Prusse, en Hanovre, dans les petits états de la Confédération Germanique, en Hollande, et en Suisse. Toutefois là aussi le souverain a en main divers moyens d'exclure au moins les personnes qui lui deplaisent. En Pologne, les chapitres n'ont même qu'un simple droit de recommendation, et la nomination appartient au roi.'—*Walter, Manuel du Droit Ecclésiastique*, (trad. Franç.) 1840—§ 221. The 'King of Po and' is the Emperor of Russia: in the Constitution of 1815 he expressly claims the appoint-

more or less relaxed, tacitly, we believe, in France, by concession in Austria; but no government has given up the nomination of Bishops. The young Austrian Emperor, while abolishing the reforms of Joseph II., expressly reserves this, as belonging to the inheritance of his ancestors. General Cavaignac, the provisional Dictator of France, nominated the successor of the Archbishop who fell at the barricades: and the rights of the old French kings have now devolved on the elective President, who even places the hat on the heads of new-made Cardinals. It has been generally where the Roman Church has received most honour, that the bit has been sharpest and the rein tightest; but in no European state, except of late years, in England, has the bit and rein been away.

In the creation, therefore, of the new hierarchy, the Roman Court has but used its advantage. Legally and formally, they are, we believe, strictly within the limits of their right. They stand upon the bond. The law and the government have ignored them as members of a great European communion, and subjects of its foreign head, and have known them only as an English sect: as an English sect they claim to be dealt with; as an English sect they break no law, and invade no prerogative. How can an internal re-arrangement to meet wants which are felt by none, and touch no one out, of the body itself, be an insult or a wrong to the English crown? It is nothing to them, that probably in no other country in Europe would they have ventured on such a step without the consent of government. What had they to do with government here? The English government would not be supposed to be on speaking terms with the Roman Court; they could barely be supposed to know officially of its existence. It had never invited any overtures or communications from Rome; it need not be conceived either to wish for them or to care about

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ment of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Poland, of every rank.* According to the information collected in the Report to the House of Commons, in 1816. on the regulations in foreign countries, respecting Roman Catholic subjects, M. Walter's statement about Protestant countries is inexact, as representing what has always been the practice: The King of Prussia at that time nominated Roman Catholic Bishops in Silesia, as having the rights of the house of Austria;† and in other parts of Prussia, the Crown nominated in nearly as many cases as the chapters. The 'means of exclusion in the hands of the government,' spoken of by M. Walter, consist in the right of veto which it claims, and this not only in Protestant countries, over the appointment of even the inferior clergy, to spiritual charges.‡ Part of the ground of this claim is, of course, the payment of the clergy by the state.

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* Rep. to H. of Commons, June 25th, 1816, on Regulations of Catholics in foreign countries, p. 38.

† Rep. p. 42, 43, 455, 6.

‡ Rep. p. 458 from the Prussian Code.

them. It is really more than is necessary, to say, that the plan had been for some time in print; that Lord Minto might have had as much information as he chose to ask for about it when he was in Rome. But, that the Roman Court should go out of their way to ask the concurrence of a government, which had never claimed to be consulted on the matter, would be a wilful foregoing of a vantage-ground, a gratuitous fettering and embarrassing of themselves, which no one had a right to expect from the sagacity of the Roman See.

Beyond this admission, and whatever it may involve, we do not see what claim the Roman Catholic party in England have on the sympathy and consideration of their fellow-countrymen. They have tried a bold stroke. They have made a venture. They had certain ends to compass, and they made use of the means legally at their disposal. They had a right to use those means. But it is to be remembered that the object which they had in view, was a blow, as deep and deadly as they had it in their power to deal, at the authority and existence of the English Church, *viewed in any light in which it could be viewed, as a spiritual body.* No honest man among them will deny that the move was an aggressive one, and that this was its object. It may have other accompanying *conveniences,* but no other real motive. And it was a perfectly reasonable motive. They are at war with us—aggressive and determined war. Of course they have the rights of war—of attack and offence. But others have the same. They have no business to cry out if they are resisted. They attacked the English Church. People in England understood them; and English society has resented the attack—in a way, it may be, for which they were not prepared, but of which they have no right to complain. They must take the consequences of a surprise discovered—discovered it may be by no very reputable voices, and resisted in no very dignified way,—but a surprise directed at what is still deeply valued in England, and what some of the best, as well as some of the worst among us, are by no means disposed to exchange for what modern Rome can offer. They reckoned on our day of trouble and distress; on the perplexity and weakness of the English Church; on the indifference of a good-humoured public, and, perhaps the countenance of ministers. They have been deceived. And small as has been our sympathy with bonfires and processions, with the violence of town-councillors, and extravagancies of popular divines, we have no sympathy to spare for the bitter spirit of aggression, and the boastful tone of triumph, of which they have been the unexpected, it may be, but very natural result, and not inappropriate retribution.

Whether the venture has failed or not, time must show. The question will not be settled either by Parliament—which has little right, and probably as little disposition to recur to the rude expedient of penal laws—resolving to ignore by statute what it cannot prevent in usage; or by Cardinal Wiseman continuing to style himself Archbishop of Westminster. The measure will be worth the trouble it has caused, and will be successful—not if it secures a fresh title to Cardinal Wiseman, but if it promotes the cause of the Roman Church in England. And it may be that the Cardinal's Pastoral, and the echoes of it in the Roman Catholic press, have made a deeper impression on the mind and feelings of most English people, than even his continued residence among us, and the display of his distinguished powers as a pamphleteer, will be able to remove.

But there are much more important interests affected by this measure and its results than those of the Roman Catholic party in England. That party, in spite of the accidental prominence which individuals have given it, and which may continue for some years to come, is not sufficiently identified with religion in England, nor at all likely ever to be so, to hold more than a very subordinate place in anything which concerns religion here.

It is an anxious question with many, what is likely to be the effect of the events of the last two months on the religious feeling of the country generally, on the improvement that seemed to be going on in the character of religious teaching, on the stability of the Church, on its relations towards Government and the State.

It is undeniable that appearances are most formidable. The mere fact that religious controvery has once more gone back to those channels in which it ran furious, popular, and undiscriminating, two hundred years ago, is a strange and startling one. Descending from the school and the study into assemblages of men, its bitterness has gained not only intensity, but substance and power. Men have become familiar with it, and committed to it, as a thing which in consistency they must hold to. With Romanism in England we have no sympathy; a broad and distinct line separates us from it, and it is right that this line should be understood and kept to. No good can come from confusing it; by so doing, we may train ourselves to much unreality, without improving in charity. But this does not prevent our saying, that anything which embitters the controversy between two such bodies as the English and the Roman Church, the great public guardians and witnesses of Christianity in the civilized world, on whom the helpless and the poor must depend, as far as we can see, almost exclusively

for their faith and hope;—anything that stereotypes mistakes and misunderstandings on either side, and tends to make the one irreparable, and the other irreconcilable, which puts off serious men on either side from calm consideration of their own and their opponents' difficulties, and gags all calm statement by the certainty of misinterpretation—is a great and heavy evil to the cause of Christian religion. It is not our fault at this day, either on the Roman or English side, that unity *has been* broken; it cannot fairly be said to be our fault that it cannot be restored. It is a sufficient justification for one and the other, that we are the inheritors of insuperable difficulties which we did not create, as well as of inappreciable blessings, which neither has a right to part with, neither has a right to ask the other to sacrifice. It is no fault of ours if we cannot on either side see our way to reconciliation, without giving up our deepest religious convictions. We cannot expect Rome to shut her eyes to our disunion, our disorder, our carelessness about doctrine; she cannot expect us to be insensible to her overwrought dogmatism, and encouragement of unreal and outrageous superstition, in forms not very far off from idolatry itself. We did not make such a state of things—we cannot by wishing, alter it; nor, if we are wise, shall we indulge in such wishing; it is as idle as it would be wrong to dream of Protestantizing the Roman Communion; it is as idle to think of an '*euthanasia*' of the English Church in Rome as it is. But it is our fault if we make things worse; if, where we cannot persuade, we exasperate and court exasperation; where we cannot reconcile, we alienate; where we cannot win men to our convictions, we drive them from their own. It is our fault if, in our time and by our influence, ancient hatred is revived and confirmed between those who ought to be one; if kind feeling and forbearance on either side, which might take the place, and in time lead to visible unity, be made to look like lukewarmness and treachery. From this charge our generation can hardly hope to be exempt, however much people on different sides may differ in apportioning the blame. And, of course, nothing has happened for many years to perpetuate the quarrel in its bitterest form, like the events that have attended the recent move of Rome.

It seems inevitable, also, that such a popular agitation must have an injurious, if not a fatal effect, on the progress of that higher tone of theological teaching, which, in spite of every conceivable discouragement—discouragement arising from the most opposite causes—has been steadily spreading in the English Church. The multitude takes only broad distinctions. All that is simply Protestant it will tolerate, all that is Popish it is bent

on proscribing; beyond that division it will not go, it would be Utopian to expect it. All, therefore, that is most characteristic of English doctrine, all that has gained it a name of its own, a name of reproach as well as of glory, seems to the indignation and fear and suspicion of the hour, but a cowardly and dishonest compromise, less endurable even than the hated system which it ventures to approach. In fact, few of the meetings which have denounced Popery, have failed to denounce something said to be very like it in the Church itself, as marking a party within it, or even the whole body. And as far as practical effects go, that unpopularity which our Roman Catholic brethen dignify with the title of 'moral persecution,' has not turned its sharpest edge, nor dealt its roughest blow, against them.

It is as clear as enemies could wish it, that Church principles are now highly unpopular; unpopular in all forms, and in spite of many differences. Public feeling and opinion run strongly against them; its loud and confident organs are loudest when condemning them. Authorities have felt and yielded to the influence—official persons have shown signs of emotion. From being discussed in newspapers the principles in question are said to have come before the notice of cabinets. The '*spolia opima*' of the great Protestant triumph have been won—won by the mob, at the gates of S. Barnabas.

It would be childish to make light of all this. It is quite true that appearances are formidable; the odds are against us, we are playing, at this moment, we are well aware of it, a losing game—it has been so for some time, and things are not likely soon to mend. It is trying, very trying, not the least so to Englishmen, to be on the losing side; less from what they actually suffer, than from the sense that, if unsuccessful, they must be wrong, in their object, their principle, or their measures. We must be content with it however, we must make up our mind to it, as to any other inconvenience, or difficulty, or trial, if we will help to keep the English Church what she has been, the witness to England of the truth and continuity of the Catholic Faith. Those who cannot bear to be on the losing side had best not embark in her cause, at least not on her own principles. The tide is flowing elsewhere, and they may choose, according to their bent, between Rome and Liberalism. On either, they may escape the dreariness of daily discouragement, the bitter sense of continual failure; on either, they may rank themselves with those whom the world admires, and feel the satisfaction of belonging to a distinguished party; they may throw off the responsibility of their own mistakes, and an annoying partnership in those of their friends: on either, they may persuade themselves that they are winning. Possibly, too, they may not be disappointed; the

common fate of parties may, in their case, be turned aside. But whether it be or not—with them, at any rate, is the honour, with them are the hopes of the day; and those who will stay by the English Church, on the ground of her Catholic character, must face the prospect of maintaining unpopular principles, under the continual imputation of the most sordid motives.

But all things have their compensations. Those who are loudest in charging wholesale, on one large party,—and on that alone—the crime of lying to their own consciences for the meanest ends, do not believe, and do not mean, what they say. They know perfectly well that it is not so. But as they dislike, with reason or without, the principles, they think themselves at liberty to imagine an ideal and unnatural hypocrisy, to account for them, and give edge to censure. Such self-exposed improbabilities, the well known and well used expedients of exasperation, are indeed far from harmless; but, at least, they are sure to destroy themselves, in proportion to their exaggeration. The ease, the assurance, the flippancy, the reckless impudence of a groundless accusation, however disagreeable, are its natural and certain antidotes. The force of such accusations, in checking opinions, is not really what it seems. And those whose consciences are clear would be the basest of cowards, if they were influenced by an argument which tasks an opponent's inventiveness far less than his honesty to construct, and which the lowest degree of ingenuity would suffice to direct against any man who has worldly interests, a character, and with them a creed.

But it is not attacks on character and good faith, that are most worth thinking of. They will wear out. Character can take care of itself. It is more important to see what public grounds there are for not giving way to that despair, the indulgence of which, like the delight of relaxed exertion, said to be felt by drowning men when they cease to struggle, becomes at length almost a positive enjoyment. For this it is not yet time; there may not be much to encourage us—there is far too much to allow us to sit still.

We need not go further than to those who have of late been so busy in directing the roused feeling of the country against Church principles, and those who are identified with them, for proof of the strength of those principles. They have been a natural and steady growth in the Church. Once revived, revived indeed with singular power, they have had nothing to favour them. And what have they not had, in the way of discouragement? Champion after champion, votary after votary has given them up, has turned his enthusiasm into

scorn, has denounced them as a hollow imposture, from his own experience. Compared with this, what is it in our days to be sneered at by clever men, discountenanced by great ones, rebuked by official ones? What is it that the principles themselves run counter, in appearance, and in reality, to the temper of the time, and to the set of popular opinion? What is it that they are open to the charge of indefiniteness, of inconsistency, of compromise? What is it that they may have been often ill-stated, ill-defended, crudely and hastily understood, and have worked on, in the course of time, into difficulties, of which the solution was not at hand? What is it that when they least expected it, they have found the law declare against them? These are no light trials for any system to bear the brunt of; yet they are as nothing compared with the desertion of those who have been its converts. Principles must be strong to stand such a test; a cause must have great attractions and great substance to be worth defending through such unpromising fortunes. And yet they are at this moment—not because they are maintained by a small knot of men at Oxford, or a few hard-working clergymen in London, but because they are every day promising, more and more, to be the principles and the cause of the great body of those who are added from time to time to the English Clergy—the object of interest deep and universal—of uneasiness, as undisguised as their hostility, to the Government and the Liberal press—of sufficient alarm to their theological opponents, to have made them attempt to raise the country against them.

The reason is not far to seek. They have their difficulties, accidental and intrinsic. They may be called too vague or too strict, liable to numberless charges from the logician and theorist. They may be pushed to absurdity and abuse—they have been so. *But they have a very small part of the difficulties belonging to any other principles claiming the authority of the Church; to any other professed explanation of her basis and system.* The difficulties of a vague and formless Protestantism, of the popular Evangelical scheme, of the dry cold orthodoxy which confronted it, of the State religion of Hoadly and the Whigs, whatever they may be in themselves, are simply insurmountable, when these doctrines present themselves within the pale of the English Church, as adequately representing a system, which is, indeed, reformed, protestant, established; but is also dogmatic, traditional, sacramental, sacerdotal, ecclesiastical, catholic.

This is the plain and natural reason why the principles of the recent Anglican movement, more or less definitely expressed, more or less consistently carried out, are sure, when attention

is awakened, to take hold on serious and thoughtful minds in the Church, are sure in the long run to turn out the characteristic principles of the Church. They may be again, as they have been before, forgotten, they may be overridden; but they have their root in the Church; they will spring up again, as they have done before. It is not talent, it is not power, which has implanted and maintained them. Talent and power have as often been ranged against them, as on their side. If they were not essentially congenial in the English Church, if they were not results of the original tendencies of a real and living system, beyond the reach of anything but what destroys the system, talent and power might long ago have eradicated them, instead of finding them, after the various assaults, and the wear and tear of three stormy and busy centuries, as pertinacious and energetic, and widely spread as ever.

We are speaking now only of the principles themselves on which that movement was founded,—the principles of authority, of sacramental grace, of a community of dogmatic faith and of moral temper, in spite of great differences, with the ancient Church, and in spite of still greater and more serious ones, with the modern representatives of the ancient Church. We are speaking of the principles, in their substance, of the English Church, not of the men or the parties with whom they may have been identified, and to whom they may owe the success, or the discredit of the hour, the advantage of a clear theory, or the disadvantage of a confused one, the charm of earnestness, or the reproach of exaggeration. As parties, much may possibly befall these, which concerns themselves most deeply, but themselves only. They may be put down; they may break up and disappear. They may have to leave to others the work which they began. They may have to atone for mistakes and faults. They may find themselves on a wrong line which they cannot retrace, and have no remedy but silence. They may retire from the contest, for peace, for consistency, from premature despair, from self-will, from necessity. But they will leave as they found them, principles which they neither created nor invented, but applied—it may be, applied, with the usual measure of human infirmity. They found those principles in the documents, in the theological literature of the Church, and there they will leave them — theological students will still look back to the past; and that literature will affect them as it has affected their predecessors. They will seek for the sense and voice of the Church, not from the Puritans, not from the Latitudinarians, not from the Evangelicals—the exponents able, vigorous, and often deeply religious, of limited schools;

but in men whom all the Church honours, and no party can wholly claim. Hooker, Taylor, Bull, such are the great public names of the English Church;—and they send us back to S. Augustine and S. Athanasius. As long as they are read and studied, men will imbibe the ideas, and be led to the writings of *their* authorities, the great Doctors of the Church Universal; and their works must be lost, and their names forgotten, before the body of the English Clergy will be induced to leave their schools for those of meaner masters.

Without a revolution as great as the Reformation itself, these principles will neither lose their hold in the English Church nor admit any others into competition with them, as fairly corresponding to its system in all its parts. And a revolution we are threatened with—a silent and insidious one from one set of reformers; an open and violent one from another; with changes from statesmen and philosophers, with changes also from Puritans and Dissenters.

From the onslaught of the latter party, noisy and blustering as it is, we believe that we have little to fear. It is true that their voices vie, in multitudinous clamour and dissonant monotony, with those of disturbed sea-fowl. It is true that they have tokens to show of high patronage and encouragement; yet enjoy, under the 'ægis' of the great and powerful, and with the warrant of the Edinburgh Reviewer, the pleasure of thinking themselves the 'oppressed party.' They have smarted, indeed, at times, under well-merited, though perhaps unwise satire; they have had also to submit to the loss of influence, and of the credit of exclusive activity and zeal; they have something to avenge, and a good deal to regain. And it is true that the excitement of the last two months has given them the chance, which otherwise they might have long waited for, of identifying their peculiarities with general opinion in England, and turning to their own account the feeling which has been roused. It has been their opportunity; such an opportunity as is the fair right of every party to make use of. Let them make the best of it: they will not soon have such another. But if we are to judge from the displays which they have made, it does not seem that they can look forward to much more, than the satisfaction of having delivered their loud protest against the corrupters of Protestantism, and of having been listened to. As long as it is a question who can say the strongest things, and frame the most outrageous denunciations, these gentlemen, from their long and assiduous practice, will carry off the palm. But it will be very different when excitement has cooled down, and the time comes for practical measures. They may have loud voices, but they have not strong heads; and they may do injustice to

their favourite belief of being under persecution, if they imagine themselves really the favourites of the country. They are a noisy party—noisy from their habits, noisy from want of depth, noisy from the violence of their prejudices, noisy from immediate alarm and dislike; noisy, we might add, if we chose to retort on them their favourite charge against others, from a conscience not quite at ease; but they are essentially weak; weak in their position towards the Church and its system; weak in those who represent and lead them. We do not fear much from the eloquent follies of Dr. M'Neile, or the brazen impudence of Dr. Cumming, or even the virulence of the Dean of Bristol. We do not look with serious alarm on the intrigues of the Duke of Manchester and the Marquis of Blandford, and the gentlemen of the National Club with the Churchwardens; nor feel much daunted by the threatened rise of the laity, if the insurgents have no wiser spokesmen than Sir Culling Eardley Smith and Lord Ashley. Conviction, and steady purpose, and serious hope, do not express themselves in such hollow magniloquence as that with which the latter noble lord is said to have satisfied Freemasons' Hall and the provinces.

'He recommended them to be united in one great, vigorous, and energetic action, in one solemn protest, against this aggression, and also against the heresies which were disturbing the Church. They should raise one united, common, and irresistible voice, that the thing was unclean, and that by God's blessing, the laity would get rid of the abomination. (Loud cheers.) The ecclesiastics had troubled the Church in all ages, and the laity, under God's blessing, had invariably reformed it. (Applause.) His Lordship warned them against allowing their present aroused Protestant feeling to subside. Their enemies were only watching for this to renew their efforts, and to regain the ground which they had lost. . . . Let them suppress their minor differences, their own individual propositions; let their efforts be united against the heresies that disturbed their Church, and show that the laity of England, while they loved their Church, and whilst they would maintain it in all its efficiency, would have an Establishment founded on the word of God, Scriptural in its formularies, in its creed, and in its teaching, or they would have no Establishment at all. (Great cheering.) The dangers from traitors within the Church were almost indescribable. (Cheers.) They must have perseverance in opposing this, for without it they could not effect any good. (Cheers.) Their efforts had already been crowned with success; the great actor in this sort of ecclesiastical drama, the setter up of theatres under the name of churches, (cheers,) had providentially resigned his cure of souls.'—*Lord Ashley's Speech at Bath, Dec.* 19.

A party, whose ablest public man, while congratulating them in the hour of triumph on past success, and urging them on to more, can rise no higher than this, are not the men to revolutionize the Church. We have antagonists to fear: but they are at least of higher mark and deeper purpose than gentlemen who deal in enthusiasm at public meetings.

If the Church is to be revolutionized, it must be by men who

can think and act as well as speak: and such men know well enough that this is no time for violence. Their work must be done by degrees. They know that they must be patient; they are too wise to risk convulsion. They may look on complacently enough at what confirms public opinion against principles which they dislike; but they are wary, and know history too well, to task that public opinion too far; to ask from it, even in a moment of excitement, what it has not been prepared for.

So far as, by fair means, they can prepare it, they have a right to use it. If they can *convert* the English Church, if by their writings and their lives they win its sympathies, and in a fair trial for the higher and more enduring forms of influence, succeed in weaning it from its traditionary ideas and sentiments; the revolution which they will have been able to accomplish, even if it be to the extremest type of the 'Church of the Future,' will be one of which no one will have a right to complain. We may consider the result as the fall and apostasy of the English Church; but it would be to murmur against the most visible law of God's Providence, if we were to complain of any men using the influence which they had fairly earned. The Church Universal itself must conform itself to this law, to ensure the fulfilment of God's promises of perpetuity.

But of such men—men who appear to be altering and moulding anew the belief and feeling of the English Church, who promise to implant in it principles, which, in natural and legitimate course, shall possess and transform it,—we can see no traces among us as yet. Those who are most ambitious, and perhaps most sanguine in their plans, have as yet given no sign of the vigour necessary to fulfil them. Brilliant and interesting, from their character, their style of criticism, and their hopes of disarming liberalism of its supposed irreligious sting, they may certainly look forward to shine among their contemporaries, and contribute—in many ways, it may be, for good—to the formation of their opinions. But they must have more than all this, if they are not merely to create a new school of thinkers within the Church, but effect a lasting and fundamental change in those convictions, on which serious and religious men in general are to live and die.

A *doctrinaire* school, however clever, amiable, and earnest, and contributing to elevate and refine society, cuts itself off by its critical fastidiousness from the great natural elements of sympathy, by which men are gained over and secured. A party whose prominent characteristic is the contrast between its own delicate appreciations and distinctions, and the dulness and confusion of human minds in general, may enlighten and rouse them, and, if it make no mistakes, secure respect; but can hardly

hope to enlarge its circle. Yet it may exercise an influence which is not its own, by becoming, for the time, the ally and the organ of ruder and more common-place powers.

The rapidity in which a new power of government has developed itself in England during the year 1850, will of itself make this year a memorable one. The doctrine of the royal supremacy over the Church has been advanced in terms so absolute, that, were we ignorant of the circumstances of the time, they would be as startling as the revival among us of the temporal prerogative of our ancient kings. It was acted upon, and then in the most unlimited terms claimed for the Crown, in the Gorham case, at the beginning of the year; at its close, the claim has been apparently confirmed by the spontaneous addresses of the whole country. The feeling, it may be fairly said, which is so clear against the Pope's supremacy, is as clear in favour of the Queen's; and, it may be added, is equally clear in condemnation of the attempts of a few discontented clergymen to limit it, or explain it away.

We by no means deny the imposing character of the demonstration; we cannot shut our eyes to the possibility of its issuing in practical effects, certainly of a very serious, and as we should view them, of a very dangerous nature. Serious all must allow them to be, if they are the creation and establishment of a new and active power in our constitution, hitherto unknown in its operation, and much more, if they are the alteration, whether immediate, or, as is more likely, gradual, of the relations of Church and State; dangerous, we should consider them, politically, as the unfriendly intrusion into a sphere not its own of an uncongenial power; ecclesiastically, because that which would be encroached upon is the Church of Christ—that which might be denied or extinguished, in one of its great branches, is its divine mission.

But without attempting to disguise from ourselves the real state of the case, it is as well to consider calmly our opponents' disadvantages as well as our own. The Queen's supremacy has been proclaimed and vindicated in the most solemn and impressive way in every part of England. It is so. But those who are trying to turn this into a popular cry, have to remember that the force of such a cry is very different in repudiating, and in accepting, what is to rule and control them. It needs no explanation to know what authority is refused in the Pope; it needs a good deal to know what sort of authority is acknowledged, and in what measure, in the royal supremacy which is opposed to him.

Is it the authority of her Majesty, personal and singular—an authority which she possesses specially and exclusively in regard

to the Church, and apart in some way from those prerogatives which she exercises through her ministers? Is it the authority of the law? Is it the authority of Parliament? Or the authority, wherever vested and however exercised, of the nation? Of what nature is this authority? Is it illimitable and irresponsible? Is it a single or a mixed power? Of what nature are the conditions under which it is bound to act, the restraints to which it is subjected, the understandings which it may violate, the rights which it may invade? Are there none? Do those who state it most absolutely, imply its absolute right to impose articles of faith, even terms of communion? Do they hold themselves responsible to it alone, for what, as Christians or as Churchmen, they believe, or teach, or practise. Do those who are so vehement in their assertion of the royal supremacy mean, that they feel it binding, absolutely and without reserve, on their own consciences? Do they mean—what the supremacy may, and has been understood to mean—that it extends beyond the Church; that it may interfere, as it once did, in all religious concerns? If they admit any checks on its regulation of the religious affairs of others or their own, what are they?

These questions may be asked about the supremacy, simply because they may be asked about any power whatever, at least in England. It is a constitutional power, and if a constitutional power, it is to be presumed that it has limits; and if these limits are not clear, it is a fair question to ask what they are. And we will venture to say that in these numerous assemblages of Clergy and Laity, Churchmen and Dissenters, throughout England, which have been so unanimous in appealing to the supremacy, the discordant and contradictory definitions and theories of that supremacy would be nearly as numerous.

So far as it has been an expression, a hearty and genuine one, of loyal and national feeling of resentment at external interference, studiously made insulting, the strongest assertion of the supremacy is perfectly natural and perfectly fair. No one has a right to object to a national appeal, in such a case, to words and forms long familiar to the constitution of England, and having, like the corresponding expressions of civil loyalty, a real, yet not therefore an unlimited meaning. But it is a matter of just complaint, if the strong expressions of personal attachment, or the recognised and customary formalities of law, are bound down to a certain party meaning, and used as a cloak to introduce more conveniently a new and unconstitutional power.

And this manœuvre has been resorted to, with a contempt of appearances, which would be unaccountable except from a strong belief that it was not necessary to keep them up. The use which has been made, during the past year, of the royal supre-

macy, by those who deny all independent rights to the Church, has far exceeded the ordinary licence of party warfare. It is fair for a party to make what use they can of any real points in a system, as stepping stones and arguments for their further doctrines. But no party may use, as a real and fair basis, what is neither granted by its opponents, nor believed in by itself. And the construction of the royal supremacy which has been put upon it by Whig writers, and is necessary to make it available as an *argumentum ad invidiam,* to bring discredit on all who claim rights for the Church, is not even as strongly contested by Churchmen, as it is utterly and entirely disbelieved by those who use it.

If the supremacy is to be so potent in stopping the mouths of Churchmen—is to be an argument which leaves them without answer or excuse, it must be the right to supreme and absolute control over her affairs of the Church, either in the Queen personally, or in the nation; a personal and unlimited prerogative, or the omnipotence of Parliament. The former meaning is a convenient one, especially for a ministry. It has precedents; it has the solemn words of law in its favour. And the Liberals have very freely alleged it against the Church. But then the old supremacy, the supremacy known to the forms of the law, does not stop at Churchmen or the Church. It is an unrestricted supremacy, not only over Clergy, but over laity; not only over members of the Church, but over all estates of men; not only over *her* affairs, but over all matters that concern religion; over all ecclesiastical causes: and next, it is a supremacy of a temporal just as much as of an ecclesiastical character. The two are inseparable on the ground of legal theory. The one has no more authority from words of law, than they are ready to give to the other. The supremacy in its former meaning, necessarily involves to Liberals, in one part of it, the most odious and intolerable corruption of government. Yet they have asserted it against the Church in *this* sense, while they understood it in *the other*.

It is the easier course. For whatever may be Whig theories of the Church, it would be a bold thing to proclaim them, and avowedly to take the ground that the Church had no will but that of Parliament, and no existence or rights but what Parliament bestowed. It is easier to beg the question than to prove, in the face of history and law, that the spiritual rights and inherent powers of the Church have no origin or reality, apart from the good pleasure of the nation. The supremacy itself is not more clearly recognised by the law, than the distinct organization of the Church, an organization not derived from, though confirmed by the law. The national will may destroy this

organization, which it did not create; it has the undoubted power: in the mean time, it is for the present bound both to recognise and respect it. The obligation is too clear, and has been too long understood—we do not say to be distinctly and formally put an end to—but to be explained away under cover of an assertion of the royal supremacy. A power external to the Church, and in no way under its influence, which claims a vague but exclusive and most important control over its concerns, under a responsibility only to the House of Commons; which practically sets aside and takes the place of the governors of the Church, and that without necessarily owning the smallest allegiance to the doctrine or discipline of the Church—neither confined to nor controlled by Churchmen, is a power unsanctioned as yet by English law. English law will not bear it out. It is only less unconstitutional than it is absurd and irreligious.

It is a highly convenient assumption, but a less convenient thesis to argue, that, because the nation has changed many of its rules of civil polity, the Church, therefore, because connected with the nation, has changed in the same degree. The Church, at present known to the law, is a definite spiritual body, with laws and customs of its own—limited by restrictions, as well as endowed with privileges, but not thereby losing its own distinct existence, as a body drawing its origin from a higher and more sacred source than even English law. That law does not view the Church merely as a legislative provision for something more than secular teaching—for the spiritual wants of 'those who have no religion of their own,' to be adapted, like corporations, and commissions, and chartered companies, to varying circumstances. This may be theory, but it is neither law nor fact. From Magna Charta, down to the coronation day of Queen Victoria, the law recognised the Church of England, not as a creature, but a co-ordinate of the State. 'There has never 'been a religion of the State (the few years of the Parliament 'excepted) but that of the *Episcopal Church of England;* the 'Episcopal Church of England,—before the Reformation, con-'nected with the See of Rome; since then, disconnected, and 'protesting against some of her doctrines, and against the whole 'of her authority, as binding on the National Church; nor did 'the fundamental laws of this kingdom ever know, at any 'period, any other Church as an object of establishment; or, in 'that light, any other Protestant religion.'[1] Thus does Mr. Burke explain that 'fundamental part of the settlement at the Revolution, that the State should be Protestant.' Parliament, we are well aware, may do away with this state of things; or

[1] Burke's Works, vol. vi. p. 317.

even silent usage may substitute something different. What we say is, that this is the legal and constitutional state, which we have inherited; and that we have the right to protest and act against policy or measures, the effect of which would be to bring about one of the greatest changes ever known in England—the State allied to any religious communion, which pretended to less than the ancient and long-acknowledged character, description, and prerogatives of the Church of England.

To effect this change—to *uncatholicize* the English Church, and force it to renounce its own idea, and disclaim everything but what belongs to a national Establishment, is a far less easy task than men's fears or hopes imagine it. A high tide of popular feeling may tempt the ambition of change; but it is an insecure warrant for its success. It must ebb, perhaps as rapidly and as far as it has flowed; and the contest will return, on either side, to its old elements of truth and of strength.

Without, therefore, disguising from ourselves our dangers and disadvantages, or the fact that they have been increased by the turn which things have taken of late, we cannot shut our eyes to those which clog and embarass our antagonists. They have them in full measure. They have, when this tempest of feeling is over, to meet the judgment of impartial men; of men who will weigh, all the more calmly for the present outcry, what the Church, what the most unpopular party in the Church, teaches and means; what they have done to fulfil their engagements; how far they have contributed to elevate, to purify, to reform their generation, to add to its consolations and its hopes; what are the rights of the case between them and their various opponents; what are the fair claims of the Church, in law and in reason. These are all points which may be lost sight of in a time of excitement, but they cannot be lost for good. On the very subject with regard to which those who are opposed to us feel most secure, the unlimited nature of the Royal Supremacy, and the pretext which it affords for extinguishing the separate rights and liberties of the Church, they have to rest their case on an inconsistent fiction, as transparent, and as gross, as ever tried the audacity or the ingenuity of party. Even for Lord John Russell, the defence of the broad Tudor or Stuart supremacy, is an undertaking from which he might shrink, without reflection on his daring. In these questions the balance of everything, opinion, feeling, sympathy—is now deranged: it will show very differently when the scales are let alone. We have lost advantages which were once ours; we have, it may be, thrown them away, or used them foolishly or ill; we start less favourably in some respects, though more so in others, than we did some years ago. The game has been going against us. But it is

very far from lost. Things have not yet got so far as to shut out the hope of a fair field, as fair as any of our competitors.

And more we cannot ask. Our day, it seems, is to be one of conflict. The sooner we make up our minds to it, to the duties it imposes, the prospects it opens—the sooner we reconcile ourselves to the thought, that we shall not see the issue of it in this world, that we *may* see nothing of it but its mistakes and distress—the better. 'Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood.' We may not relish such additional trials of courage, constancy, steadiness of aim and clearness of thought. They may not be the trials which we marked out for ourselves, in more promising times, as the companions we were willing to accept, of our designs and hopes. But they very visibly belong to the conditions of human life, and of the ordinary dissemination of truth; they prove nothing against the goodness of a cause; we had no right to expect exemption from them; and they will compensate for much sadness and many losses, if they make us more thoughtful and more true.

NOTICES.

'Hungary, its Constitution and Catastrophe, by Corvinus,' (Murray), is a comprehensive and accurate though somewhat dry *exposé* of the curiously complicated Hungarian question. So little is known, and misrepresentation is so possible and so safe, in respect of this famous and bloody quarrel,—which, remote as it is from ourselves, and difficult as it may be to pronounce upon its precise bearing on the affairs of the West, is, it is plain, very closely connected with them—that any fair and trustworthy statement of its history and rights, such as this appears to be, entitles its author to our gratitude. It is not the first time, we believe, that we are indebted to the writer for authentic and detailed information, out of the reach of most Englishmen, on important questions of European public law. The account of the Hungarian Constitution is exceedingly curious. The writer deals rather with results than with the process by which Duke Arpad's horde of Tatars came at length to present the appearance of a constitutional kingdom, full of balanced powers, rife with legal fictions and compromises, accurately fixing the rights and liabilities of the subject as well as of the dominant classes, and expressing itself in a Law Latin of occasional majesty, and more frequently of extreme grotesqueness,—a constitution which, when once fixed, is said, with true oriental immobility, to have 'lasted for eight centuries.' The pamphlet suggests the thought that a history of Hungary, which should trace the progress of these singular institutions, would be full of interest; and apparently there are abundant and characteristic documents. In the late revolution, the writer shows how the Democratic party of Kossuth succeeded in substituting its ideas of change for those of the older aristocratic reformers, as the Independents out-bid and set aside the Presbyterians with us; and he defends the military leaders from the charge of treachery to their own friends in finally giving up the contest.

Mr. N. T. Moile, in his 'Philip the Second,' (Simpkin) has attempted to revive the rhyming tragedy of Dryden; but without success. It is flat and tame, and entirely fails in depicting the passions. Under any circumstances, to challenge competition with Schiller were hazardous—in Mr. Moile something more.

Even could a versifier—we say nothing of a poet—be made by rules of art, we much question whether 'The Art of Verse: by a Practitioner,' (Hatchard) would teach the gentle craft.

A handsome edition (the sixth) of the 'Common Prayer: with Bp. Mant's Notes,' (Rivingtons,) reminds us to record our sense of the great services in dark days which the good Bishop did to the Church. If we have outgrown 'D'Oyly and Mant,' it were ungrateful not to remember how even this class of theology has in its way contributed to our existing stature.

'A Practical Question about Oxford,' (J. H. Parker) is by a very practical person, Mr. D. Melville, the Principal of Bp. Hatfield's Hall, Durham. Mr. Melville advocates the establishment of one, or more, new *cheap* Colleges and Halls: and having himself successfully conducted this very experiment, now a fact, at Durham, he has a great claim to be listened to. Why what can be done at one college should not be made compulsory at all colleges, will be the next question, and not without reason. Though Mr. Melville is a very sensible writer, we must notice that his style is unusually obscure.

Mr. Horace St. John's 'Life of Columbus,' (Low) is hardly called for, with Washington Irving's biography in our recollection. Neither does the present writer seem to have availed himself of any of the materials so necessary for his work which have been pointed out by Humboldt in the *Examen critique*, and more recently in the *Kosmos*. Mr. St. John seems to be in entire ignorance of Columbus' work on 'the Five Zones:' and consequently of the great navigator's voyage to Iceland in 1477. From information gained in Iceland, it seems most likely that Columbus' notions about the great western land were consolidated.

Mr. Isaac Williams' works on the Gospels have been worthily completed by a 'Harmony of the Gospels,' (Rivingtons). The whole series, now amounting to eight volumes, is one of the most instructive and delightful—combining spiritual depth with patristic illustration—in our theological literature. Both as a critical and practical body of teaching, it is the best Commentary which we are likely to possess.

'It is written,' (Bagster) is a translation from the French of Professor Gaussen. Its object is to prove 'every word and expression contained in the Scriptures to be from God.' That this work has reached its third English edition is a sufficient proof that it has some value towards the neglected, but now most necessary, study of the question of inspiration.

Crabbe's 'Posthumous Sermons,' (Hatchard) do not rise above the level of the pulpit didactics of our youth. We looked through this volume in vain for what might have been anticipated: the genial touches of character-drawing and subtle analysis of motive which are so remarkable in the writer's poems. The sermon 'Judge not' is the nearest approach to what might be our antecedent conjectures about the style of sermons from Crabbe.

Fénélon's deep and striking 'Letter on Frequent Communion,' has been translated, with a very earnest preface, by Mr. Bennett (Cleaver).

'Sermons on the Church,' by Mr. J. Collingwood, (Rivingtons.) We deem this volume above the ordinary run, as a comprehensive and compact view of our Church, under the triple aspect of 'Apostolic, Primitive, and Anglican.' We are as little satisfied, as we should conjecture the writer to be, with his view of the Supremacy of the Crown, even as to the *source* of the Jurisdiction of the Privy Council.

As far as we have been able to study it, we consider Hävernick's 'Introduction to the Pentateuch,' (Edinburgh: Clark) much in advance of German criticism. This volume seems a really important work.

'The Christian Gentleman's Daily Walk,' (Masters,) by one who is the example which he draws, Sir Archibald Edmonstone has reached a third edition, enriched by a very thoughtful and impressive preface on the crisis in which we find ourselves. It is well worth reading.

Mr. Turner, of Boxgrove, has translated and abridged Hasse's 'Life of Anselm,' (Rivingtons.) It is a stiff documentary work, which wants some of the living lights which we remember in an old *British Critic* article on S. Anselm.

John Evelyn has enjoyed the rare posthumous felicity of having had three works published at different times during one generation, near a century and a half after his death. First came his 'Memoirs,' then the 'Life of Lady Godolphin,' and lastly, his 'History of Religion,' which has just appeared in two octavo volumes, edited by the Rev. R. A. Evanson. The work is one of those Encyclopædiac productions which delighted the seventeenth century, commencing at natural theism, and coming down to the Roman controversy in all its branches. Much of the matter is not original: but internal evidence shews that, though a common-place book, it reflects the compiler's own views. The chief interest which it posesses in our own times is as the exhibition of the Churchmanship of a layman, holding what we should now term liberal opinions in politics. The result is, that John Evelyn, whom we may only consider as the representative of a class, was decidedly what would now be called a High Churchman. The following passage may be quoted as an instance: Speaking of the Church of England, he says, 'She holds that after the words of consecration, and efficacy of 'the benediction of the elements, the symbols become changed into the 'body and blood of Christ, after a sacramental, spiritual, and consequently, 'real manner; and that all worthy communicants receive Christ to all the 'real purposes and effects of His passion, instrumentally conveying its 'influence and operation; bread in natural substance, Christ in sacramental.'

A large body of documentary evidence on the 'Jamaica Movement for Promoting the Enforcement of the Slave Trade Treaties,' has been published by Mr. Gilpin.

New editions of the standard works, Palmer's 'History of the Church,' and 'Wilberforce's Five Empires,' have appeared. (Hughes.)

Schliermacher's 'Brief Outline of the Study of Theology,' translated by Mr. Farrer, (Clark,) is the most unintelligible syllabus we ever saw.

In the department of religious poetry we have to acknowledge several works:—1. 'Remains of the Rev. F. H. Lyte.' (Rivingtons.) These poems exhibit considerable powers of versification, a large command of language, and excellent principles. The most important, though an early, Poem, on 'the Battle of Salamanca,' favourably recalls Scott. Prefixed is a Memoir of the Author, containing valuable impressions of Italy, and at the same time sketching the writer's estimable and deepening character in the higher departments both of personal religion, and a growing appreciation of Church principles.—2. 'Lyra Sanctorum.' (Masters.) This volume, most of which appeared in the pages of a contemporary, consists of pieces illustrative of the minor Church Festival, and challenges our entire approval.

It is of a high range of thought and diction.—3. Mr. Monsell's 'Parish Musings,' (Rivingtons,) are of a subjective character, with slight inaccuracies of style, such as the lines, 'By the wondrous love Thou bore us' (p. 54); 'promise,' and 'from us,' twice occurring as rhymes (pp. 65, 66); they combine pious thoughts of a slightly vague theology, with a general amount of right feeling.—4. 'Faith and Practice;' by a Country Curate. (Bell.) These are Poems of a higher cast; they are, at the same time, more formal, and exhibit an appreciation of poetic art, being carefully written and studied. There is a Series on the 'Church Seasons,' which we much admire, with the single exception of a Poem on Lent (p. 41), ungracefully reproducing old Tusser's versification.

A 'Protest, &c. on the Doctrine of Baptisms,' (J. H. Parker,) by Mr. Bramwell Smith, though drawn up in rather an ambitious form, is very full and important.

To Mr. W. H. Johnstone, author of 'Israel after the flesh,—the Judaism of the Bible separated from its Spiritual Religion,' (J. W. Parker,) we owe, perhaps, an apology for our tardiness in noticing his work. In truth, we have hesitated much in determining how we should deal with it. On the one hand, the subject which it handles is one of great interest to the student of Scripture; and the right determination of the numerous inquiries which it involves will greatly affect our estimate of the mutual relation of the Mosaic and Christian economies, as will our interpretation of various passages in the New Testament; and we are also disposed to think, that there is much justness as well as originality in the general views which Mr. Johnstone labours to establish. But we are constrained to say, that we miss in Mr. Johnstone's book some very important qualifications for the proper performance of the task which he has undertaken; especially that spirit of calm judgment, and that candid appreciation of the views of others, which are at once the noblest fruits and the most certain evidences of thoughtful research.

Mr. W. Heygate's 'Wedding Gift,' (Rivingtons,) is a valuable thought, gracefully worked out. There is a trifling, but pardonable, sentimentalism in its look.

Mr. Stretton's 'Church Hymns,' (Rivingtons,) are somewhat eclectic: their chief fault, however, is in suggesting the common and vulgar Hymn Tunes: a difficulty which we understand the Ecclesiological Society is on the point of remedying by issuing a Series of Hymns noted from the old Choral Books.

Mr. Masters' very useful 'Guide to the Daily Prayers,' has reached a fifth, and we are glad to find a much enlarged, edition.

In connexion with Mr. Daniel Wilson's 'Appeal,' &c., (Hatchard,) and Mr. Scott's 'Letter to Mr. Wilson,' (Mozley,) announced in our last number, we may mention Mr. Bowdler's touching and affectionate 'Letter to the Evangelical Members of the Church of England,' (Darling:) and 'The Church of England in Danger; a Letter to Mr. Wilson, &c.' (Taylor and Walton,)—a very unpleasant pill to swallow.

Mr. Gilbert French has produced an elegant antiquarian 'Essay on the

Tippets of the Canons Ecclesiastical,' (Bell.) It is well and correctly illustrated; and does as much credit to him as an intelligent inquirer, as many of his textile productions (to use the phrase of the day) do to his manufacturing skill.

Dr. Maitland has put forth an admirable 'Plan for a Church-History Society,' (Rivingtons.) Although only suggestive, we trust that this really valuable paper will not be lost in the surge and surf of present disputes. How very important such a plan is, and how likely to succeed, may be understood by certain recent proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, with respect to one of the most extraordinary literary adventures which has ever signalized even an age of joint-stock and railway companies. That three obscure clergymen, and a single unknown office clerk, should have ventured upon the 'Ecclesiastical History Society,' and should have secured for some years the very substantial 'countenance of many prelates and eminent clergymen,' while it might form a chapter in the unwritten history of clerical credulity, is certainly 'a proof that the value and the want of such an institution is felt,' as Dr. Maitland reminds us.

'The Report of the Bristol Architectural Society,' (Leech,) is enriched by a curious paper on Bells.

'An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of Plain Song,' by Mr. Welby Pugin (Dolman,) is a most instructive commentary on the real bearings of Oratorianism.

Mr. C. J. Smith, Archdeacon in Jamaica, has printed an elaborate Sermon on the Theological Idea of Christian Worship, 'The Prayers of the Saints,' (Pickering.)

'Notes and Observations,' and 'Concluding Notes and Observations on the First Chapter of S. John,' by A. Corban, (Holles,) might, so far as we are concerned, as well have been written in the cuneiform character.

Two or three useful gift-books have reached us—useful, not only for the smaller holiday folks who receive, but also for those who have to give, at this season. 'Henrietta's Wish,' by the author of 'Scenes and Characters,' (Masters,) exhibits great powers in portraying the development of individual character, both by incident and example. It is curious how happily this writer paints a whole range of principles and subtle temptations and tendencies by light sketchy strokes; but she is quite unequal to the construction of a plot. Her strength is in the dialogue, not on the dramatic side of art; if her writings are not unlike a charade, it is a written, not an acted, one. There is no reason why this book begins or ends where it does; it admits of indefinite extension either way; it is a diary—a good one, but still only a transcript of daily doings. And in composition it rather exaggerates the Fairy-Bower School: the young people all talk book, and quote and repartee at fifteen with the vivacity and readiness, the point and prodigality of allusion, which sometimes, though seldom, characterises thirty-five. Like the sons of Laocoon, they are reduced copies of the sire; somewhat perhaps diminished, but more in size than in character.—'Kenneth; a Story of the Russian Invasion,' (J. H. Parker,) by the same writer,—though less ambitious and certainly

not so clever, will be more popular. There is a picturesque detail and scenery in it, which the brilliancy of the subject could scarcely have missed.—'Hints for Happy Hours,' by Miss Fourdrinier, (Mozley,) exhibits almost a wearisome amount of cleverness and skill. Holiday amusement approaches nearly to the dignity of an exact science in the hands of a professor so eminent; and it is quite remarkable to trace the way in which information of the most diversified and often difficult kind is enlisted into the blameless business of youthful amusement. With a writer so skilful we can afford to be critical enough to say that, while we have a distinct apprehension of the place of religion and of the dangers of its obtrusiveness in such works, we can quite understand that it may be, as in the grammar rule, understood if not expressed, which is hardly the case in the present writer.

Darton's School Library presents itself in two instalments: a 'History of England,' by Mr. B. E. Johns, of which we can say little favourable; much better is the same editor's 'Elements of Geography;' a very useful syllabus.

'Emblems of Saints,' by Mr. Husenbeth, (Burns and Lambert,) furnishes some elaborate and careful lists of Saints and their attributes; not only very necessary to all students of hagiological art, but in itself important in a literary view, as adding to our scanty knowledge on a subject hitherto almost inaccessible. A country printer has not escaped the commission of clerical errors, such as the phrase, 'Milan—Ambros—Basilic,' p. 7.

'Reginald Græme; or, Visible and Invisible,' (Cleaver,) has unquestionably good intentions to recommend it.

We have already reported our satisfaction with Mr. Knox, as a descriptive ornithologist—unfortunately we suppose we must add—and sportsman. His recent volume, 'Game Birds and Wild Fowl,' (Van Voorst,) is as graphic as White; and Mr. Knox ranges over a larger tract both of country and information. The study of the habits and instincts of the lower creatures, while it tends to produce a patient and accurate habit of mind, has higher advantages; in those who peruse it conscientiously, we can always observe the presence of deep sympathies and reverence for nature. A good naturalist is always poetical; and even sport is humanized by such as Mr. Knox. The book is beautifully printed, and cleverly illustrated.

We must say a longer word than usual with Mr. Henry Drummond. We have no further right to quarrel with this gentleman's views of truth, or those of the body of which he is the pervading spirit, than with those of any other set of religionists; and having no further right, we seek no other occasion. But we have a right—not only has literature a right, but society has a right—to require that a Christian body which puts forth such colossal pretensions as those of (so-called, if they will,) 'Irvingism,' should sail under its own colours. Mr. Drummond will of course reply, that his theory of religious truth being an absorbent rather than a critical one, he is not called upon to avow antagonism to any Christian Church or body;

that he is rather a Syncretist than a Donatist. Be it so; but it becomes a matter of practical immorality in any religious community, for its members silently and without protest, if not intentionally, to permit themselves to be mistaken for what they are not. This form of Christianity affects to be above, beyond, within, and prior to what is commonly known as the Catholic Church of Christ; it claims to have reproduced in its ministry the great Pentecostal gifts which have been withdrawn for nearly eighteen centuries; its fourfold stewardship is the sole and complete continuation of that of the Apostles; its throne is hyper-papal, hyper-patriarchal, far above all Churches or communions, Roman and Greek, Anglican or Protestant. It deals out censure and praise, anathema or patronage, with imperial impassiveness. Now surely the world, the Church, common-sense, have a right to know its sovereigns and its teachers. If this body be, according to its esoteric claims, the sole depository of a new revelation, or the exclusively gifted witness of the solitary and long deferred revival of the Apostolic purpose and tradition, why should we not be acquainted with our teachers and our pontiffs? Why should its chief Apostle only be known to all but all the world as a country squire and a county magistrate? Nor is this all. Why, as at a late 'Papal aggression' meeting, should this gentleman address his brother squires as though he were only the Protestant layman that they claimed to be? Why in his recent 'Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Sermon on the Gorham Case,' (Bosworth,)—a production more offensive in various ways than we choose to characterise,—or in his 'Family Prayers,' (Bosworth,) should not his high commission be avouched? Surely the cope and chasuble of Mr. Drummond's Albury ministrations are inconsistent with his perpetual white trousers in the House of Commons. Which is grotesque or which fanatical, we are not called upon to decide; but religion itself suffers when it is undistinguishable to the world whether one bearing, according to his own account, a commission so fearful, has found his real vocation as liturgist or pamphleteer, farmer or prophet; whether he is to be known in history as the successful breeder of capercaillie, or the compiler of sacramentaries and pontificals, (Knox's Game Birds, p. 220, n.;) as the adventurous opponent of monopoly, or the confessional; and when it is doubtful, perhaps to himself, whether he is most at home in assigning mission to the whole priesthood of the Church Catholic, or only his mittimus to a Surrey tramp.

'The Four Gospels Combined,' (Simpkin,) is a kind of harmony which has received the approval of 'His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. John Angell James, Doctor Cox of Hackney, and the Astronomer Royal,' all of whom,—His Grace in particular styling it 'a novel publication,'—write as though a very common-place harmony were as great a discovery as that of a new planet.

'Elements of Natural Theology,' (Rivingtons,) by Dr. Beaven of Toronto, is more of an approach to an exact and scientific method than we usually see in an age which identifies Divinity with Sermon-writing. We recommend this volume as a text-book.

'A Selection of Psalms and Hymns, for the use of Bakewell Church,' (Mozley,) contains nothing remarkable, either original or selected.

We shall not criticise a 'Hymn-Book for the use of Churches and Chapels,' (Cleaver,) but we would ask the warm-hearted compiler, whether he has established the fact of there ever having been 'bright days gone by, 'when *the same* heavenly strains, [*i.e.* the Ritual Hymns,] were sung in *all* 'quarters of Christendom.' p. vi.

'Samuel; a Story for Choristers,' (Mozley.) We can speak 'experimentally' of the use of this affecting story in the quarter for which it is written.

Mr. Appleyard's 'Greek Church,' (Darling,) completes an important series, by the Author of 'Proposals for Christian Union.' If after many days this good seed bears its fruit, the amiable writer will be well rewarded.

'The Mission of Sympathy,' by Mr. W. V. Sankey, (Pickering,) somewhat coldly reflects the twin poems of Rogers and Campbell.—'Eidolon and other Poems,' by W. R. Cassels, from the same publisher, strikes a higher note. The longest poem, in subject the same as Beattie's 'Minstrel,' displays some very striking language, but it is deficient alike in interest and plan; it has the raw material of many poems in it. In some of the minor pieces Mr. Cassels is a not unsuccessful follower of the present laureate.—'Imagination,' by Spero, 'an original poem,' (Bogue.) Original enough: Spero thus addresses himself to himself, hopeless of other readers; he is speaking of the anticipated feats of 'the critics' on his poem:—

'Rise! spirit, rise!
Throw off thy mortal fear,—doubt prostrate lies
And pale and trembling calls on me to pause,
While sinking fear, dismay's keen horny claws
Fix on my frame—now ruined hope glides past
With hair dishevell'd, loosen'd to the blast,
With wringing hands, with lacerated heart—
Her life's blood oozing from th' envenom'd dart
The critic's hand has thrown—dark spirits float,
While cold-tongued censure brings her brood to gloat
O'er young ambition's fall.'—p. 74.

'Mr. Chubb on Locks and Keys,' suggests something in the way of an advertisement. This Essay, which was read before the Engineers' Institute, certainly is an advertisement; but it is something more,—a really ingenious and instructive memoir on an interesting subject.

From the writer of a 'Glimpse of Hayti,' (Hall and Virtue,) we should welcome a longer look of this most interesting and little-known place. It contains a good sketch of Toussaint.

'Mr. Neale's Readings for the Aged,' (Masters,) will perhaps be misunderstood. Mr. Neale is a remarkably interesting preacher; all that he says is full of life, and point, and originality,—often of thought, always of expression. He is quite the person to keep the young people from fidget, and the old from drowsiness, in church; but this by a freedom which ranges close to familiarity, and in a spirit which, generally full of character, occasionally touches on exaggeration. May we instance a passage on

the famous 10th of April, at p. 95? There are many sermons which tell amazingly on the hearers, which are almost too vigorous and exuberant for print. Some few passages of these 'readings' suggest this consideration. Yet on the whole the volume is more than an ordinary one, and quite worth purchasing.

'The Life of James Davis,' by Sir Thomas Phillips, (J. W. Parker,) is, among recent biographies, one of the most striking which we can recall. The zeal, energy, and exertions of this humble person, though the most prominent and useful facts of his history, do not stand alone: his was a very complex and curious character, which suggests many thoughts. But in a practical way, which is all that we can here say of it, this memoir deserves a sincere recommendation.

'Pinder's Sermons for the Holy Days,' (Rivingtons,) sustain their respected writer's reputation.

Most of ourselves read commentaries on the Articles in some antecedent sense which we have already assigned to the Confession itself; consequently there are few books which are so generally read with a bias. We do not, therefore, approach Mr. Harold Browne's recent and elaborate 'Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles,' (J. W. Parker,) without something of the foregone conclusion. Mr. Browne is, however, full and fair and candid: he exhibits more of the collector than the expositor; he generally lets the conflicting schools have their own say, not so coldly as Burnet, but with much the same practical result. He is more instructive and, we believe, more orthodox than Beveridge on the same subject; and he promises to supersede both these recognised episcopal expositors. For ourselves, we think, for example, that Mr. Browne's summary neither of Bishop Bull nor Mr. Newman is adequate; and we should have reconciled the apparent apostolic conflict on Justification differently. Following the present Bishop of Lincoln, some will also have discovered a closer possible approximation between even Trent and our own Articles on the same subject. Still we gladly admit that as a continuous exposition, Mr. Browne's is at present the best extant work on the subject. The first volume, however, only is published; and we scarcely envy Mr. Browne the task of the more disputed and difficult Articles which are to follow.

Mr. Ewbank's 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans,' (J. W. Parker,) is a moderate exposition of the ordinary Lutheran view. It incorporates some of the recent German comments.

Mr. E. A. Freeman's work on 'Llandaff Cathedral,' (Pickering,) does him great credit as an architectural critic. It is an interesting monograph of a curious church; and, as the improving spirit in Welsh Church matters leads us to hope, it will help the great work of restoration at Llandaff. A remarkable omission is, that the ground plan has no scale; and though many of the criticisms depend upon actual and comparative dimensions, we cannot find a single measurement in the volume.

A careful 'Responsal' to the valued 'Visitatio Infirmorum,' has been published by Mr. Masters.

If any, surely Mr. Monro, has a right to publish Sermons on the 'Responsibilities of the Ministerial Life,' (J. H. Parker.) All such works, even among ourselves, 'Burnet's Pastoral Care,' ought to be in all clerical

hands. If Mr. Monro's is among the most awful of its class, the more necessary is it, and though liable to an unfair controversial use, we would rather look at its intended practical purpose; and this we cannot exaggerate. A well-known Sermon on Purity, though inconsistent with the plan suggested by the title, is here, with its important note, in place. We questioned, though we should be loth to pronounce on, its suitability as a sermon. John Gerson, who treats the same subject, addressed its discussion solely *ad clerum;* even the substance of directions for confessors should not be preached.

'Victories of the Saints,' (Masters,) by Mr. Neale, is an appropriate and consistent sequel to his 'Triumphs of the Cross.'

At first we were disposed to give Mrs. Hamilton Gray the benefit of an unfortunate printer in her 'Emperors of Rome,' (Hatchard,) when we read of a town called 'Cæsarea Germanicus,' p. 77; and Ovid's 'Artis Amatoriæ,' in which he celebrates 'Corinne,' p. 71; or of adopted children called 'Julii Cæsari,' p. 16; or such a distich as this, 'Hic situs est Rufus Pulso, qui 'Vindice quondam Imperium asseruit non sibi, sed Patriæ,' p. 239; but we are constrained to fear that the blunders, both in names and facts, which abound in this volume, must be attached to another responsibility.

'Whitaker's Penny Almanack,' (J. H. Parker,) for price and quality is to be recommended.—The same compiler's 'Clergyman's Diary for 1851,' (J. H. Parker,) seems the most complete and generally useful thing of the kind which we have seen; it is fuller than Gilbert.

A second series of 'Tales of Kirkbeck,' (Cleaver,) agreeably recalls its predecessor. We are not sure that the sombre element in these stories is not in excess.

Mr. Maskell has published a 'Letter to Dr. Pusey,' (Pickering,) in answer to Dr. Pusey's 'Letter to Mr. Richards' on Confession and freedom of choice in the minister of absolution. Dr. Pusey has replied in a 'Postscript to his Letter,' (J. H. Parker.) There is much pain inseparable from this whole matter; pain, because few things are more distressing—and we believe more damaging to their own views of truth—than to find amiable persons, like Mr. Maskell, giving any colour to the vulgar impression, that such as leave us make it their chief object in life to damage the communion they have quitted. Surely such a line recalls the maxim, *Odisse quem læseris.* Because, as Mr. Maskell frames his implication against Dr. Pusey, he might know that it is impossible, without violating very sacred relations, fully to answer it. Because Mr. Maskell, with his ample knowledge of the world, must have felt that there are various ways of recommending truth, contingent both upon the moral bias of those who urge and those who are asked to receive it; and that, while nothing is so easy as to call reserve and tenderness dishonesty and suppression, an open free-spoken candour and bluntness often gets credit, and perhaps as unjustly, for harshness and coarseness. Some in teaching delight, as they say, in calling things by their right names, and in startling people. While we admit that, in certain cases, this candid tone may have its uses, yet it is past question that in other and peculiar conditions of society it is right, and exclusively right, to veil truth and to deal gently with suspicions and

prejudices. If there be no such Christian duty as to accommodate the mode of recommending truth by a consideration of the varying exigences of time and person, then, while we stigmatize all prudence as craft, we must be content to be told that there may be a boldness which comes under the precept, *Ne projiciatis margaritas*, &c. We must say that we think Dr. Pusey's reply full, and convincing, and temperate. There will be something like injustice in forcing the matter further.—We had written, and printed, thus far, when a letter appeared from Mr. Maskell, declining, with very sufficient fairness, and with but little of which we might complain, to prosecute this unprofitable and harassing dispute further. The matter, therefore, terminates creditably to the good intentions of both parties: for we are glad to find Mr. Maskell indignantly repudiating the use which has been made of certain parts of his letter—a use, however, which might well have been foreseen.

Dr. Pusey's 'Two Sermons: The Danger of Riches,' recently delivered at Bristol, which attracted some local celebrity on more accounts than one, have been given to the public, (J. H. Parker.)

Some little tales, of good principles but of no very remarkable power, have been translated from Hoffman, and are printed under the title of 'Tales for my Godson,' (Masters.)

We can only just announce Mr. Isaac Williams' new poem, 'The Seven Days of the Old and New Creation,' (J. H. Parker.) Its plan seems to be the beautiful one of viewing in all visible things the expression of the spiritual truths, and of the material world enfolding in type the kingdom of God and the mysteries of grace.

We can quite understand how a young curate and Bachelor of Arts, who has just exchanged his Aldrich and Porson's plays for Bishop Newton and Dr. Keith, and who is well imbued with the current Milner and Mosheim history of the Albigenses, should think it right, or pleasant, to write, and of course to deliver, 'Lectures on the fulfilled Prophecies.' (Nisbet.) This Mr. F. Arnold of Chesterfield has done; and as we have no wish to interfere between this gentleman and his publisher, we do not regret that he has published a work as deficient in charity as in originality.

Bishop Forbes' (of Brechin) 'Commentary on the Te Deum,' (Masters,) is taken so entirely from accredited sources, that we can only be grateful to the compiler for a delightful little publication. An illustration, distantly enough, recalling one of the most famous pictures of the early Italian school, is better than the ordinary Aldersgate-street prints. It seems almost hopeless to look for improvement in this branch, or rather twig, of religious art.

In the recent hurricane of folly and bigotry which has swept through the land, a Dr. Cumming has made himself conspicuous. Having heard so much of this person, we looked with some interest at his 'Salvation: price One Shilling,' (Hall,) as the advertisements style it. It is the sermon—the author, at least, calls it a sermon—which Lord John Russell, to whom Dr. Cumming is a sort of chaplain *in partibus*, procured to be preached before the Queen in Scotland. For a critical account of 'Salvation' we would refer to the *Eclectic Review* on its literary merits; and were we disposed to ask Israel to renounce its gods, this sermon would be an adequate standard

of the sense of the popular leaders of the popular religion. We are not very familiar with eloquent sermons delivered in the Scotch language, or with what is reckoned oratory north of the Tweed. But we cannot resist culling a flower or two from this famous Blair Athol homily. 'Multiply 'ages into ages—carry century to century, to their highest cube, and all 'is but an infinitesimal preface to its [the soul's] inexhaustible being. The 'Pyramids of Egypt, just opening their stony lips to speak for God's Word; 'the theatres of Ionia; the colossal remains of Nineveh, experiencing a re-'surrection from the grave in which God buried it; the iron rail, that strings 'the bright villages like pearls on its black thread; the paddle-wheel, that 'disturbs,' &c. &c. p. 30. 'The Saviour says: "Look unto me, all the ends 'of the earth—dwellers on the Missouri and the Mississippi, in the prairies 'and back-woods of America; upon the Andes and in the isles of the Pacific; 'from the mountains of Thibet, and the plains of China; from every jun-'gle in India, from every pagoda in Hindostan; from the snows of Lapland; 'Arab, in thy tent, and Cossack, on thy steppes; ye ancient Druse [*sic*] 'from Mount Lebanon; weary-footed wanderers of Salem,"' &c. &c. p. 28.

'Hints on the Formation of a Church Choir' is the first number of a promising series of 'Parochial Papers,' (J. H. Parker) by Mr. Armitstead.

The authorities of S. Augustine's have not, according to ancient precedent, issued a new Use; but they have put forth a local 'Calendar,' (Canterbury: Ward.) The Calendar, strictly so called, is drawn up for immediate purposes: it commemorates Missionary transactions, in which both the ancient and recent British Church is commemorated: thus, 'Willebald, Missionary from England to Germany, 790. Thomas Thomason died, in the Mauritius, 1829.' It contains useful missionary information—the *cursus* of study, &c.

Mr. Arthur Baker has printed a pamphlet with an alarming title, 'A Plea for Romanizers (so called), &c.' (Masters,) addressed to the Bishop of London. There is nothing awful about it but this heading: it is really a temperate and judicious appeal in behalf of what always has existed as a recognised school in the Reformed Church. Not only in the Church of England, but in purely Protestant countries, there always have been—as while charity survives, there always will be—those who are disposed to make allowances and advances, and to construe differences in their most tolerant and tolerable sense. Mr. Baker might have spared, we think, a single illustration, except in the way of an argument, *ad invidiam*, against the psilo-biblical school. We allude to the case of Extreme Unction. The periodical from which, on this subject, he quotes, by the way, is an 'Evangelical,' not a dissenting, one, a circumstance which aggravates the force of the argument.

A series of papers is in the course of publication by Nisbet, from a body styling themselves 'The Wickliffe Club.' Four numbers have appeared, and the avowed object of the conspiracy is to change our Communion into the Church of the Future. It is true that this body, curiously recalling the Feathers Tavern Association of the last century, is at present obscure enough; whether it will form a nucleus for other elements of disaffection, also openly proclaiming their desire to alter the Prayer-book, remains to be seen. To point out the bearings of such an attempt as

an illustration of the actual interpretation of the Prayer-book is quite superfluous.

'Academic Notes on the Holy Scriptures,' by the Rev. R. C. Crowfoot, (Bell,) bespeak a mind which has been exercised, and not unprofitably, in one particular department of Biblical criticism, viz.: Hebraism. To account for phenomena or remove obscurities, whether in the Old or New Testament, by investigating some Hebraic peculiarity of thought or phrase, is the design of four,—and perhaps the four most successful,—of the six 'Notes' here presented to us. We demur, however, to the principle of 'cumulativeness,' as explanatory of the whole phenomenon which has been called 'parallelism' in Hebrew poetry, and wonder it should not have been plain to the ingenious author, that such a principle leaves the simpler instances of correspondence or antithesis entirely unaccounted for. We are not satisfied with the view suggested as to the order of topics in the Sermon on the Mount; nor has the famous *crux* of *cruces* in the New Testament, (Gal. iii. 20—29,) yet found an adequate interpreter.

Mr. Bennett's famous 'Letter to Lord John Russell' (Cleaver) is in the hands of all our readers—we need, therefore, do no more than mention it. And in the same connexion we are glad to specify an extremely able letter to the Bishop of London, 'The Solemnity of our Anglo-Catholic Ritual,' &c., from the same publisher. We much regret that any occasion should have been afforded for such an appeal, from the nature of the case so painful.

'Hoossoo, or the Temple profaned,' by Mr. Raby, (Richardson,) is a collection of what schoolboys call Nonsense Verses.

On the Supremacy Question we have to specify an able, and very damaging 'Letter to Dr. M'Neill,' by Mr. French Laurence, (Vincent.)—Of less importance on the same subject are the 'The True Supremacy,' by Mr. Buckley, (Darling,) and 'The Royal Supremacy Defended,' by Mr. George Heaton, (Hatchard.)

This last writer has put forth another pamphlet, under the title 'Opus Operandum,' (Hatchard.) It lectures everybody, and sets everything straight, after the author's own way. Mr. Heaton's wit is as profane as his assurance of infallibility is easy.

Mr. Massingberd has printed an able and full paper on 'The Necessity of a Session of Convocation,' (Rivingtons,) originally composed for a Church Union.

Dr. Thorpe, Minister of a London Proprietary chapel, and Dr. Worthington, also a London Clergyman, have come forward, the one in a 'Review of Mr. Bennett's letter to Lord John Russell,' (Seeley,) and the other in a 'Letter to Mr. Bennett,' (Hatchard,) to defend the Premier and Lord Chancellor for their Churchmanship. Certainly the recent appointment to East Farleigh has acted as a stimulant.

Three important Episcopal Charges have reached us: 1. That of the Bishop of Fredericton, (S. John's, N. B.: Avery;) 2. of the Bishop of Newfoundland, delivered at Bermuda, (S. John's, N.F.L.: McCoubrey;) 3, of the Bishop of London, (Fellowes.) In this place it is not of course for us

to criticise the latter document; indeed we are unable to do so, remembering with what very different feelings, and under what different circumstances, we wrote on this very day eight years ago, on the Present and Prospective Results of the Bishop of London's Charge of 1842, (Christian Remembrancer, vol. v. pp. 114—160.) Even then, while referring to 'the rushing tide of 'obloquy, misrepresentation, clamour, violence, all but persecution, which 'had set in, with the steady sweep of a resolved will, resolved even to exter-'mination, against Catholic truth,' (p.114,) we could afford to look hopefully at the future; so we can repeat either language at the present moment. With all our losses, sorrows, failings, mistakes, unfaithfulness, we cannot look at these two *lustra* of years without recognising in them the same tokens and signs which have ever attended the Church's work and way. That our lines have been extended, and on the whole a vast amount of hostile or neutral country occupied, is plain; plain also that new and unexpected elements of evil have been mixed up with the strife. The Hampden and Gorham cases we neither desire, nor are able, to minimise: the extreme and startling way in which State tyranny and the claim of a Tudor supremacy, more threatening, because most undefined, has been advanced by Government, and for the present endorsed by the accidental state of the law, we seek not to extenuate. These matters, as they involve new difficulties, so they force upon us new duties; not merely to maintain our own as in other days, but actually to compel a second adjustment of the understanding on which the same Church is tied to a changed State. But still it is only another part of the field to which the conflict has swept. It may be thought that the difference between 1842 and 1850 consists in the different attitude of the Bishops, especially of the Bishop of London, towards Church principles, at least as displayed in the respective Charges of the two years. Whether controversially the Bishop of London cannot be proved to be consistent with himself, as far as the letter of these documents goes, we shall not dispute. There are, however, certain popular practical differences, which are at this moment distressing many sincere and earnest minds: the existence and influence of these we cannot gainsay. Lord John Russell has fastened a certain interpretation on certain parts of the Bishop of London's Charge, which interpretation the Bishop of London has not formally disavowed, though we are quite certain that it is not the true one. To this interpretation and to this alone are to be traced the riots which have deprived the Church of Mr. Bennett, as well as the combination of Lord Ashley and the National Club, which, not content with tampering with churchwardens, is at this moment hawking petitions against Tractarian doctrines and Romish innovations from house to house in London. But surely all this is no great matter: it is only another form of the conflict, to which, unless we had long made up our minds, we had not business to engage in. It is distressing enough: but did we ever count upon any thing but distress? It is painful enough that we cannot rescue the Bishop of London from the taunt—that in his diocese it is safer to be disobedient than compliant, and that those alone are in 1850 marked out, if not for persecution, at least for harassing, who eight years ago *alone* were obedient to his recommendations. This is *the* cross which some London congregations have to bear: but we must remind such that

they have duties towards the Church, paramount and prior to mere feelings and temporary conveniences. What they have steadily to keep in view is the chance of the rulers and officials of the Church, not unnaturally perhaps, considering themselves the mere administrators of the popular will. Humiliating as such a contingency is, we must say that it is not impossible: nay, we may go further, and own that it has been openly asserted. We must mark with distinct reprobation the discreditable fact—we cannot afford to speak of it in milder terms—that the Archdeacon of Middlesex has thought it right to state that a visitation of Churches entrusted to him will be so conducted as that 'the result will be satisfactory to the public:'—a phrase, by the way, significantly identical with Lord John Russell's House of Commons vindication of the judgment in the Gorham case. We have no quarrel with Mr. Sinclair: he is neither above nor below the ordinary type of feeling in this matter. That he only in his position represents and expresses it is our complaint; that any person entrusted with quasi-judicial authority, should admit that he is prepared to exercise it with such a view, is indeed melancholy. The letter in which the admission is made, might be private—might be hasty. Archdeacons have no business to write notes either light or hasty on public matters which concern the peace of thousands. And yet more: not only to write and avow, but even to entertain this melancholy sentiment, that not law — not truth—not justice—but public satisfaction is to be the end and aim of Church judicature, may well make us fear that the avenues of English justice are only, but systematically, closed against those whom the world is pleased to call Tractarians. This we say is a new, but temporary, form of difficulty under which our cause labours: that from certain accidental causes, we are perhaps likely not to get justice; that *law* as such, will not in our case be fairly administered. This is a danger, and a great one: but it has not yet occurred. No interference with the services or arrangement of Churches has yet been attempted: the choral offices are not put down, as with Lord Stowell's famous judgment, we hardly think they will be interfered with: the position of the priest at consecration can only be *settled* by a Court of Law. It has been asserted that the Ordinary has power to decide on the interpretation of doubtful rubrics, but it may yet be found, that though a doubt may be made about any rubric, yet that because a thing is doubted, it is not therefore doubtful; and that as Archdeacon Sharp reminds us, 'though the 'Ordinary is allowed to interpret and determine the sense of the Rubric 'for us in all doubtful cases; yet it is with this proviso, that he shall not 'order or determine anything that is contrary to what is contained in the 'Service Book. That is, in points that are clearly expressed, *the Ordinary* '*is as much prohibited from making innovations, as the meanest parochial minister* '*among us.*' It is, therefore, well to bear in mind, that the question is not about the power of the Ordinary, nor the obedience which is to be paid to the Bishop's godly admonitions, but rather whether what an Ordinary might choose to include among the doubtful cases referable to him, a court of law might not decide to be a 'point clearly expressed in the Service Book,' and upon which the Ordinary is prohibited from enforcing his interpretation. Such a question, in our judgment, is that of the position of the consecrating priest. That Archdeacons or Archbishops should take advantage of the popular sentiment to further their own private views, or preferences, or interpretations,

is not unnatural. We do not complain of this: we only say that it is neither final nor fatal. There is the law to appeal to. There is the feeling of equal justice to appeal to. There is that great condition of Divine truth, that it must win its way through unfairness and opposition, to appeal to. And in these is our confidence and hope. While beyond all, there is this to appeal to, we mean that natural sense of propriety, as well as of justice, which sooner or later will prevail in the English hearts of English Bishops, that if there is a public—represented, whether by Lord John Russell, or by the Pimlico pickpockets—to be satisfied on the one hand, there is, on the other, another public, which is not represented by leading articles in the *Times*—a public of congregations yearly growing and abounding in works of Christian love—of congregations which never heard one syllable of disunion till the parish was harried by emissaries of Lord Ashley and the Duke of Manchester—and that such a public as this has some right to have its feelings, or even prejudices, or weaknesses, consulted. And, again, that if it is a Christian duty to condescend to the infirmities of such weak brethren and timid stumbling Christians as the writers in 'Punch,' or the wall-chalkers of the day, a strong claim will be put forth by parish priests, who only claim to represent a school in the Church of England, which is as much a fact in history as the thirty years' war—who only claim, in ritual and doctrine, to do and to teach what Andrewes and Laud *did* as well as taught: and a more importunate plea will also be urged by simple men and women, to whom not only our daily prayers and weekly communions, even if coupled with painted windows, or altar flowers, or frescoed walls, have, by God's grace, become part of themselves, but whose every hour of life is spent in the dedication of themselves, their thoughts, their time, their money, their natural gifts, their comforts and peace, as a living sacrifice to the Church. It certainly will be a fatal day when the only public which is not to be recognised is such a public as this. But, as we said, things have not come to this, and it will be our own fault if they do.

A deep and thoughtful Sermon, on a difficult subject, 'The Laws of our knowledge of Doctrinal Truth,' has been printed by Mr. W. B. Heathcote. (J. H. Parker.) The preacher distinguishes accurately between the objective truth itself, and the subjective helps or hindrances which may affect the full knowledge or reception of it: he goes on to the difficult branch, how far the body of truth itself may be affected in its manifestations, by causes arising from ignorance, education, prejudice, or even good intention and pious purpose. With much judgment and charity he takes up the case of those external to the Visible Church, and of those imperfectly or in excess affected by the aspect of its sacramental system. He then suggests certain necessary prerequisites to saving knowledge, and introduces qualifications as to the amount of their influence.

Partly connected with the same line of thought is Mr. Charles Marriott's impressive and sustaining Sermon, 'God, and not System, the strength of the Church,' (Masters.)—Mr. Pedder's Sermon, 'The Work of the Church,' (Masters,) is on the same consoling topic.

'Subjection; no, not for an Hour;' a Sermon by Mr. Miller of Birmingham, (Hatchard.) 'Romish Sacraments and the Confessional as now taught and practised in the English Church;' two Sermons by Mr. Henry Hughes,

(Rivingtons.) We notice these 'Sermons,' not because we intend to waste a single word upon their contents, but because they remind us of a practice which at least ought to be known. Of the exact purpose of a pulpit one has formed a tolerably defined conception; so too, within limits, we conjecture what is the idea of a sermon, at least in the Church of England, not without some reference to the Fifty-third Canon. Mr. Miller and Mr. Hughes seem to ascend the hebdomadal rostrum with a pile of books, pamphlets, and newspapers under their arm; these materials are showily arranged on the lecturing or dissecting table; and the *preachers* fall to work anatomizing and quoting Mr. Maskell and Mr. Dodsworth, Dr. Newman and Dean Elliot, Mr. Daniel Wilson and Dr. Pusey's letter to Mr. Richards; not only by name, but actually in cloth and boards, these writers are all outwardly and visibly produced in the unmistakeable reality of print and paper. 'I hold Dr. Newman's recent lectures in my hand,' says Mr. Miller, p. 12. 'I hold in my hand a volume of sermons just published,' &c., p. 14. So Mr. Hughes, through thirty-six tedious pages, goes on belabouring and denouncing 'Mr. Dodsworth, Minister of Christ Church,' p. 3; 'Dr. Pusey and Mr. Richards,' p. 4; all by name; with quotations from and criticisms of Mr. Allies, and the Bishop of Exeter, and his Chaplain, and the proceedings of Church Unions, &c., in every paragraph. Neither is the practice confined to these persons. The would-be popular preachers in London proprietary chapels find that pamphlets and leading articles and anonymous letters, done up into the form of sermons, suit the prevailing taste; and, as we understand, they defend themselves under the Bishop of London's recommendation of controversial sermons.—Two calm and reasonable answers to Mr. Miller, who, however, is far beyond the reach of any appeal to reason or decency, have appeared: 'A Letter to Mr. Miller, &c., by an Anglo-Catholic Priest,' Birmingham, (Hodges;) and 'A Letter to Evangelical Churchmen, &c., by Laicus,' (ibid.)

Two volumes of Sermons, very far above the average, have reached us this quarter: one by Mr. Woodford, of Bristol, which in language picturesque and far above fine writing, is quite an acquisition to literature. The theology is vigorous and well spoken; the style itself unequal; and we regret that Mr. Woodford should preach in other than the first person singular. We think very highly of the volume.—Of quite a different character are the late and respected Mr. Cornish's 'Sermons,' (Mozley.) Of a level, subdued, calm, even character, they exhibit a good deal of thought in reserved language. If Mr. Woodford's volume fairly represents the place in which they were composed,—for the fitful uneven contrasts of his somewhat irregular, yet vehement and thoughtful, mind are not unlike that strange compound of common-place and sublimity, the picturesque and shabby city of Bristol,—Mr. Cornish's well enough reproduces the repose and depth of country scenery. Mr. Woodford is original—Mr. Cornish soothing. We must not omit to say that some of Mr. Cornish's poetical remains enrich this his posthumous volume. The writer, already well-known by some beautiful lines inserted in the 'Christian Year,' and in some more recent collections of 'Church Poetry,' might, we think, have won a place among poets. But he seems never to have executed more than some graceful preludes.

The flood of pamphlets on 'Papal Aggression' which threatens to over-

whelm the most impassive of reviewers with scarcely abating vehemence, is so large, that we can scarcely do more than acknowledge, and set down the titles of the more prominent publications which have reached us. 1. 'Danger to the Faith,' a Sermon, by Mr. Baines, of Haverstock Hill, (Kingcombe,) quite equal to any of its compeers—in some respects, superior to them. 2. Nos. IX. X. XI. 'Occasional Sermons,' by Dr. Wordsworth, at Westminster Abbey, (Rivingtons.) 3. 'Rome Catholic, and Rome Papal,' by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, (J. H. Parker.) 4. 'A Letter to Lord Ashley,' by Mr. W. J. Edge, (J. W. Parker,) highly creditable to the writer, seeing that he is removed, in sentiment, from those whom he chivalrously defends. 5. 'Papal Aggression,' by Mr. Eddrup, of Camden Town, (Kingcombe.) 6. 'A Remonstrance to the Clergy of Westminster,' from a Westminster magistrate, which exhibits some disagreeable truths, more easy to urge than to answer, as perhaps the writer may know is the case with objections to *all* religious systems. This pamphlet, not devoid of ability, is written in a harsh carping spirit. 7. 'Stand fast in the Faith:' Mr. Hawkins' Sermon at Curzon Chapel, (Rivingtons.) 8. Mr. Harington's 'Bull of Pope Pius and the Ancient British Church,' (Rivingtons.) 9. 'A Letter on the Intrusion of a Romish Episcopate,' by Mr. John Oates, (J. H. Parker.) 10. 'Puseyites (so-called) no Friends of Popery,' by Mr. Ingle of Exeter, (H. J. Wallis,) a clever letter, of which, however, the cleverness will never justify, under any plea of practical or popular utility, the use, by so respectable a person as Mr. Ingle, of the offensive and unrighteous nickname to which he has given a qualified currency. 11. 'Roman Aggressions, &c.' Two Sermons, by Mr. C. C. Bartholomew. (Wallis.) 12. 'The Work and Will of God,' by Mr. Gutch, of St. Margaret's, Leicester, (Masters,) delivered under peculiar and trying circumstances. 13. 'A Word of Remonstrance with the Evangelicals,' by Mr. Gresley, (Masters.) 14. 'A Plea for Toleration,' by Mr. Mackarness, (Ollivier;) an admirable and almost solitary instance of the right spirit. 15. 'Letters by Justitia,' from the *Morning Post*, (Masters.) 16. 'The Pattern showed on the Mount,' by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, (J. H. Parker:) much to be commended. 17. 'The Danger and the Foe,' and 'Union and Victory,' by Mr. Archer Gurney, of Exeter, (Masters;) of something worse than questionable propriety. 18. 'The Church's own Action,' by Mr. Alexander Watson, (Masters.) 19. 'Romish Aggression,' by Mr. Wade, of Soho, (Masters.) 20. 'The Old Paths of the Church, &c.' by Mr. Butler, of S. John's Wood, (Rivingtons.) 21. 'The Evil of Forsaking the Church of England, &c.' by Mr. Oldknow, (Rivingtons.) 22. 'Rome and her Claims,' by Mr. Jackson, of S. James', (Skeffington.) 23. 'The Sin of doubting the Presence of Christ in His Church,' by Mr. Cardale, (Rivingtons.) 24. 'The Old Paths,' by Mr. Gutch, (Masters.) 25. 'Be true to Church of England Principles,' by Mr. Ward. How so admirable a person can reconcile with such a title, either his own appendix, or a pamphlet called, 26. 'The Appeal to Rome,' (Darling,) is a curious phenomenon. 27. 'The Warning to the Church in Sardis, &c.' by Mr. Hilton, of Warwick, (Masters.) 28. Certainly the most practical of all, 'A Form of Prayer and Intercession for this season of perplexity and trouble,' (Masters.) 29. 'Papal Aggressions: How they should be met,' (J. W. Parker.) 30. 'The Church of England not High, nor Low, but Broad,' by Dr. Peile, (J. W. Parker.) 31. "The Peril of Papal *aggression*:' by Anglicanus, (Bosworth.)

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire. By* CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. *late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.* London: 1850.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that there is a tide in the studies, as well as the other affairs of men. That this has been the case in England every one will acknowledge. From the commencement until nearly the close of the last century, classical education was almost exclusively confined to the study of the Latin language, notwithstanding all that the genius of Bentley and the plodding industry of Dawes did for the advancement of Greek. Towards the close, however, of the eighteenth century the Greek language became more popular, owing chiefly to the successful studies of the late Professor Porson. Since his time Greek Philology and Grecian History have occupied perhaps too prominent a place in our educational systems, when we take into account the comparative neglect of Latin which has been the consequence. In the field of Grecian Philology we must admit that we have been outstripped by the deeper investigations and more persevering efforts of our German neighbours. But in Grecian History we may safely challenge the rivalry of the German or any other continental nation. The succession of three such histories of Greece, as those inscribed respectively with the names of Mitford, Thirlwall and Grote, in the same language, within the short space of 65 years, is an event unparalleled in the annals of literature. We would not, of course, be understood for one moment to compare the first-mentioned member of this historic triumvirate with his two rivals—for he is doubtless the Lepidus of the three—but even Dr. Arnold, opposed as he was to Mr. Mitford in opinions, frankly allows that his history was an astonishing advance upon the labours of his predecessors. With respect to the comparative merits of Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote, this is not the place to offer any remark. Let it suffice, that they are both historians of the

highest order, and it will be very long, if ever, that their works can be superseded by the investigations of succeeding writers.

If the study of Greek Philology in England imparted an impetus to the same pursuit in Germany, as was certainly the case, the Germans have repaid their literary obligation by reviving among ourselves the neglected study of Roman History. When the fragment of that mighty work on which Niebuhr had expended such talent, penetration, learning and industry as never were before united in the person of one historian, was translated into our language, our prejudices were aroused and our feelings excited against a literary scepticism for which our minds were totally unprepared. The late Dr. Arnold was the foremost to explain in a popular manner to his countrymen the immense value of Niebuhr's[1] researches—the utter worthlessness of our authorities for the earlier Roman History—the sagacity Niebuhr displayed in the reconstruction of the fabric—the surprising intuition which enabled him to detect truth at a glance—the judgment, honesty, and candour which he so pre-eminently possessed. This was great and good service to the nation at large. But Dr. Arnold's kind offices did not stop here. Niebuhr's style was far from perspicuous. His work was, almost from the necessity of the case, a series of dissertations rather than a connected narrative, and as such was never likely to become popular in England. Dr. Arnold, therefore, to render the recent discoveries more generally available, determined himself to write a history of Rome in a form more acceptable to English readers, assuming in most cases the results which Niebuhr had so laboriously proved. The death of the German was an additional

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[1] It has always been with us a matter of surprise, that Niebuhr, who almost parades his obligations to Bayle, Beaufort, and Perizonius, should have omitted any mention of our countryman Lord Bolingbroke in his list of authors who expressed doubts of the veracity of the early Roman history. Bolingbroke's opinion is very plainly stated in his 5th letter upon the Study of History.

'Pedants, who would impose all the traditions of the first four ages of Rome, for authentic history, have insisted much on certain annals. . . . . But, my lord, be pleased to take notice that "erat historia nihil aliud," in those early days "nisi annalium confectio." Take notice likewise, by the way, that Livy, whose particular application it had been to search into this matter, affirms positively that the greatest part of all public and private monuments, among which he specifies these very annals, had been destroyed in the sack of Rome by the Gauls; and Plutarch cites Clodius for the same assertion in the life of Numa Pompilius. Take notice in the last place of that which is more immediately to our present purpose. Those annals could contain nothing more than short minutes or memorandums, hung up in a table at the Pontiff's house, like the rules of the game in a billiard-room, and much such history as we have in the epitomes prefixed to the books of Livy or of any other historian, in lapidary inscriptions, or in some modern almanacs. Materials for history they were no doubt, but scanty and insufficient; such as those ages could produce, when writing and reading were accomplishments so uncommon, that the prætor was directed by law "clavum pangere," to drive a nail into the door of a temple, that the number of years might be reckoned by the number of nails.'

stimulus to our countryman to hasten the publication of a work so greatly called for. But a strange fatality seemed to hang over the history of Rome. Niebuhr did not live to complete the narrative of the first Punic War, and our own Dr. Arnold was suddenly cut off while describing those achievements of the elder Scipio which formed the prelude to his victorious career in Africa. Mr. Merivale acknowledges with a very graceful compliment, that had Dr. Arnold lived to complete his great work, the present volumes would never have seen the light.

The example of Dr. Arnold probably induced Mr. Merivale to take up the tale; not indeed at the page where the hand of death interrupted his predecessor, but at the commencement of a new era, when republican Rome, having subdued nations far and near, outgrew her own independence, and fell again beneath that form of government whose overthrow of old formed the burden of the most popular cycle of her native lays. The two volumes before us treat of the causes which led to that consummation, the consummation itself, and the personal fate of the principal personage.

This was a period of ancient history rich beyond compare in contemporary authorities; and more particularly among the ancient historians is a contemporary writer to be preferred. For we attach importance to an ancient author in proportion to the evidence he is himself enabled to produce—in consideration of the scantiness of the memorials of ancient transactions; while we chiefly regard the moderns in proportion to their accuracy and diligence in comparing and ascertaining the evidence of others. If it be objected that those who wrote on subjects which have affected themselves very strongly, would be more likely to take partial or biassed views—we may reply that we are still able to arrive at the truth by comparing the statements of different parties, and, to borrow Lord Bolingbroke's expression, 'We strike out sparks of fire by the collision of flint and steel.' First in importance are the Commentaries[1] of the chief character in the drama, which bear upon their face such apparent truthfulness as to carry conviction to the minds of all but the most prejudiced readers. Sallust[2] in his narrative of Catiline's conspiracy gives a graphic, although, it may be, not a very deep view of the men and manners of the time. Livy also, in the

[1] Is there not strong evidence for the veracity of the Commentaries in the fact that they were followed by the later classical historians, when so many other contemporary documents were still extant?

[2] Mr. Merivale has a higher idea of the powers than the honesty of Sallust. 'If 'his hand was not strong, nor his purse heavy, there were other means he could use 'in the service of his new patron, and he has branded the Roman aristocracy with 'eternal infamy in a series of pungent satires, under the garb of history.'—Vol. ii. p. 88.

garrulity of old age, poured forth upon the Roman public book after book, decade upon decade, touching the later Republic. Nor were these all. The Civil Wars of Asinius Pollio and the Memoirs of T. Labienus (the son of Cæsar's renegade lieutenant) were suspended on the columns, and we may reasonably presume conveyed money into the purses of the Sosii. Nor must we omit to mention the collection of Cicero's Letters; a work of incalculable historical importance, as proceeding from one who was fully competent to form a correct judgment of events and to penetrate the characters and motives of his contemporaries—from one who was on terms of friendship, or personally known to the chief men of the time—and withal the more likely to be true, because written in private confidence, and from the very fact that the opinions they express take their hue from the ever-changing aspect of political affairs. Much of this overwhelming contemporary narrative has perished in the wreck of ages, but subsequent histories amply supply the vacuum. One of Plutarch's best Lives has Cæsar for its hero, and the anecdote-retailer Suetonius has amassed an immense quantity of information in his first biography. There is the blundering history of Appian and the more trustworthy narrative of the Bithynian rhetorician, Dio Cassius, whose work in this part is itself complete, and we are spared the annoyance of consulting our author after he has been subjected to the attenuating process of abridgment at the hands of Xiphilinus or Zonaras. Florus and Paterculus with their summaries form the rearguard of the historical phalanx. With these records Mr. Merivale is, of course, familiar; but his learning is not confined to the more ordinary sources of historical information. He seems as much at home with Frontinus and the anti-Pelagian presbyter Orosius, as he is with Plutarch or Cæsar. He is peculiarly felicitous in extracting information from the post-Augustan poets. Lucan more especially is made to contribute very largely to the elucidation of the history; upwards of 300 citations are made from that painfully accurate and learned writer, all bearing directly on the question. By this means, the history and the poem become mutually illustrative, and a future editor of the Pharsalia would do well to bear this in mind. But an historian of Rome will naturally be expected to produce things new as well as old. In our own language Hooke, Ferguson, Goldsmith and Keightley, have gone over the same ground. The first three, however, have but few of the requisites for critical historians, and Mr. Keightley's work is a short compendium. The hasty notices of the Later Roman commonwealth thrown off by Dr. Arnold, and originally published in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, although interesting as coming from one whose chief study was

subsequently devoted to the history of Rome, are by no means worthy of his future reputation. His bias throughout these notices is great and undisguised, and he seems to have extended that enthusiasm which we acknowledge due to the assertors of plebeian rights against the grasping tyranny of the old burghers, to the corrupt and degenerate descendants of the Spurii and Gracchi. We have always thought that the friends of Dr. Arnold acted with very questionable judgment, when they added to a history, which, as the mature composition of a highly gifted and richly stored mind, must ever command our admiration, a reprint of earlier essays containing so much that is crude, so much that is partial. But, as we have before intimated, England in historical investigation has taken her stand on the shores of the Ægean, and not upon the banks of the Tiber, for with the exception of Dr. Arnold's fragment she has contributed but little to the illustration of Roman greatness before the appearance of Mr. Merivale's work. The neglect of these times by English historical writers has been amply compensated by our more prolific and laborious rivals of Germany and France. Michelet, Amédée Thierry, Duruy, Hoeck, Abeken, and Drumann have severally laid Mr. Merivale under obligations to them which he never neglects to acknowledge.

Before we proceed to the discussion of the merits of Mr. Merivale's performance, it may perhaps not be deemed superfluous to make a few remarks upon the modern method of writing ancient history.

There have ever been two recognised methods, and two only, of transmitting to posterity a knowledge of events. The first, or annalistic, is a meagre catalogue of transactions, strung together chronologically, without reference to the bearing they exercise upon each other, or regard to any apparent incongruity of their nature: excluding everything that is connected with its subject by any other link than unity of time. Such diaries or chronicles may differ in their character, according to the interest which attaches to the events themselves, or the talents of the writer, as widely as the Annales Maximi of the Roman Pontiffs, which exhibited a bare list of eclipses, prodigies and sacrifices, are distinguished from the instructive narrative of Tacitus' Annals.

The second, or narrative or historical method, discards mere unity of time; treats of events as springing one from the other, as mutually connected and blending together, and forming an epic whole. This more philosophic style of narration involves such palpable advantages over the annalistic form, that even among the ancients, history greatly preponderates over annals, while more modern recorders of national fortunes have univer-

sally adopted the historic form. Yet between ancient and modern *historians* (properly so called as opposed to annalists) there is an easily distinguishable difference. The ancient historians, after making a selection of facts in accordance with their own idea of their connexion, leave them as it were to their fate, to make their own impression upon the reader's mind, without note or comment. In other words, they conspire to omit the ratiocination of their own minds in the selection and arrangement of their facts. The ancient method of writing history is in fact an *objective* one. The moderns, on the other hand, pursue a more *subjective* plan. They set down in words the processes of their own reasonings, explain the influence which such and such circumstances must have had upon such other circumstances, portray the characters of the various performers, detail their motives and define their aims. The feelings of political parties are given, and commented upon; the development of constitutional or anarchical principles is industriously watched; the introduction of new elements, political or moral, into the State is carefully remarked. It consequently follows, that scarcely any event is recorded, for which the reader's mind has not been already prepared by the historian's previous reasoning, as well as by the course of antecedent events. Each of these methods has its advantages. Brevity is the more usual concomitant of the former, perspicuity of the latter. The former, perhaps, more induces to reflection in the really inquiring mind, and so far attains the grand object of historical study: but with the mass of readers merely calls attention to the facts themselves, irrespective of their connexion or sequence. But as we should ever write history with a view to the improvement of the generality of readers, the method so generally adopted by modern historians is intrinsically superior to the other. Both are liable to abuse. The ancient method may so attenuate history, that it may resemble a skeleton rather than a living form, being reduced to a dry catalogue of names, places, and dates. The error into which modern writers of history are more prone to fall, is that of theorizing for themselves, and adapting characters and events to their own preconceived notions. Men are thus made to act upon motives which have existed only in the breast of the historian; and could dead heroes and statesmen peruse the accounts given by some modern authors of their actions, they would be far more astounded than the public at large has ever been, at the views and aims ascribed to them. By the former process, historical personages are assimilated to actors on the stage, made to speak at random, leaving the catastrophe to the 'Deus ex machinâ'—by the latter to *dramatis personæ*, forced to develope a plot in which they have no in-

terest, and which is totally at variance with their historical veracity.

If ever the more modern method of treating history surpasses that of classical times, it is in recording those great constitutional changes which ever and anon present themselves. Such extraordinary crises, or climacterics of states (if we may be allowed the expression), require able elucidation, or the lessons which ought to be inculcated by ever-recurring conjunctures are in danger of being lost. For the fitting historical treatment of these great epochs, all the qualities which stamp a consummate historian are necessary—a thorough knowledge of the subject—intimate acquaintance with the constitution as it stood before the transition, and with the form it afterwards assumed—a philosophic mind, inured to patient inquiry—a nice appreciation of character and motive—unbiassed impartiality, embracing no shade of opinion, favouring no complexion of character. It is on such fields as these that historians have won their noblest laurels. We are obliged to confess, that notwithstanding recent attempts to interpret our own Revolution of 1688, the field is still open for a patient and *fair* inquirer.

Mr. Merivale's published volumes treat of a period which includes a great organic change, such as we have alluded to. They relate a revolution, which we of more modern times can with difficulty realize,—the transfer of those colossal dominions, a revolution in a *single province* of which, in modern times, appals the nations of the civilized world, from the enfeebled government of a senate and people distracted by civil broils, to the hands of one despotic master, who rules according to the *forms* of the commonwealth, but whose real support is the strength of a veteran army. The form of Mr. Merivale's work is ostensibly historical, but really biographical. Niebuhr remarks, that had Tacitus ever come to the execution of his plan of writing the history of Augustus, after the completion of the Annals, he would probably have chosen the form of biography for it. If we assume that such would have been the method of Tacitus, in treating of the reign of Augustus, still more reason would there appear for merging the history of the immediately preceding years in a Life of Julius Cæsar, since his personal talents and exertions immeasurably more contributed to the establishment of the imperial monarchy, than those of his grand-nephew and adopted successor. Mr. Merivale seems to have felt this, and has really given us the biography of his hero, however unwilling he may have been to prefix to the first two volumes of his history the title under which, if we mistake not, he originally advertised it—the Life of Julius Cæsar. Conyers Middleton points out the great defect of biography, which he disclaims for his own work,

while, notwithstanding his disclaimer, the Life of Cicero is the most convincing illustration of the truth of his position, viz. its tendency to become panegyric, instead of real history. Mr. Merivale, as we shall see, has not entirely steered clear of this rock of offence, but while he has successfully exculpated Cæsar from much that has been undeservedly cast upon him, he has also occasionally enlarged too much upon his virtues; has attributed to him more extended views than fell to his lot; has endued him with more practical wisdom than he seems, upon careful examination, to have possessed.

We have already stated that Mr. Merivale has a thorough acquaintance with all the authorities which might be expected to throw light upon his important theme. This however is but an *external* requisite to the complete historian, the shell and not the kernel of a standard history. It is one thing to be familiar with all other writers upon a subject, and another to understand the subject itself. Modern historians are too much inclined to place undue reliance upon the views of some favourite writer, whom they blindly follow, misled and misleading. It requires thoughtful meditation, common sense, and *practical* talents, as well as deep reading, to be enabled to form a comprehensive idea of a subject in its entirety. It requires the head of one who can detect exaggerations on both sides, who can array the very facts which an author records against the opinions he promulges, who can *weigh* actions and events, and correct theoretic history by them. A writer with such a grasp of mind can alone harmonize discordant statements, and infuse peace into a chaotic mass of materials. Niebuhr was possessed of this faculty beyond all authors who have ever lived. He discarded the 'aniles fabellæ' which formed the staple of preceding Roman histories, and by drawing upon the stores of his own learning, sagacity, and judgment, reared in their stead a fabric of constitutional history, immoveable and imperishable. The waves of criticism and credulity may assail and lash it, but in vain; for its foundation is laid upon a rock. Mr. Merivale would be the last to invite a comparison between himself and the *great* German of the present century, nor do the periods of which the two respectively treat admit of comparison. But we fearlessly avow the conviction, that Mr. Merivale has proved himself a most successful student in Niebuhr's school of history. His subject has evidently been long soaking in his mind; he has read much, and has digested all that he has read: he has examined events through causes, and causes through events. After a calm, patient, and sagacious investigation of political symptoms and changes, all pointing to a distant denounement, he forms his idea of the nature and character of the imperial government. Having arrived at the

conclusion, in which we heartily agree, that the elevation of Cæsar was as necessary as it was beneficial, he is not scared from avowing such sentiment, by the misapplication of the term 'liberty' to oligarchical oppression, nor by the abuse lavished upon his hero by the rhetoricians and poets of succeeding ages, who, we may in all charity suppose, endeavoured by this device to make compensation to their own consciences for the enthusiasm with which they bepraised and flattered the imperial monsters of their own day. There is much practical wisdom in the remarks which Mr. Merivale makes on occasion of Cicero, with much apparent reluctance, adding the weight of his name and authority to the Pompein side in the civil war.

'Surely there were signs of the times, upon which the true patriot ought to have meditated, before he enlisted on the side against which was arrayed such a mass of interests and affections. It is not the province of the historian to condemn or absolve the great names of human annals. He leaves the philosophic moralist to denounce crimes or errors, upon a full survey of the character and position of the men and their times; but it is his business to distinguish, in analysing the causes of events, between the personal views of the actors in revolutions, and the general interests which their conduct subserved, and to claim for their deeds the sympathy of posterity, in proportion as they tended to the benefit of mankind. We may be allowed to lament the pettiness of the statesmen of this epoch, and the narrow idea they formed of public interests, in the contest between Cæsar and his rival. Above all, we must regret that a man to whom we owe so much affection as Cicero, should have been deceived by a selfish and hypocritical outcry; for Cicero succeeded in persuading himself that the real patriots were all on the side of the oligarchy, and that it was his duty as a philosopher to follow, not the truth, but the true men,—not right judgment, but honourable sentiment.'

The opening chapter gives a very favourable impression of Mr. Merivale's powers as an historian. We have an able and concise abrégé, without the ostentatious display of lame instances and halting analogies from modern times, in which servile imitators of Niebuhr so much delight, of those antecedent events in the history of Rome, which evolved the two great principles of the imperial power, viz. the growth of a middle class at Rome, and the infusion of provincial blood into the senate and people of Rome. We have brought in review before us the inherent antipathy of the early Roman to foreigners—the feuds between the burghers and the commonalty—the attainment of the latter to an equal share in public offices and honours—the new vigour consequent upon this equalization of rights, attested by the extension of the Roman power over the whole of Italy. Then follows the bestowal of the modified citizenship of the Latin franchise upon certain dependent communities — the transfer of the contest at home from the patrician and plebeian

orders to the nobility and poorer citizens. The Agrarian Laws of the Gracchi, rendered necessary by the encroachment of the powerful upon the Licinian rogations of 389 U. C., are now passed, though their authors perished in the struggle, and again extraordinary energy is put forth by a more united republic. The Italians demand the franchise of the city, and after a deadly contest gain their end, while contemporaneously the popular cause under Marius triumphs at Rome. These events are succeeded by the oligarchical reaction under Sulla, his massacres and proscriptions; the abortive attempts of Lepidus and Brutus (father of the so-called tyrannicide) to resuscitate the Marian faction; the oppression and rebellion of the provinces; the development of a middle class among the citizens. The last circumstance, which appears hitherto to have been lost sight of by historians, is thus detailed:—

'The caution and frugal habits of the middle orders in a former age of the republic still survived in that class of the commonalty to which the equestrian families belonged, who had always formed the strength of the Marian party. This was the class which had suffered most in the civil wars. It had been decimated and almost crushed by the massacres and proscriptions of Sulla. The restoration of domestic peace was soon followed by a revival of its fortunes. The nobility struggled in vain to keep it in the state of depression to which it had been reduced. Its members, too, had their family recollections. Their modest patrimonies gave them an hereditary interest in peace and order. They were educated and intelligent, and knew the power which these advantages conferred. The making of money was their first object: to this the bent of their dispositions instinctively impelled them; and the circumstances of the state, overflowing with the wealth poured in from the provinces, gave them a great advantage over their rivals, whose political necessities required them year by year to scatter their fortunes among the mob. This class consisted—1. Of those who attached themselves to the great families and hung upon their favour and patronage, whether in the forum, the provinces, or the camp: 2. Of those who, in spite of ancient prejudices against commerce and the arts and sciences of polished society, engaged with all their energy in those lucrative pursuits, and were not ashamed of ministering to the growing taste for luxury and refinement: 3. Of the government officials, a class hitherto in the infancy of its development, but one which the gradual progress of uniformity and system in the administration was slowly raising into an important body. It became evident to the clear-sighted politician that this was the order in which the real strength of the nation lay, and that it was this monied aristocracy which must eventually dispose of the government. An honest and patriotic statesman might hope through their influence to place the commonwealth upon a new and permanent basis; the merely selfish adventurer might combine with him to advance their interests, with the hope of forging them into instruments for his own ends. The course of history will show how the principal leaders of party leaned successively upon the support of this body, and how important was the part it played in the conversion of the republic to a monarchical form of government. The rise of this middle class, hostile to both the higher and lower, and resolved to control them equally, was the chief internal element of that mighty revolution.'

Mr. Merivale describes the external element of this change of government in the following passage:—

'The progressive enlightenment of the Roman statesmen caused the constant addition of new names to the roll of citizenship. Successful generals were allowed the privilege of rewarding their adherents with this precious boon. Fidelity to the State began to constitute a claim to immunities, which was more graciously conceded, as the benefits of incorporation were more sensibly perceived. As the people became gradually aware that the great revolution of the social war had brought with it more good and less evil than had been anticipated, the extension of the rights of the metropolis to the distant provinces lost the character of an inconsistency and anomaly in the constitution. Local prejudices died away, in the familiar contemplation of the vastness of the empire and the mutual relationship of its several members. The mind of the nation expanded to the conception of infusing unity of sentiment into a body, which was wielded by a single effort, and from a common centre. One after another there arose practical crises, which demanded the central combination of all the powers of the state in a single hand. The success of each experiment became an argument for its repetition, till the idea of submission to the permanent rule of one man first ceased to shock, and was finally hailed with acclamation. The monarchy was at first veiled under the old republican forms. Gradually the veil was dropped. Lastly, the theory of a republic was dismissed from men's minds, and fell into the same oblivion into which its real forces had already sunk. Under the supremacy of a single ruler all varieties of classes became merged together, and when the citizens ceased to be discriminated from one another, there seemed no reason for maintaining distinctions between the constituent races of which the empire was composed.'

We have given these extracts as specimens of the clearness and sagacity of Mr. Merivale's views, and not with the intention of discussing the subject at present, as we shall subsequently have occasion to consider the effects upon Rome and the world of the establishment of the imperial monarchy.

Much of Mr. Merivale's success, as the historian of the Roman Empire, is attributable to the talent he possesses of making his theme interesting to general readers. To evince that this is much less easy of accomplishment than is usually apprehended, would merely require the citation of failures among distinguished authors, when engaged on such subjects. And this is but natural. The progress of civilization, the extension of knowledge, and, above all, the spread of Christianity, have created such a chasm between ancient and modern times, that the feelings and conduct of Greek and Roman antiquity cannot usually, without much study, be appreciated by the reading public of the present day. It therefore becomes the imperative duty of the historian who devotes his pen to the elucidation of any ancient epoch, if he wish a large sphere of usefulness, to represent his subject in an intelligible light, as well as to be imbued with the spirit of it himself. Again, the original authorities are in general sparing of everything but facts in their own detail; and this paucity of remark imposes much responsibility

upon the sober judgment of the modern narrator of ancient events, and but too frequently allures him to give too free a course to his own imagination. Owing to these and similar causes, ancient history in the hands of modern writers frequently loses its interest with their general readers: the men appear supernatural—either as monstrous, or as unsubstantial and ideal—or they seem to act supernaturally, *i. e.* without sufficient appreciable motives. We may perhaps best explain ourselves by borrowing an illustration from ancient sculpture. Ancient heroes in the mould of some modern historians remind us of Egyptian statuary, all on a magnificent scale, but abhorrent to our own ideas of conformation of parts and symmetry—monstrous and unnatural—calculated, it may be, to call forth wonderment, but never to inspire with pleasure. Other modern representations of the ancients, superior to the former, still too much resemble the Lycian sculpture, or the earlier stages of Grecian art, (the Ægina marbles for instance,) where, with much that is pleasing, there is, notwithstanding, a harshness of outline, a coldness and want of animation, an artlessness in the grouping, which prevent our taking any absorbing interest in the whole. But the ancients were not giants, neither were they stiff or cold; they were flesh and blood as much as ourselves, they were influenced by the passions which form part of our nature, they acted from similar motives and pursued similar ends. To continue our illustration. A modern historian, in his delineation of ancient times, is bound, as far as in him lies, to assimilate the execution of his work to the Panathenaic frieze of the Parthenon, or to the Phigalian marbles, where the costumes and features are indeed those of the ancients, but the symmetry and beauty and animation of the figures are represented in a manner adapted to all times, while the grouping and arrangement are as natural as the movement of an actual crowd before our eyes. Now, we contend that Mr. Merivale has successfully accomplished much of this. His pages portray no figure in colossal sublimity, present no fairy and unreal portraits, such as would render history a pleasing but unsubstantial dream—no harsh or isolated statues; but while the characteristics of the ancients, as contradistinguished from the moderns, and the peculiarities of Roman character are strictly preserved, all the figures are endued with a natural and intelligible motion, acting according to known laws, and appealing to the universal and ineradicable sympathies of our nature.

And Mr. Merivale must have the credit which is due to him for less artistic but equally necessary condescension; we mean, the explanation of circumstances and customs alluded to which the general reader from time to time requires. It is necessary

for *his* appreciation of ancient history, that the mode of proceeding adopted in the senate and in the elections of the people, the composition of the army, &c., should be popularized. Most historians of ancient times consider this too menial an office for their talents, and are consequently inaccessible to all except scholars; it is much to Mr. Merivale's credit that he does not thus stand upon his dignity, but condescends to let himself be understood, by avoiding as far as possible technicalities, those subterfuges of narrow minds, and explaining anything which may appear unintelligible. Akin to this is the laudable practice which Mr. Merivale adopts, of ushering in upon the stage no new character without a brief account of his antecedents, which materially assists in making our estimate of the motives which influence his present conduct—of entering no city of note, district or province, without some historical notice or geographical information about its territorial boundaries; for as these latter were ever changing, our maps, which are constructed upon a later division of the imperial dominions, would otherwise be constantly misleading us. Let a person consult Mr. Merivale's succinct notice of the opportunities and prevalence of piracy from ages past in the waters of the Ægean and Levant, and he will find himself amply repaid by the light such a preface sheds upon the resources and operations of that piratical horde which committed such ravages upon the provinces, and so long defied the vengeance of Rome. Such explanations may appear trivial matters, but they really enhance the scholarship, of which every page gives abundant proof, tenfold, by rendering it more generally available. The epoch is the most important in the Roman annals, and means of studying it so accessible have never before been afforded the public.

We would not deny that Mr. Merivale's complete knowledge and thorough appreciation of his subject have occasionally operated to his prejudice. We allude to a sympathy which he displays for Roman sentiments, when a sympathy is scarcely commendable. Doubtless, long and deep study of any period of time impresses a person strongly with the importance of it. But there are still certain landmarks in ancient story which ought to preclude further advance in a modern historian, certain beacons which ought to warn him off. If these be disregarded, the history is pitched in too low a key. We think that Mr. Merivale has not altogether escaped this snare. Is it not an exceptionable expression to say that the aim of Lucretius' atheistical poem was 'noble without alloy?' Does not Mr. Merivale appear to take too Addisonian a view of Cato's suicide? Is he not apparently at times too anxious to palliate the vices of his characters, or to exalt unduly their mere secular

virtues? Does he not apparently ascribe too much to mere secondary causes, such as prudence and its opposite? We say *apparently*, because Mr. Merivale frequently gives his real views —such as in every way become a Christian clergyman—of the profligacy and degeneracy of the times, while we regret that he suffers himself to be carried, in the current of his narrative, into what we deem a dangerous sympathy for the sentiments of his favourite Romans. We hope that Mr. Merivale will be more on his guard in the forthcoming volumes against offending what he will scarcely think unreasonable prejudices. It is quite possible to view men and things in an ancient light, as opposed to a modern, without at the same time merging the *Christian* in the *ethnical* consideration of them.

There is another excellency, of a negative character, which pervades Mr. Merivale's work. We find no straining after originality by novel delineation of character. We have already condemned the modern practice of debasing history to the development of the writer's own preconceived theories, by the Procrustean process of bringing out so much of the characters and dilating upon such of the events as may fall in with the scope of the plot the historian has framed for himself. This system, in addition to its other disadvantages, tends to make a chaos of history, inasmuch as the form into which any period has been moulded by one writer is obliterated by the figure into which the imagination of his successor feels disposed to torture it. The character of history surely ought not to be assimilated to canons of criticism among German scholars, or successive systems of philosophy among German metaphysicians, in which construction necessarily implies the demolition of all preceding fabrics. Nearly allied to this affectation of originality in the whole complexion of the narrative, is that meaner ambition which selects from history certain individuals on whom to lavish the praises which have hitherto been so justly withheld from them, or, on the other hand, to hold up others to the obloquy of which they have never been thought deserving. Such favouritism is very rare among ancient historians. Tacitus has certainly not escaped censure for the exuberance of his eulogium of his father-in-law Agricola, and Dio Cassius has undoubtedly shown himself unscrupulous in darkening the character of Cicero. These, however, are but exceptions, and the former writer may well be excused, if, in the dearth of virtuous men, he may have felt delight in dwelling upon the merits of a Roman who recalled to his mind better days, and to whom family ties so strongly bound him. But in more modern times the historian seems to imagine that unless he rescue some name from infamy, unless he depreciate some time-

honoured character, he himself must forfeit all claims to originality of genius. Mitford dips his pen in gall whenever he has to mention the great Athenian orator. Hume is bent upon misrepresenting Sir Walter Raleigh. St. Croix systematically detracts from the virtues of Alexander the Great. On the other hand, Lord Campbell, we think, gives an undue importance to the services of Burnet; and even Mr. Grote's talents can scarcely induce us to assign a higher place in our esteem either to Cleon or Callicratidas. The attempt of M. Lamartine to give a favourable portrait of the monster Robespierre will at once occur to our readers as the climax of historical partiality. Now we deem it no common merit in Mr. Merivale that he obtrudes upon us no idiosyncratic affections or dislikes. We are neither offended at the disparagement of a virtuous, nor disgusted at the elevation of a vicious character. The impracticable nature of Cato's virtue detracts not, in Mr. Merivale's view, from the honour so justly due to the integrity and courage of that single-minded patriot. Cicero was timid, wavering and vain; but he still appears in the history as the enlightened statesman, the polished wit, the friend of virtue, and encourager of talent. Not all the outward decorum of Pompey's conduct, his apparent moderation, his unbought popularity, blind the historian to the real selfishness and intriguing character of that most unamiable soldier and statesman. And so on with the less prominent characters. Cataline, we are glad to find, is still a villain; Clodius an unprincipled demagogue; Antony talented, dashing, and licentious; Brutus, a weak-minded, but well-meaning lover of his country. This is as it ought to be. It shows that Mr. Merivale will not deign to court popularity by introducing into his book extravagant novelties, and we thank him most heartily for allowing us still to love virtue and detest vice, and to entertain a mixture of feelings in perusing the actions of more chequered characters.

The style of Mr. Merivale's writing is on the whole very felicitous, and worthy of the character of his work. We find no pandering to vicious taste in the public, no elaborately rounded periods, no brilliant and pointed antitheses, no overlaying the sense in the words, where, to invert Milton's idea,

> 'Less is meant than meets the ear;'

luxuriance of language being supposed to compensate for poverty of thought. It is possible to debase an historical narrative by too sparkling and ambitious a style. But Mr. Merivale wisely steers clear of this charge. His composition is such as we should naturally expect from a full mind giving utterance to its own

sentiments in simple yet elegant phraseology. Mr. Merivale can be concise, and he can be copious; but in his conciseness there is no obscurity, and in his copiousness no redundancy. We are also spared the pain which all must feel in perusing Bishop Thirlwall's Greece, arising from the indecision of its learned author. Mr. Merivale has made up his mind on all, even the most trifling points, and presents us with his own views. These we may sometimes be compelled to call in question; but the advantage, to the reader, over an historian who submits a series of problems for his solution, is incalculable. It is to the simplicity and native elegance of Mr. Merivale's style that we owe the charm thrown over the narration of Cæsar's Gallic campaigns; a portion of history generally so tedious to all except the descendants of the conquered race. Such a style as we have attributed to our author has of course its blemishes, and into these Mr. Merivale is occasionally betrayed. We sometimes find a homeliness of language, more especially when it is used metaphorically, of which we can by no means approve. As instances of what we must account bad taste we may quote 'dinning into the ears of the senate;' 'breaking the neck of the rebellion;' 'knocking at the gate of the constitution.' We must also enter a protest, though perhaps in a more mitigated form, against such an expression as 'the police of the seas,' vol. ii. p. 247. In vol. ii. p. 356, 'The ocean sands of the African continent had never yet been navigated by these ships of the desert,' (i. e. camels) might pass muster in a rather turgid prize poem, but scarely suits the dignity of history. Mr. Merivale does not follow to any culpable extent the modern practice of coining words, but 'cult,' 'arbitrement,' 'clientele,' as long as the words worship, arbitration, and clients, form part of our mother tongue, might have well been spared. We are sorry to observe, though this is a small matter, that the proper names, Catiline, Pompey, Mark Antony, &c., which Shakspeare and others have made our own, are transmuted into their Latin originals. Uniformity may be pleaded for such orthography; but we look upon the restoration of what has been so long the property of our tongue to the original possessors, as involving the same solecism as the transplantation of other less known names into an English soil. With equal justice might the patron saint of France demand the title of S. Dionysius, and our first Gospel be ascribed to Saint Matthæus. Mr. Merivale surely does not approve the practice of those writers who now-a-days apply the name of 'Tatars' to that migratory nation which we have been so long accustomed, it may be erroneously, to call Tartars. And we must not forget to suggest that Mr. Merivale is not consistent himself in carrying

out this system, for he has not ventured to substitute Horatius and Virgilius for the Horace and Virgil of our youth.

Mr. Merivale's descriptions either of scenes or characters are excellent. His graphic account of Cicero's Tusculan villa, in the first volume, is perhaps the finest piece of writing in the whole work; but as it is the passage most obvious to quote, our readers have probably already seen it. We do not think it necessary to make any apology for transcribing at length the description of Cæsar's quadruple triumph, vol. ii. p. 386.

'The time had now arrived for the celebration of the Gallic triumph which had been so long postponed. In the interval, the imperator's victories had been multiplied, and the ranks of his veterans had been recruited by fresh enlistments; so that every soldier who had shared in his later perils and successes, demanded the reward of participating in his honours. Cæsar claimed not one, but four triumphs; the first for his conquest of the Gauls; the second for his defeat of Ptolemæus; another for his victory over Pharnaces; and the last for the overthrow of Juba. But he carefully avoided all reference to what was in reality the most brilliant of his achievements. In Spain and Thessaly he had routed the disciplined legions of his own countrymen; but their defeat brought no occasion of honour or territory to the republic. The glory it reflected on the victors was dubious and barren. The four triumphs were celebrated with intervals of a few days between each, that the interest of the public might not pall with satiety. The first procession formed in the Campus Martius, outside the walls of the city. It defiled through the triumphal gate at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, and crossed the deep hollow of the Velabrum and Forum Boarium, on its way to the Circus Maximus, which occupied the valley between the Palatine, and Aventine. In passing through the Velabrum, the chariot in which the imperator stood, happened to break down; a mischance which so affected him that he never afterwards, it is said, ascended a vehicle without repeating a charm. The long procession wound round the base of the Palatine, skirting the Aventine and Cœlian hills, to the point where the arch of Constantine now stands. There it began the ascent of the gentle slope which separates the basin of the Colisseum from that of the Roman forum. It followed the same track which now leads under the arch of Titus, paved at this day with solid masses of hewn stone, which may possibly have re-echoed to the tramp of Cæsar's legions. Inclining a little to the right at the point where it gained the summit of the ridge, and looked down upon the Comitium and the rostra, in the direction of the Capitol, it passed before the spot where the temple of Janus was afterwards built; thence it skirted the right side of the forum, under the arch of Fabius, till it reached the point just beyond the existing arch of Severus, where the two roads branched off, the one to the Capitoline temple, the other to the Mamertine prison. Here it was that Cæsar took the route of triumph, to the left, while Vercingetorix was led away to the right and strangled in the subterranean dungeon. The Gaulish hero doubtless met with firmness and dignity the fate to which he had so long been doomed, while his conqueror was exhibiting a melancholy spectacle of human infirmity, crawling up the steps of the Capitol on his knees, to avert, by an act of childish humiliation, the wrath of the "avenging" Nemesis.

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'The days of triumph which succeeded passed over with uninterrupted good fortune. The populace were gratified with the sight of the Egyptian princess Arsinoë, led as a captive at the conqueror's wheels; but she was

spared the fate of the Gaulish chieftain out of favour to her sister, or perhaps out of pity to her sex. The son of the King of Numidia, who followed the triumphal car, was also spared, and lived to receive back his father's crown from Augustus. Though Cæsar abstained from claiming the title of a triumph over his countrymen, he did not scruple to parade their effigies among the shows of the procession. The figures or pictures of the vanquished chiefs were carried on litters, and represented the manner of their deaths. Scipio was seen leaping desperately into the sea; Cato was plunging the sword into his own bowels; Juba and Petreius engaged in mortal duels; Lentulus stabbed by the Egyptian assassin; Domitius pierced perhaps in the back, in token of his flight. The figure of Pompeius alone was withheld for fear of the commiseration it might excite among the people, whose favourite he had so lately been. Nor, as it was, were the spectators unmoved. Upon the unfeeling display of Roman defeat and disaster they reflected with becoming sensibility. But the pictures of Achillas and Pothinus were received with unmingled acclamations, and loud was the cry of scorn at the exhibition of Pharnaces flying in confusion from the field. After all, the most impressive part of the ceremony must have been the appearance of the veterans whose long files closed the procession. With what ignorant wonder must the children of Gaul and Iberia, of Epirus and Africa, have gazed upon the splendour of the city, of which the fame resounded in their native cabins! What contempt must they have felt for the unarmed multitudes grinning around them! How reckless must they have been of the dignity of the consuls and senators, they who claimed the licence of shouting derisive songs in the ears of their own commander! Little did they think that grave historians would sum up their coarse camp jokes against the fame of their illustrious leader; still less did they dream of the new power which the military class was thenceforth to constitute in the state. Rome in fact was their own; but it was a secret they were not yet to discover.'

We have been much struck with the skilful touches with which Mr. Merivale delineates the very chequered character of the most illustrious of the Romans, with the exception of military commanders, Cicero. He is represented as patriotic but vain, practical and enlightened, but irresolute and vacillating. We see the operation upon his mind of each successive phase of affairs, so as in turn to make him the popular orator, the half-recognised champion of the oligarchy, the dupe of Pompey, the victim of Clodius, the alarmist partisan of the senatorial army, the vacillating waiter upon providence at Brundusium, the panegyrist of Cæsar, and the applauder of his assassins. The following is a very interesting description of the great orator's political views at the commencement of his career as a statesman:—

'The merit of striking out the only available line of policy for maintaining the ascendency of the old Roman families is due to Pompeius; but the development which the industry and sagacity of Cicero gave to these views seems to mark him out especially as their patron and representative. Every circumstance combined to dispose him to assume the position of a moderate champion of the aristocracy. As a new man, the offspring of an equestrian family in the obscure municipium of Arpinum, he was an object

of jealousy to the nobles, who had never allowed one of his class to ascend to the highest offices of the state by the ordinary course of honours. Yet a townsman of Cicero, and one of even inferior claims to civic distinction, had but lately been raised by the civil wars to the enjoyment of seven consulships, and the blood of the young Arpinate was inflamed with ambition by so illustrious an example. Cicero, however, had none of the daring character of Marius; and even if he harboured any aspirations after military renown, they were satisfied by a single campaign. But as the shocks of civil war subsided, a nobler field was thrown open to the accomplishments of peace; and he felt, from an early period, in the consciousness of industry and genius, an earnest of brilliant success in the forum and at the bar. He perceived instinctively that the talents which rendered Pompeius so illustrious in the field must require in the city the co-operation of the orator and priest; and he foresaw that by making himself necessary to the military champion of the state, he might command his support in return, and climb to the highest political honours. When the young orator entered public life, the pre-eminence of the great conqueror was unrivalled, and the prospects of his policy highly flattering. Whether, under the circumstances, Cicero would have thrown himself into the arms of the democratic party, and laboured for the subversion of the existing constitution, it is hardly reasonable to inquire. Certainly the moderation and conservative character of the views he universally advocated, correspond to the natural bent of his temper, always alive to present practical evils, but accustomed to pause at every step, and anxiously weigh the advantages of general over particular expediency.

'Having chosen his political views, Cicero carried them out through life with a steadiness hardly to be expected even in a firmer man, and conceived an interest in the classes whose cause he advocated, and even an affection for them, which is one of the most pleasing features of his character. His great object was to elevate that middle class of which we have already spoken, as a guarantee for the integrity of the constitution. He laboured diligently to soften away the conflicting tendencies of the nobles and commons, of the Romans and Italians, of the victors and the vanquished of the late wars. Nor was his political course warped, like that of his leader Pompeius, by any illegitimate hopes of rising above the laws which he administered or defended. His ambition was great and noble, but was honestly limited to the enjoyment of the highest honours of the constitution. He succeeded in obtaining the consulship, the most eminent office in the state, and in its discharge performed a service for his country as brilliant as any recorded in the Roman annals. But his career of public usefulness was cut short by the jealousy of his associates, and the selfishness of his early patron. Intoxicated by success, he had allowed himself to forget how unnatural and precarious his elevation really was; and there can be no doubt that his own vanity contributed in a great measure to his fall. But the nobles were willing to prove to the world the inherent weakness of any man, however splendid his abilities, who had not the genuine aristocratic basis of wealth and birth to rely upon; and Pompeius selected Cicero to be the victim of his wrath, when he wished to show his power and hurl defiance at the senate, yet did not venture to inflict upon it a wound which should really smart.'

We hope that we have already said enough to show the general character of the work before us—that its learning is unalloyed with pedantry, and that the results of deep research assume the form of a most entertaining narrative; it is a good stone, well set—a book which will both prove a necessary companion to

the student in his closet, and a becoming appendage to a drawing room table. We shall now address ourselves to some of the subjects on which we think that Mr. Merivale's studies have thrown most light. In these discussions we shall follow, in the main, the path which Mr. Merivale has pointed out, not servilely, however, but reserving to ourselves the right of private judgment and occasional contradiction. Mr. Merivale will have no reason to complain, if, having employed his guidance as helmsman during the voyage, we take in a pilot of our own as we approach the shore. A dispassionate and unconcerned spectator is more likely to detect any waywardness in argument, any refinement of judgment, any exuberance of fancy, than the author, who must occasionally become heated with his subject, however great his ordinary discernment may be.

I. We shall first consider the effect of the establishment of the Imperial power at Rome—a subject which had not heretofore met with the impartial examination it required, but which forms the *moral*, as it were, of Mr. Merivale's volumes. The effect was twofold: first, as regards Rome itself, the seat of empire and source of power, and, secondly, in reference to the foreign dependencies of the state.

The unfraternal enmity of the legendary founders of the imperial city was not an inappropriate type of the future dissensions of the Roman people. Among the burghers, or *populus*, who with their clients originally formed the whole society, there could be no class interests or jealousies, and all institutions would be fair and equitable as regards themselves. But by the side of the populus, which originally formed the whole state, sprang up another order, politically subject to the burghers, but personally independent. This new order would be composed of landholders who sought the protection of the growing state, of the offspring of marriages of disparagement contracted by the ruling body, of clients whose patrons had become extinct; but mainly of the citizens of conquered territories, whom it was the wisdom of the early Romans to receive under the protection of the state. It is evident that the latter, or plebeian order must make great advances in numbers and physical strength upon the elder or patrician branch. It is as evident, from our experience of ancient commonwealths, that the original and privileged class would stand up for what they considered the rights of primogeniture, and struggle to perpetuate the exclusive nature of their privileges. The result might have been foreseen. Oppression and sedition, tyranny and tumult, must alternate with fearful violence of action and reaction. The chief feature of Roman history for the first four centuries is the detail of feuds between the two great orders, and although a temporary

victory may have sometimes been the lot of the patricians, the plebeians were ever steadily advancing, by the forced establishment of inviolable magistrates of their own, by the institution of a plebeian assembly, uninfluenced by the patrician order, until by the Licinian rogations they were admitted to the highest office in the state, and were placed upon political equality with the patricians. And a happy circumstance it was for Rome that the burghers were unable to retain their exclusive privileges. That a perpetuation of such exclusiveness would have been but a prelude to decay is now established as a political axiom, and renders an appeal to Sparta, Venice, and many mediæval communities, superfluous. Until the time of Niebuhr, readers of Roman history generally, if not invariably, took part mentally with the patricians, and this was the almost necessary consequence of the unamiable light in which the plebeians are represented by Livy, and other Roman historians, who formed their judgment of them from the rabble of their own degenerate times. The effects of the happy equalization of rights between patricians and plebeians we will give in Mr. Merivale's own words :—

'From this era, the body politic appears to be animated with new vigour. The career of victory is no longer checked by the defection of the commons at some important crisis. The hostility of the enemy is no longer encouraged by the suspicion that the councils of his adversary are divided. The course of another century witnesses the extension of the Roman dominion over the whole of Italy, and the vigorous republic is already prepared to contest the sovereignty of the West with the long-settled and deep-rooted power of Carthage.'

But the discord of Romulus and Remus is still typical of the dissensions among their descendants. The struggle was, however, no longer one between hereditary castes, but was transferred to the richer and poorer classes—the nobility on one side, whose ancestors, whether patrician or plebeian, had filled the curule offices, and the populace, or rabble, on the other. So strenuous were the exertions of the former party, that before the Gracchi commenced their agitation, the public domain was almost exclusively in the possession of their body—that they had opposed, with almost uniform success, except in the case of C. Marius, the elevation of *novi homines* to the consulate—that they, by means of Sulla, had been enabled to deprive the lower orders of their constitutional defenders, and to proscribe all of merit and preeminence in the ranks of their opponents. This, however, was but preparatory to the great convulsion which was to shake to its centre the fabric of the Roman state.

The populace of the forum at the time of the first triumvirate was of a far different stamp from the stern but respectable commons of the earlier republic. The capital of the world was

now the refuge of all the needy adventurers and turbulent spirits who scorned the tillage of the soil, the only occupation not deemed unbecoming a Roman citizen, for the pleasures and excitements of the metropolis. It was there that his eye was ravished with the cruel sports of the amphitheatre, that his enthusiasm was aroused by the spirit of faction which invariably accompanied the annual elections, that he maintained himself in indolence by the occasional largesses of rich men, like Crassus, or the bribe he might depend upon from the candidate for whom he recorded his vote. The populace consisting of such unworthy members, in the reaction which followed the usurpation of Sulla, regained the tribunate (the real functions of which had long been obsolete, for the plebeians, as plebeians, had nothing to fear from patrician violence), and were triumphant in the Comitia of the Campus Martius and the Forum. So excitable were they that any demagogue (although they preferred those who, like Clodius and Curio, could boast patrician blood) could lash them to fury by the most senseless cry—so venal, that their votes were ever at the disposal of the highest bidder [1]—so turbulent, that the great public magistracies were left vacant for whole months from the impossibility of conducting the elections, and that scarcely any election could be completed without strewing the Forum or Campus with corpses of the rival factions. Nor had they more regard for the undoubted prerogatives of the co-ordinate power in the state, than they had for their own character. They invaded the rights of the senate by assigning to Cæsar Cisalpine Gaul and Illyricum for his province, and by releasing the knights from the bargain for farming the Asiatic revenues, in which their cupidity had overreached itself. Such was the miserable and anarchical condition of the 'dregs of Romulus,' as Cicero calls the *plebs* of his own day, the successors to the position once held by the Decii, the Marcelli, the Porcii, and the Gracchi!

Nor was the position or character of the oligarchical or senatorial party worthy of its ancient renown. Individual feuds, tenacity of power, aversion to any increase of its numbers, mistrust of talent or preeminent patriotism, were its unenviable, but unfortunately too general characteristics. It was sometimes truculent, sometimes wavering, sometimes submissive. It raised up generals to command its armies, and then, becoming jealous of their influence, did all it could to offend and humble them. In addition to all this, it is evident that an oligarchy, *resident in the imperial city*, could never be able effectually to control an

[1] On one occasion, such was the demand for money on the part of the candidates for the consulship, for purposes of bribery, that the rate of interest doubled itself in a few days.

empire so extensive as that of Rome. It must constantly be dependent upon its armies and generals; and these, when they find out their strength, will be tempted to abuse it to the overthrow of their patrons. When an oligarchy is distributed throughout the territory, as was the case in Hungary, the empire of the few may be continued through ages. Each district is, in a manner, under the control of a single noble, who directs the administration of the laws which govern it, and commands the military force by which it is defended. An oligarchical system, to be lasting, must be federal, and have its members scattered; no part of the territory is then unwatched, and it is seldom necessary to delegate the powers of the state to a single man, and so enable him to threaten the government by which he is commissioned.

The actual condition of the oligarchical and popular parties at Rome, as well as their mutual relation to each other, alike proclaimed the necessity of entrusting to the hands of one individual a power which might check the evil passions of both. The terror of a dictatorship was requisite for the defence of innocence and the punishment of guilt—it was requisite for the protection of property, and the prevention of bloodshed—it was requisite for securing the nation respect abroad, and ensuring it concord at home. In this conjuncture of circumstances it was fortunate for Rome and the world, that the man who triumphed over liberties, which *must* have fallen, was as great and generous as C. Julius Cæsar: that the yoke, which *must* have been imposed, should gall the neck no more than his did. It is an undoubted fact that the senate became mere timeservers, and the populace base flatterers of the most unworthy possessors of the purple; but even these crimes will appear more pardonable in the eyes of lovers of order than the cruelty, and hatred, and turbulence, and thirst for blood to which they succeeded, although united with that liberty which would be more properly denominated licentiousness. The lower orders more particularly felt the benefit of the monarchy, for the tyranny of the basest of the Roman emperors scarcely reached to them, and the poet with bitterness ascribes to the rising fears of the lowest classes the fall of one who was stained with Rome's best blood:

> 'Sed periit postquam *cerdonibus* esse timendus
> Cœperit: hoc nocuit Lamiarum cæde madenti.'

But the crying sin of republican Rome, the plague-spot in her political system, was the tyrannical and avaricious administration of the *Provinces*. The Romans seem for ages to have been actuated by the principle which in their older language made 'foreigner' and 'stranger' synonymous terms. The over-

bearing insolence which signalised the dealings of the burghers with the commonalty of old was in a far greater degree characteristic of the conduct of the united orders towards the subject states. Italy, although she was never degraded by the appellation of province, and although she had obtained for many of her towns the privilege of the Latin franchise, was so discontented with the position of disparity in which she was placed, as compared with the lowest rabble of the Urban populace, that she ventured upon a war with the victorious republic to enforce her just claims. This first of civil wars was carried on with such determination and vigour by the Italians, that it cost Rome much bloodshed, and required a succession of her ablest generals to vanquish her subjects in the field, and she deemed it her best policy to pause in the moment of victory, and bestow upon each nation of the peninsula, as it submitted, the privilege which it had taken up arms to assert. But the enforcement of rights by the Italian states afforded no relief to the provinces, strictly so called, *i.e.* to the long line of Roman dependencies on the northern and eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and in Africa. Rather were the miseries of the afflicted provincials increased by this forced extension of the Roman citizenship, for the desire of sharing the spoils of the provinces had been one of the chief motives which had aroused the Italian aristocracies to the rebellion. Throughout the Roman provinces there were states and cities which stood in comparatively favourable relations with Rome, as colonies, as allies, as having voluntarily resigned their independence; but the great mass of provincial population were those who had surrendered unconditionally, and were in a condition of complete serfdom. They were unable to possess property in land, and were tenants at will of the Roman state. But the burdens to which they were liable, and which consisted of fixed annual payments, or a certain proportion of the produce of the land, were farmed by the Publicani, and exacted with oppressive avarice. But their misfortunes did not end here. The government of a province in the capacity either of Proconsul or Proprætor after his year of office in the city, was the great object of a Roman's ambition, (*expectata diu provincia.*) With this end in view, no labour spent in the prosecution of his canvass was deemed extravagant, no expense too great, no arts too base. But wherefore was this so desirable a consummation? Doubtless the parade and pomp which attended a provincial magistrate had its influence, and the love of power might allure him, for his command in his province was absolute and uncontrollable over the subjects, and the neighbouring princes crowded to pay their court to the lictored representative of Rome, and with them to hear was to

obey. But what he most coveted was a field for the exercise of his rapacity and avarice, vices, as Mr. Merivale remarks, but too inherent in the descendants of Romulus. By the pillage of the provincials, the governor was enabled to reimburse himself for the sums he had expended in attaining office; to enrich his friends and retainers, who, under the title of legates, tribunes, and prefects, assisted in the spoliation; he was enabled, by disgorging a portion of the spoil to a corrupt jury, to escape the punishment due to his crimes, and he was enabled to enjoy at Rome an old age of indolence and luxury. The methods of exaction, besides illegal pillage, were various. Corn (*frumentum æstimatum*) had to be supplied to the governor by the provincials at a stated rate, and we know, in the case of Verres, that the sum allowed by the home government for this purchase helped to fill the governor's coffers. The towns were obliged to supply forage and fuel. Contributions were laid upon the wealthier cities, to exempt them from furnishing winter quarters for the army. The honorary crowns bestowed after victory were converted into a money payment, and the governor was always anxious, and almost always able, to earn such distinctions by unjustifiable provocation of such of the neighbouring tribes as were yet unsubdued, and by goading the provincials themselves to revolt, in order that by his legions he might quell the disturbance. He frequently aided the Publicani, upon a private understanding with them, in exacting more than their due: he encouraged his friends, who, in the true Roman spirit, were anxious to invest their money in the most profitable manner, to extend their usurious transactions to his province, and frequently backed them with an armed force in the extortion of their exorbitant demands. We purposely omit the crimes of lust and cruelty, (for the details would be too horrible and harassing) which formed the dregs of the bitter cup of misery which the provincials had to drain to the bottom.

Such were some of the grievances which ground, maddened, and reduced to desperation the Roman provinces: grievances for which a corrupted judicature offered little chance of redress, while a *general* rising for deliverance was rendered impracticable by the diversity and distance of the afflicted territories. What deep distress was felt by the provincials, may be gathered from the zeal with which they flocked to the standard of Sertorius in the West, the readiness with which they submitted to the capricious despotism of Mithridates in the East, and the apathy they displayed at the advance of the Cilician pirates, although their first fury must necessarily fall upon themselves. Such isolated insurrections were ever put down by the talents of the general and the discipline of the legions of the

republic; and the proconsuls and proprætors still revelled in cruelty, rapine, and licentiousness. It required one who was placed above all law to repress the crimes of these petty tyrants, and the establishment of the empire did repress them. 'The first use of power which the emperors made was to control the fiscal tyranny of the proconsuls and publicani,' is Mr. Merivale's remark; and he might have cited Tacitus (Ann. I. 2) for the satisfaction felt by the provincials at the change of government: 'Neque provinciæ illum rerum statum '(*i.e.* the empire) abnuebant, suspecto senatus populique imperio 'ob certamina potentium et avaritiam magistratuum, invalido 'legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbaban-'tur.' Mr. Merivale adds: 'The luxuriance of Roman oppression 'flourished but for a century and half; but in that time it 'created, perhaps, the most extensive and searching misery the 'world has ever seen. The establishment of the imperial 'despotism placed, in the main, an effective control over these 'petty tyrants (*i.e.* the provincial rulers); and, notwithstanding 'all the crimes by which it won its way, and the corruptions 'which were developed in its progress, it deserves to be regarded, 'at least in this important particular, as one of the greatest 'blessings vouchsafed to the human race.'

II. One of the most interesting and instructive portions of Mr. Merivale's work is a discussion upon the ethnology of the Celtic nations. And this is a subject so intimately connected with the history of Rome, who saw the Gauls alone, of all her foes, encamped within her walls; and more especially with the memoirs of Julius Cæsar, who laid the foundation of, perhaps, an unparalleled military renown, in the subjugation of the Gallic tribes;—it is a subject which has recently received such light, more particularly by the researches of M. Amédée Thierry, and is so important to our appreciation of the position and customs of our own insular forefathers, that we feel no hesitation in dwelling at some length upon it, while we will endeavour to clothe it in the most popular form.

The position of Europe, with respect to the two adjacent quarters of the globe, would cause the streams of migration or invasion, from the original seats of the human race in Asia, to flow into it by three principal channels. The seas, facilitating in later ages the intercourse of mankind, would present barriers which, in their early state, they were incapable of surmounting. The Mediterranean and the Euxine would produce a threefold division of the nations who pressed westward from Armenia and Mesopotamia. The central ranks, confined between the two seas, would pass through Asia Minor, and cross the Bosporus and Hellespont into Thrace. The right wing, skirting the Black

Sea upon their left, might occupy the great steppes of Southern Russia; while their descendants, according as chance, necessity, or choice, led them to the south or north of the Carpathian chain, might people the modern Hungary, and the lands on the Lower Danube, or continue their westward course over the vast plain of Northern Europe, till they reached the shores of the Baltic or the Atlantic. The left wing, following the sultry coasts of Syria and Africa, would at length find the hitherto boundless expanse of the Mediterranean diminish to a narrow strait, across which they might behold, from the cliffs of Mauritania, the fair regions now known by the name of Andalusia, where they would first set their feet upon the soil of Europe.

The invasions of more recent times have taken these directions. It was by the first that the Turks entered Europe, and destroyed the last relics of Roman sovereignty. The second, on the north of the Euxine, was followed in succession by the Goths, the Huns, the Slavi, the Bulgarians, and other swarms of barbarians, by whom the fabric of the Western Empire was shattered, and that of the Eastern grievously defaced. One of the lines of Arabian conquest took the third direction, along the coast of Africa to the shores of Spain, where the name of Tarik was left to the rock of Gibraltar, and to the straits which his followers passed, when they formed the vanguard of the Moorish hosts who overthrew the kingdom of the Visigoths, and assailed the power of the Frankish monarchy.

These three, or, with the subdivision of the second, four roads of invasion, were probably trod long before by the primitive inhabitants of Europe; or, at the dawn of history, by the later nations whom its light exhibits partly as settlers and partly as invaders. The Greek and Italian peninsulas, guarded by the Hæmus and the Alps, would be peopled by migrations from Asia Minor. The Illyrian nations occupied, in early times, the basin of the lower Danube. The plain of Northern Europe would witness the passage of the Celtic races of the Gauls and the Kymry, and the subsequent advance of the Teutonic tribes; while the Iberians would tend towards the same bourn, the territory of Gaul, by the African and Spanish route.

The southern colonists, the Iberians, are considered by Mr. Merivale to have anticipated the Celts in the possession of Gaul, whence our own islands also would receive their first inhabitants. Even in them there are traces of Iberian occupation. The classic name of Ireland, derived from the Hiberni, whose seats were in Munster, the dark complexion of the southern Irish, and the ancient Milesian traditions, may afford some ground for assigning an Iberian extraction to a part of the inhabitants of that island. The Silures also, in South Wales,

the district which has ever afforded a path to the invaders of Ireland, are considered by Tacitus to be a part of the Iberian family.

The irruption of the Gallic tribes, supposing the Iberians to have preceded them to Western Europe, separated for ever the British and continental branches of that nation; a fate which the Gauls themselves were destined to suffer at the hands of the Kymry, whom the Belgic invasion divided, in their turn, in a similar manner. Nor was it only in Gaul and Britain that the Iberians felt the Gallic pressure. The chain of the Pyrenees was found an insufficient barrier for the protection of Spain. The race of the Celtici is found even in Lusitania; the Gallæci are doubtless of Gallic origin; and the name of the nation of the Celtiberi indicates that some two or more tribes of the contending races had coalesced into one body. A reaction seems subsequently to have taken place in favour of the Iberians: under the name of Aquitani they extended in Gaul to the banks of the Garonne; while the modern Languedoc, from the Pyrenees to the Rhone, was occupied by mixed tribes of Iberians and Ligurians, a nation of kindred race, who dwelt in the Western Apennines and the French and Piedmontese Alps, and the countries on both sides lying at their feet.

The name of the Ligurians recalls our attention to Italy, where we shall see its girdle of Alps, from the Gulf of Lyons to the Adriatic, penetrated successively from the west, the east, and the north. The four streams which spring forth from the mountains of Armenia meet at last in the plains of Northern Italy. The first Italian races, the Oscans and the Pelasgians, either rounded or crossed the Adriatic, into the peninsula. History is silent as to whether they once peopled, and were subsequently expelled from, the western valley of the Po, by the Ligurian tribes from beyond the Alps; but in the faint light which it at first affords us, all Italy north of the Po on the east, as well as both banks on the west, were under the sway of the Ligurians. The Umbrians, however, on the Adriatic, still extended to the Po, in the modern Legations, and the Modenese territory. The eastern Alps were the next crossed. The Illyrians, entering the mountains from the lower Danube, vanquished the nations intervening between the Adriatic and their former seats, and gave their name to the country which they seized. The Veneti, a branch of their race, expelled the Ligurian Euganei from Eastern Lombardy, and extended the possessions of the Illyrian tribes as far as the Adige. The northern Alps were the last passed. A numerous people, of unknown origin, resided at this early period within their valleys; and the name Rhætium still perpetuates, upon the lofty

summits of the Grison and Tyrolese mountains, the title of the great nation of the Rasenæ, who are first discovered beneath their shadow. Entering the plains from between the Lago Maggiore and the Lago di Garda, they interposed between the Ligurians and the Veneti. The latter still maintained themselves in the territory behind the Adige, but the Ligurians were borne back toward the western Alps and the Apennines. The Po and the eastern Apennines were successively crossed, the Umbrians were repelled down the peninsula, and the boundary of the Rasenæ was advanced to the Tiber and the Æsis.

The probable cause of the next revolution in Northern Italy must be sought in a very distant region. Nothing is known of the Gauls before their arrival in Western Europe; but a nation sharing the same Celtic blood, the Kymry, or Cimmerians, are mentioned by the Greek annalists, as dwelling in the Crimea, and on the neighbouring shores of the Black Sea. Threatened on the east by a Scythian invasion, a part migrated to the west in search of new habitations. Concealed from the eye of the historian as they traversed the modern Poland, and threaded their way through the forests of Germany, they are ultimately found, about six centuries before the Christian era, pressing upon their Gallic brethren, taking possession of northern Gaul, with all its coasts from the Rhine to the Gironde, and spreading themselves over the southern division of the island of Britain. Compressed between the Kymry on the north and west, and the Iberians and Liguro-Iberians on the south, the Gauls sent forth their superfluous population to conquer other settlements in Italy. Their first expedition, under Belloresus, is assigned to the year 587 B.C. Winding through the defiles of the Cottian Alps, they descended into Piedmont, defeated the Etruscans on the Ticino, and fixed themselves in the Milanese. Before another century had elapsed, other tribes had followed in the track of the first, overpowered the declining strength of the Etruscans, and separated them into two bodies. One was thrust back to the north, into the mountains from which they had originally descended, and the other to the south, towards the Apennines. The Kymry now in their turn sought a share in the Tuscan spoils. The Boii and the Lingones, having passed the Pennine Alps, settled on the south of the Po, and swept thence the Etruscans over the Apennines, to seek a refuge among their brethren, in the proper Etruria. The Senones, the future captors of Rome, were the last Celtic invaders, and occupied the coast of the Adriatic, from the Rubicon to the Æsis, where they came in contact with the ancient Umbrians, and threatened the inhabitants of southern Italy.

The Kymry and the Belgæ have been identified with one another by several writers; but, according to the views of Mr. Merivale, which harmonize most satisfactorily the conflicting accounts of Cæsar and Strabo, the Belgæ were a large part of the Kymric race, mingled with several German tribes from beyond the Rhine. The Seine was the boundary between the Belgæ, or Teutonic Kymry, and unmixed Celtic blood. By the Romans, however, at least in Gaul, the Kymry, whether pure or mixed, seem to have been all included under the appellation of Belgæ. Colonies of the Belgæ also made their way through the territories of the Gauls. The Volcæ, whose name is a softer form of the word Belgæ, succeeded the Liguro-Iberians in the possession of Languedoc, where they lay within the limits of what was afterwards the Roman Provincia. This Provincia, which included the modern Provence, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Savoy, had submitted to the Romans before the time of Cæsar. The frontiers of the territory of the republic, at the period of his invasion, extended to Lyons, and rested on the long ridge of the Cevennes. Beyond the Cevennes and the upper Rhone, the Gauls, represented by the tribes of the Arverni, Ædui, and Sequani, lay exposed to the first attacks of the Roman general; the Garonne separated them from the Iberian Aquitani, and the Seine from the Belgæ: between the Gauls and the pure Kymry on the north-west, there was no natural line of demarcation.

Such was the disposition of these races in Gaul, at the time of Cæsar's invasion. In the British isles, the Belgæ, the latest people who had settled there, were then in possession of the country south of the Thames, on the coasts of which they had landed three centuries before. They had probably also, perhaps as the Firbolg, passed into Ireland, where the names of the Menapii and Cauci, in the province of Leinster, would seem to indicate that it had fallen under the power of a race of Belgic or Teutonic origin. The Kymry, whom they had followed, occupied all England, except the district held by the Belgæ, and the country south of the Bristol Channel, where some Gallic tribes, such as the Hedui, appear to have been isolated by them from the rest of their nation. But it is in Ulster, under the title of Scoti, that the main body of the Gallic inhabitants of these islands was to be found,—the seat from whence they passed into Scotland, and eventually destroyed the Pictish nation. The predecessors of the Gauls are faintly traced in the darkness of tradition. We have mentioned the possible Iberian origin of the Silures and of the Milesians, or Irish of Munster. And it is from the very doubtful authority of these Milesian or Iberian traditions, that we learn anything of the nations they dis-

placed. The position which it assigns them in Ireland, is, however, probable. We naturally look in the parts of both islands the most remote from the continent for the aborigines of our kingdom. Authentic history establishes the fact of the existence of the Picts or Caledonians in the fastnesses of the Scotch Highlands; and they may be regarded as the earliest inhabitants of Britain. In like manner, it is in the wilds of Connaught that our eyes would turn in search of those who first peopled the sister island; and it is here, according to the Milesian traditions, that the Spanish or Iberian settlers in Ireland drove the nation they invaded across the Shannon. The name of this nation, the Ferdomnians, is all that has survived,—an appellation which may vaguely be conjectured to have some affinity with the Damnonii of Cornwall, and the Damnii of the Clyde, nations which, by their position, appear to have been pressed by stronger tribes to the borders of the sea.

The languages of these primitive races have perished, and those of the three great families of nations in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, which have passed under our review, the Iberians, the Gauls, and the Kymry, have been nearly obliterated from the countries they formerly pervaded, by the Latin and Teutonic dialects. These were now, at the time of Cæsar's invasion, about to break in upon them from the Rhone and the Rhine; and, after the nineteen centuries which have since elapsed, but few vestiges of the ancient dialects are to be found. The language of the Basque provinces, in the western Pyrenees, is the sole representative of the tongue of the old Iberians: in Ireland and the Scotch Highlands, the Gaelic still holds its ground: and the Kymric, the latest of the three, has found a last refuge in the mountains of North Wales, and upon the heaths of Lower Brittany; where the rude monuments of a distant age, the Druidical circle, the mysterious cromlech, and the lonely menhir, still attract the attention of the traveller, and recall to his mind the memory of a people which have nearly disappeared from the lands they once fully occupied.

III. The next subject to which we would allude is the battle of Pharsalia, the most important conflict in the annals of Rome —perhaps the most important the world ever saw. In her preceding foreign wars, the republic had struggled merely for the extension of her power; and if we consider the discipline, courage, and endurance of the Roman legionaries, the successful termination of such struggles could never have been doubtful, however much they may have been retarded by the individual talents of the opposing generals, as in the case of Hannibal, Mithridates, and Sertorius. And when, after the subjugation of so many foreign states, the Italians in arms demanded the

consolidation of the territorial power of the empire, by widening the basis of the constitution, the struggles and operations were confined to the peninsula. Upon the pacification of Italy, when citizen met citizen in the murderous civil broils of Marius and Sulla, the scale of operation was still a limited one, and the conflict raged between the two parties of the state, rather than between the party leaders themselves. But in the campaigns which ended in the battle of Pharsalia, the antagonism assumed a very different form. Not only was the empire of the world the prize of the contest, but the whole world was engaged in the struggle. Florus correctly describes it, less as a civil war, than a *common* war of the whole human race – a Völkerschlacht, or battle of nations, as the Germans called the field of Leipsig. Almost every province of the empire had given assistance to one or other of the two antagonists. The plain of the Enipeus witnessed the decision of the deadly feud between the Roman oligarchy, supported by the eastern provincials on one side, and the popular party at Rome, backed by the western provinces, on the other.[1]

If we turn from the armies to their commanders, we may still better appreciate the interest of the struggle. The two greatest generals of ancient Rome were matched against each other. The elder was one whose strategic talents had so early developed themselves, that he was saluted Imperator on a victorious field by his troops, at the age of twenty-three. He had subsequently brought to a successful termination five most important wars, and had triumphed in turn over the three divisions of the known earth. Such were Pompey's exploits in the estimation of his countrymen, that he alone, of all their commanders, had been distinguished by the appellation of the Great, as one whose rapid conquests could only be paralleled by those of the Macedonian Alexander. On the other hand, Cæsar's military genius had not been so early called forth. It is a notorious fact, that most of the greatest commanders in the history of the world have distinguished themselves in early life. We may instance Alexander, Hannibal, Condé, Frederic, and Buonaparte, who gained some of their most splendid victories before the age of thirty. But Cæsar, until his fortieth year, when he went out as Proprætor into Spain, had devoted himself to the pursuits of civil life. Since that period, however, he had been occupied for nine years in the arduous task of subduing

[1] The actual numbers, though representing so many nations and interests, were not so large as might have been expected. Pompey had 45,000 legionaries, and 7,000 horse, besides subsidiary bowmen (4,000), cavalry, and infantry. Under Cæsar's banners there were arrayed 22,000 legionaries, and 1,000 cavalry, exclusive of his auxiliary corps.

the most stubborn nation which had ever crossed arms with Rome; and during that space had acquired military skill, and influence over his soldiers, never perhaps equalled. In a word, Pompey had seen more extended and more honourable service: Cæsar had been engaged in one war preeminently adapted to develope military talent. Both these consummate generals were idols with the populace,—Pompey from the splendour of his achievements, Cæsar from the affability of his nature and his sympathy with their views. Pompey coveted the popularity which he never courted; Cæsar courted applause, while he contemned it. Both were equally a prey to the last infirmity of noble minds—the lust of power. The flimsy veil, indeed, which Pompey threw over his ambitious designs, has so far deluded some of the later classical authors, and not a few modern historians, that in their pages he stands forth a pure and unsullied character, the disinterested champion of law and liberty. But it deluded not his own contemporaries, who saw the man through the slender covering. The only actual difference between Pompey and his rival, in this respect, is, that Cæsar, with that frankness of conduct which was his great characteristic, disguised nothing; while Pompey, with equally characteristic reserve, disclosed nothing. Cæsar had the courage to avow the sentiment of Eteocles,[1] which actuated Pompey's conduct, though it was never in his mouth. The one was covertly, the other ostentatiously ambitious: and the flame which burns unseen is ever the fiercest. There is yet another consideration necessary to complete our view of the two antagonists. The generals now opposed in deadly strife were closely connected in affinity to each other, even as father-in-law and son-in-law. And, although political marriages have ever in modern, and much more in ancient times, given way, for the extension of power, to other considerations, yet the union of Pompey and Julia was one of pure and sincere affection; and it does appear strange that so soon after the death of that most virtuous lady her husband and father should seek each other's overthrow. We might also recall to mind the close union into which Pompey and Cæsar had entered, but a few years previously, for the purpose of bearing down the constituted authorities of the state, and administering the republic in accordance with their own interests. The conqueror of Mithridates and the proconsul of Gaul seemed at that period the most devoted friends;

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[1] Εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρὴ, τυραννίδος πέρι
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν· τἄλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεών.—*Eurip. Phœn.* 524.

'If wrong we must do, let it be for empire:
In all things else let equal justice hold.'

but, alas! the bonds of friendship, as well as the ties of affinity, were snapped asunder the moment that each stood in the way of the other's advancement.

And what was the cause for which the sword was unsheathed? The actual reason was obscured by the specious pretexts of both sides. Cæsar complained, and complained justly, that equal justice had not been dealt out to himself and his rival by the home government; that while Pompey had been allowed to violate his own laws with impunity, he himself had been refused permission to sue for the consulship, without first resigning his military command, and that this was tantamount to delivering him over to the malice of his enemies; that the government of his province had been taken from him, and the rights of the tribunes, who interposed their *veto* in his favour, had been outraged. Pompey, too, might justly urge that Cæsar, in passing the boundary of his province in arms, had constituted himself a rebel against his country, and ought to be treated as such by all the friends of order and government. But the real aim of both leaders was one and the same; uncontrolled and despotic power in the state. It was now a struggle between individuals, and no longer between the two great parties of the republic. It is true that Pompey was supported by the senate and the oligarchical faction, but it is clear that the soldiers fought for their general personally, and not for the privileged orders. Cæsar was the centre of attraction among his followers, who were uninfluenced by any desire to elevate the popular party upon the ruins of the aristocracy. If it shall be thought that justice was on Pompey's side, because Cæsar had drawn against Rome the sword which was entrusted to him for the subjugation of the Gauls, this is but a superficial view to take of the quarrel. Pompey, by his intrigues at Rome, and influence with the senate, had placed Cæsar in a position which he well knew would render an appeal to arms inevitable. To have engaged in an apparently personal contest with Cæsar would have scarcely harmonized with Pompey's designs. Far more advantageous was it for him to embroil Cæsar with the senate, and then to have himself called in as the champion of the government. In following out this course successfully, he was enabled to strengthen his interests, by associating with his cause the name and authority of the Roman senate. But the guilt in aiming at despotic sway is not thereby extenuated, and it is a morbid sympathy to array him in virtues which in nowise belonged to him, because he met with an undeserved and untimely end. The result of the war to Rome was necessarily servitude, and the choice of her master was all that was left to fortune. It is natural that Lucan and other writers, who suffered under the tyranny of

subsequent emperors, should represent the losing side at Pharsalia as embodying the spirit of liberty and order. But those who were better informed took a very different view of the struggle. Cicero frequently laments the barbarities which were likely to ensue from the triumph of the Pompeians. For even if we could imagine that Pompey would have tamely resigned the power which fortune might have placed in his hands, still the rancour of the oligarchy would have exceeded the greatest enormities of the Sullan proscription. They had already, in anticipation of victory, proposed, that all who had remained in Italy, or who, after having joined Pompey's standard, had continued spectators rather than actors in the ranks, should have judgment of death passed upon them. They had, in imagination, confiscated and distributed amongst themselves the estates even of those who, like Atticus, had preserved a strict neutrality between the contending parties.[1]

But we have no reason to presume that Pompey [2] would have resigned his authority at all. He showed by his conduct at Rome, that he bitterly repented the folly of which he had been guilty, in disbanding at the will of the senate his Mithridatic troops, and he formed his illegal compact with Cæsar and Crassus for the very purpose of recovering, by their means, the power which he had then thrown away. It is true that he subsequently changed his tactics, and made the senate his tools, when he found that he could not mould Cæsar to his views; but the same purpose, *i. e.* self-advancement, which had united him with Cæsar against the senate, again induced him to assume the livery of the latter, when the success of the triumvirate did not answer his expectations.

The palm of strategy in this unfortunate war is allowed on all hands to belong to Cæsar. He was conscious where his strength lay; in the devotion of a soldiery, disciplined for nine years under his own eye, inured to hardship by the rigour of an inhospitable climate, by exposure on every side to fierce and barbarous enemies. He had often led them to victory, and had shared with the meanest the dangers and hardships of the campaign—he had moulded their feelings to his own—with their names and

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[1] Dr. Arnold, who is unduly prejudiced against Cæsar, remarks: 'Doubtless the happiness of mankind was ultimately far better secured by the victory of Cæsar, and the establishment even of his successor's despotism, than it would have been by the unchecked dominion of the most profligate members of a corrupt aristocracy.' *History of Later Roman Commonwealth*, ch. viii.

[2] Pompey had the name of Sulla ever in his mouth. Cic. ad Att. ix. 10. 'Sulla potuit: ego non potero?' Again, 'Sullaturit ejus animus et proscripturit diu.' 'Mirandum in modum Cnæus noster Sullani regni similitudinem concupivit.' viii. 11. viii. 16. ix. 9.

individual services he was to a great extent acquainted.[1] It was his unhesitating confidence in his troops, which emboldened Cæsar to cross the Rubicon at the head of a *single* legion; to advance, when reinforced, upon his enemies; to sweep them within sixty days from the Italian peninsula, and ever to act with that energy and decision, which the rhetoricians of an after age, unable to comprehend the deep calculations of a statesman or warrior, ascribed to an implicit reliance upon his fortune. With veterans personally devoted to himself, directed by his own talents, Cæsar might well feel a conscious superiority over the more numerous, but at the same time heterogeneous array of his opponent. But a general who feels himself stronger than his antagonists, enjoys a great advantage in the freedom of his movements; for as it is his interest to bring on a decisive engagement, he may attempt any enterprise he pleases, with the two-fold chance either of winning that particular object, or of forcing the enemy to battle, if he offer opposition. This circumstance fully explains Cæsar's motives, in drawing round Pompey at Petra lines of such extent and labour, even at the hazard of the defeat which he then sustained. So far from such casual defeat detracting from Cæsar's merits as a general, it but more clearly manifests the depth of his plans. Any success on the side of his opponents must necessarily have inspired them with the feelings he wished to excite, and so bring about the result he so eagerly anticipated. And he seems to have calculated most happily: the very circumstance (the check before Dyrrhachium) which, those who judged superficially deemed fatal to his pretensions, was the cause which arrayed against him in Thessaly the army he had so long fruitlessly endeavoured to encounter.

On the contrary, Pompey's position required a Fabian policy. His troops consisted mainly of new levies, and of those who had seen but little service of late, and none felt that ardent attachment to their general which distinguished Cæsar's legions. These had to be drilled and disciplined, to be marched and counter-marched, to be engaged in sallies and skirmishes, before they would be fit for a general engagement with veteran soldiers. But Pompey had another object in view, in addition to a triumph over his foe, and this was victory over the oligarchical party, at whose head chance and their own necessities had placed him. For this purpose, it was necessary that he should be surrounded once more by the kings and tetrarchs of the east, who, after the immemorial Oriental usage, attached themselves to individuals, and not to governments.

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[1] Lucan (Phars. vii. 287) makes Cæsar boast:

> Cujus non militis ensem
> Agnoscam? Cœlumque tremens quum lancea transit,
> Dicere non fallar, quo sit vibrata lacerto.

These were now in motion towards Macedonia, and if Pompey evacuated Italy, he might find himself comparatively independent of senatorial dictation. Any success in Italy might have redounded to the glory of the consuls, Lentulus and Marcellus, and would be therefore as unpalatable to Pompey as actual defeat. It was in all probability such a view of matters, which induced a general of Pompey's military talents to retire before Cæsar, step by step, to leave Domitius at Corfinium, unsupported against the enemy, to retreat to Brundusium, and eventually to relinquish Italy to his rival. For surely, had he been so disposed, he might in Italy, with his five legions, have withstood Cæsar's attack until the arrival of his seven veteran legions from Spain, and of his father-in-law, Scipio, with the forces from the east, and thus Cæsar might have been crushed between the overwhelming armies brought against him from both continents. This is the original and highly probable view entertained by Mr. Merivale, and certainly gives the best solution of Pompey's apparently unaccountable relinquishment of Italy, and moreover harmonizes with hints thrown out in Cicero's letters, and the taunts which he knew the oligarchs addressed to their leader, during the Grecian campaign.

Pompey had succeeded in delivering himself from the control of his patrons, when he found himself at the head of his united forces at Thessalonica, and had only the legions of Scipio to expect. It was now his duty to render his troops effective, by attention and discipline, to raise their spirits and inspire a steady self-confidence, to weary Cæsar out, by forcing him to follow from place to place, without affording him an opportunity of fighting. Such was Pompey's plan,[1] and in spite of remonstrance, he persisted in it, until the misfortune (as we may term it) of his victorious assault upon Cæsar's lines at Petra, converted the previous dissatisfaction of his excitable followers, at what they deemed his cowardly and dilatory conduct, into open menace and rebellion. Pompey was ever irresolute, and wanted moreover that power of gaining the ascendency over his adherents, which Cæsar possessed in such an extraordinary degree. The body of patricians, who looked upon Pompey as a mere instrument in their own hands, flushed with their success at Dyrrhachium, besieged him with shouts and cries for battle, which his irresolute spirit could not withstand. A want of

[1] It is amusing to find, in Middleton's Life of Cicero, the whole credit of Pompey's plan for protracting the war ascribed to Cicero, and the remark that 'had Cicero's advice been followed, Cæsar must have been eventually ruined ! !' Lucan, on the other hand, makes Cicero the mouthpiece of the oligarchs, when they clamour for the engagement, the day before the battle, (Phars. vii. 68) although we know that Cicero was left behind sick at Dyrrhachium.

moral courage suffered him to be overborne against his own better judgment, precipitated him after Cæsar into Thessaly, and induced him, in a moment fatal to himself and the interests of his party, to offer battle on the banks of the Enipeus to an army so superior in everything, except numbers, to his own, when it was in the very act of striking its tents for retreat before him.

Into the details of the battle we are unwilling to carry our readers. Suffice it to say, that it resembled most decisive engagements, in ancient and in modern times, in this, that the two armies (like the mail-clad knights of the middle ages, to use an illustration which Mr. Merivale gives elsewhere), having in vain tried to force their antagonists into a false move, and having exhausted all the artifices of warfare, determined to stake the issue of the contest upon the trial of their respective strengths. Mr. Merivale gives a most vivid description of the actual conflict, explaining much that was before unintelligible, and imparting an absorbing interest to the whole. We see the infantry of both leaders resting on the precipitous bank of the Enipeus—Pompey's splendid cavalry on his left wing, confronted by Cæsar's thousand horsemen, supported by the oblique arrangement of six cohorts of foot on his right—the charge, and midway halt, and renewed charge of Cæsar's legions, 'with barbaric shouts'—the onset of Pompey's cavalry—the retreat of the Cæsarian horse, upon the reserve—the advance of that reserve—the order to strike on the faces of the enemy[1]—the defeat of Pompey's left wing—the inexplicable panic of his main body—the rout—Cæsar's command to spare the citizens—the flight and death of the fierce and treacherous Domitius Ahenobarbus—the pursuit and surrender of the broken army—the escape of Pompey himself, and the pathetic episode of his barbarous murder.

IV. We now approach the closing act of the great drama—the assassination of Cæsar in the plenitude of his power, when he deemed himself sufficiently strong in the affection of the citizens, to disband his veterans, and to despatch his legions to distant quarters, relying upon his popularity alone for his

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[1] Mr. Merivale shows that Cæsar's order, 'Miles faciem feri,' is not to be explained as it has hitherto been, on the supposition that the surest means of putting the young nobility to flight was to threaten their faces with disfigurement. It really advertises soldiers, who had been accustomed to engage with half-clad Gauls, of the only effectual method of wounding Roman knights, whose faces and necks were bare, while the body was protected by a cuirass. Horace od. II. 1, 19, (who is not cited by Mr. Merivale) doubtless alludes to this exploit:

Jam litui strepunt,
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitumque *vultus*.

Fulgor *armorum* here refers to the six cohorts of *infantry*, with which Cæsar supported his thousand horse.

security. Before we pass any judgment upon the deed itself, it will be requisite to refer to certain antecedent circumstances, which may have contributed to the catastrophe.

The revolution by which Cæsar had attained his elevation had necessarily shattered the fabric of the old aristocratic constitution. Upon its ruins Cæsar had to reconstruct a form of natural policy. His undisputed tenure of power hardly lasted eighteen months, during ten of which he was absent from the capitol. This was a space of time very insufficient to give us any adequate idea of the system of government he intended to introduce. But even in this limited period, we have proofs of the liberality and enlightenment of his views, in spite of the confusion of dates and circumstances attending the records which remain to us of his several enactments. He had risen to his present eminence on the tide of the popular party; but if he wishes the world to derive any advantage from his exaltation, he must be cautious in his new regulations not to give undue preponderance to the *canaille* of Rome. He was conscious of this. 'The general principle which pervades his views,' says Mr. Merivale, 'is the elevation of a middle class of citizens, to constitute the ultimate source of all political authority. The ostensible ruler of the state is to be in fact the creation of this body, its favourite, its patron, its legislator, and its captain. To this body he is to owe his political existence. He is to watch over the maintenance of an equilibrium of popular forces, checking with the same firm hand the discontent of the depressed nobility, and the encroachments of the aspiring rabble.' Cæsar attempted to break down the pre-eminence of the wealthiest class, to which so many of the late misfortunes were attributable, by the enactment of sumptuary laws. He increased the number of the senate (in his Censorian capacity) to nine hundred, by drafting into it about six hundred new members, chiefly from the provinces. The Roman franchise was widely extended. All practitioners of medicine, and professors of science, were declared Roman citizens. The freedom of the city was conferred upon various states in Gaul and Spain. The whole of the Gallic legion Alanda received the same distinguished favour. Eighty thousand Roman citizens were transplanted, to found new cities beyond the sea. Carthage and Corinth rose again from their ruins. To obviate the decrease of population in the civil wars, privileges, in the shape of exemption from certain personal charges, (jus trium liberorum,) were assigned to paternity. By an enactment opposed to the usual policy of the popular party, the orders of citizens from which the judges were chosen were restricted to the senators and knights, in order to ensure greater strictness and severity. Cæsar dissolved (and this would be an

unpopular measure with the lower orders) the Collegia, or combinations of the urban populace, which so frequently overawed the independence of the judges, and trampled upon the execution of the laws. He seems to have contemplated forming a complete and uniform code of laws for the whole empire. He set on foot a survey of the territorial possessions of Rome, and reformed the almost inextricable confusion of the Roman calendar.

It was impossible that reforms and alterations of so extensive a character could be carried out without exciting much ill-will. The popular party would feel dissatisfied with some of the arrangements, but might submit with good grace, as they had triumphed in the struggle. But the oligarchs would be deeply offended at the invasion of their own supposed inherent rights by the intrusion of orientals and kilted Gauls into the senate, and by any attempt to curtail their own ostentatious luxury.

Thus the reforms which Cæsar introduced would array against him the bigoted adherents of the old oligarchical régime.

But, in the next place, we must admit that the conqueror himself had of late become more arrogant, and less considerate of the dignity of others. Mr. Merivale had prepared us for this change of deportment at the end of the eighteenth chapter, where he ascribes it to the adulation which Cæsar met with in the east, and his liaison with Cleopatra. He there says:—

'It becomes us to remark the fatal effect of a connexion of disparagement, by which Cæsar felt himself degraded in the eyes of his own countrymen. If from henceforth we find his generosity tinged with ostentation, his courage with arrogance, his resolution with harshness; if he becomes restless and fretful, and impatient of contradiction; if his conduct is marked with contempt for mankind rather than with indulgence to their weaknesses, it is to this impure source that the melancholy change is to be traced.'

His arrogance was displayed in the arbitrary manner in which he issued decrees from the solitude of his chamber, to be subscribed with the names of the senators, who were supposed to have assisted at his councils. He was difficult of access. He refused to rise from his seat when a deputation from the senate waited upon him, to communicate the honours they had bestowed upon him. It is also probable that Cæsar was not content with the office of perpetual Dictator, (a name which rather precluded than implied transmission,) and, like Cromwell, aspired to the regal title, as a guarantee for the succession of his power to his adopted son Octavianus. His friends, who knew or guessed his feelings, most imprudently made such public demonstrations as they might think likely to please him. In this, doubtless, they were encouraged by those real enemies who had not as yet dropped the mask of friendship, and who judged much more truly of the effect which such premature

demonstrations must have upon the prejudices of the Roman people at large, and the senate in particular.

Thus, a second party in the state was offended—those, to wit, in whose eyes the order to which they belonged had been insulted by the dictator's arrogance; more especially as he seemed desirous of a title which would for ever mark the disparity between him and themselves.

But there was a third party whose animosity against Cæsar had not even the excuse of party patriotism. Every leader of a party must incur the enmity of many of his ancient adherents, when he comes to power, by the mortification of their vanity. Cæsar had done all that he could do for his friends, by abridging the time of the consulship, and by increasing the number of prætors and inferior magistrates in order that he might satisfy more numerous claims. Nor did he confine his favours to those who had been originally of his own party. Brutus and Cassius were the chief prætors of the year in which Cæsar was assassinated. Varro, his old opponent in Spain, had been appointed to preside over the great public library, which had recently been established. Such impartiality, not improbably, increased the number of his personal enemies. Cæsar's old friends would be annoyed that the monopoly of honours was not their own; and his reconciled foes, that the services of others should seem to outweigh their own intrinsic merits. Cassius was piqued that Brutus had been thought more worthy of the City Prætorship than himself: although the province of Syria had been promised to him as a consolation for his disappointment. Of Cæsar's officers, Sulpicius Galba had been refused the consulship, L. Tillius Cimber had been unable to obtain the recall of his brother from banishment, and Minucius Basilus, a prætor of the last year, had no province assigned him at the expiration of his office. Many such, we may believe, became conspirators against Cæsar from private pique.

From the three classes we have specified, viz. those who objected to the radical reforms which Cæsar was introducing in every department of the government; those who deemed their order insulted by his arrogance, and those who thought their deserts had been overlooked, were the ranks of the conspiracy largely recruited. When, moreover, we consider the envy which the senatorial party must have felt at the elevation of a single person to the power which they hoped to wield, a feeling which the remembrance of their own submission and a sense of the conqueror's clemency were but ill-calculated to allay, we shall no longer be surprised that the conspiracy found favour among sixty of its members, and that Ligarius, whose recent pardon rankled in his bosom, should rise from

a sick-bed, to participate in it. It may appear strange to modern ears, that what so many have been accustomed to consider a glorious scheme to restore freedom to Rome, should be represented as an oligarchical cabal; but the more we investigate the circumstances of the case and the character of the conspirators, the more we shall be necessitated to come to this conclusion. Florus furnishes a key to the plot by writing 'Brutus et Cassius aliique *Patricii* consenserunt in cædem principis.' When we insinuate that party spirit or less excusable personal feeling prompted many to join in the conspiracy, we do not include in that number some whose conduct is totally inexplicable, such as Trebonius and Decimus Brutus, on whom Cæsar had conferred the highest favours, and had actually left the latter his heir in the second degree, and above all, we would except Marcus Brutus, of whom we shall have occasion to speak immediately. But C. Cassius Longinus had certainly imbibed a personal antipathy against Cæsar, and he is allowed on all hands to have been the head and front of the conspiracy. We have noticed his disappointment at Brutus having been preferred to himself. Mr. Merivale remarks:—

'He was by nature vain and vindictive; his temper fluctuated between mean subservience and rude independence: the ascendency which Cæsar's unruffled equanimity exerted over him embittered his selfish spirit, and in his passionate resolve to overthrow, at all hazards, the supremacy which galled him, he seems to have looked no further, to have taken no precautions, but thrown the die without calculating the chances.'

Cassius well knew how to trick out his schemes for vengeance in the cant terms of liberty and patriotism, and by such arts he was enabled to cajole men of less talent but more honesty than himself. He was skilful enough to enclose M. Brutus in his net. Mr. Merivale draws a not very flattering, but not the less sternly correct portrait of Brutus:—

'So far from inheriting the zeal of his imputed progenitor, (L. Junius Brutus, the first consul of the republic,) the Brutus of the expiring republic had acquiesced in Cæsar's usurpation with less apparent reluctance than perhaps any other member of the Pompeian party. Despondent in her hour of distress, he had been the last to join, the earliest to desert the unfurled banner of the republic. After Pharsalia, he was the first to seek refuge in the camp of the victor; in the city he was the foremost to court the friendship and claim the confidence of the dictator: he was zealous in serving his interests by the discharge of important offices; nor did he blush to govern Cisalpine Gaul for Cæsar while his uncle held out Utica against him. A feeble panegyric of the sturdy sage whom he had abandoned, while he affected to adopt his principles and emulate his practice, seemed to Brutus a sufficient tribute to his virtues. Although in his habits a professed student, he could not resolve to withdraw to the shades of philosophy from the fiery glare of a season of revolution. The thirst of lucre still beset him; the victor caressed and the vanquished courted him; he was a greater man to-day than yesterday, and the path of official distinc-

tion seemed safe and flowery. With Brutus, by circumstances a revolutonary partisan, by temper a sophist, the conspiracy would never have originated; the admission of his inherent weakness is the fairest extenuation of his crime. But the deaths of all their more distinguished leaders had elevated him to undue importance among the remnant of his party. His uncle's renown seemed to shed its light upon him, and he was supposed to inherit the political spirit of the hero whose disciple he had avowed himself in the tranquil walks of science. The name of Brutus forced its possessor into prominence as soon as royalty began to be discussed. The Roman people were neither moralists nor genealogists, but they had imbibed from the traditions of four hundred and fifty years an unreflecting horror of the mere title of king, and admiration not less blind for the name of the first of the consuls.

'The weakness of Brutus's character may be estimated by the means which were employed to work upon him. A bit of paper affixed to the statue of the ancient hero, with the words, "Would thou wert alive," billets thrust into his hand inscribed "Brutus, thou sleepest," "Thou art no Brutus," shook the soul of the philosopher to its centre. His vanity had already been excited by a compliment attributed to Cæsar, which was no doubt reported to him, "Brutus only waits for this dry skin," implying that he of all the Romans was most capable of succeeding to pre-eminence. Cassius, who was brother-in-law to Brutus, and admitted to his familiar intimacy, watched narrowly the effect of these incentives to his ambition, and led him gradually to the point at which he could venture to disclose the deed which was in contemplation. Brutus, adroitly plied, embraced the schemes of the conspirators, and assumed the place of chief adviser, which was, at least in appearance, tendered to him.'

To add to this most graphic description would indeed be superfluous on our part.[1]

Such was the band by which Cæsar fell, at the base of his

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[1] In Shakspere's play of Julius Cæsar, from which so many derive their idea of Brutus, the great poet follows Plutarch in the main, but ascribes to Brutus a character, (far beyond Plutarch's powers of conception,) full of feeling and pathos, distracted by private affection and public duty, love to Cæsar and love to Rome. When his public have got the better of his private feelings, the latter still remain so strong that a settled melancholy seems to take possession of his mind. However reflection may strengthen his convictions that he has acted uprightly, the remembrance of the act itself embitters his life. Hence we have depicted a highly dramatic and most interesting, but still an *ideal* character. Shakspere has perhaps seized the *historic* verities more in describing Cassius, who is made to combine the conspirators and arouse the dormant patriotism of Brutus. But Brutus, the ideal Brutus, alone of the conspirators deeply interests us, and even he does not carry our sympathies with him in the murder of Cæsar; and it appears evident from the most touching speeches put in Antony's mouth, that Shakspere did not intend that he should do so. The rest of the conspirators are summarily dismissed by Antony in his lament over Brutus at the conclusion of the play (where we usually find the moral intended by the poet):

> 'This was the noblest Roman of them all:
> All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He, only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them.'

By the side of Shakspere's 'Julius Cæsar,' it is worth while to consult Voltaire's tragedy in three acts, entitled, 'La Mort de César,' which the preface of 1736

great rival's statue, on the ides of March, 710 U. C., pierced by twenty-three wounds. The mode of his death, whatever sympathy erring patriots of our own nation may have with the motives of its perpetrators, is so abhorrent to the long-cherished feelings of our countrymen, that we are sure that none even of those who applaud the conduct of Bradshaw and his associates, would attempt to justify the *assassination* of Cæsar.

But, setting aside the very reprehensible means which he employed, was Brutus justified in any attempt to rid Rome of Cæsar? We will grant that he may have been persuaded that he was but fulfilling his mission, and really restoring liberty to an oppressed country. Yet still we answer that he was not justified. Ought he to have intrigued for the overthrow of a government under which he had accepted an important provincial appointment, and was now actually discharging the highest judicial functions? If Cæsar was such a tyrant and monster that he must in anywise be removed, nothing justifies Brutus in having hitherto supported his government. Dr. Arnold, whom no one can accuse of partiality to Cæsar, appositely remarks that Sir Matthew Hale did well to accept office under the usurpation of Cromwell, but that he would have been in no wise justified, after such acquiescence, in associating himself in the schemes of Colonel Titus and others, for the murder of the Protector. If it be urged in extenuation, that Brutus was carried away by the artful reasonings of Cassius—this is but to exalt his heart at the expense of his head; and we allow Brutus to have been an honest, but weak-minded patriot. And surely real lovers of freedom, if gifted with a very moderate share of discretion, would have taken some precautions to secure the maintenance of that precious boon, which it must have cost some of them (let us hope) a pang to bestow.

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tells us he composed 'au lieu de traduire l'ouvrage *monstrueux* de Shakspeare.' Voltaire revives the exploded story that Brutus was Cæsar's son. Cæsar dotes upon Brutus, who abhors Cæsar and originates (Cassius being only a secondary agent) the conspiracy against him. Cæsar is indecently urgent for the title of king, and most grossly and unhistorically insults the senate when they demur about granting his request. But Cæsar's anxiety for royalty is not on his own account, but that the diadem may encircle the brow of his son, to whom he intends to bequeath his power. He informs Brutus of the relationship between them and the honours he designs him. Brutus is at first rather puzzled, but eventually determines to proceed with the assassination. This takes place behind the scenes. The last two scenes are feeble and lifeless parodies of the speeches of Brutus and Antony in Shakspere. The following audacious commentary (by M. Algarotti) is usually prefixed to La Mort de César: 'Voltaire a imité, en quelques endroits, Shakspeare, poëte anglais, qui a réuni dans la même pièce *les puérilités les plus ridicules*, et les morceaux les plus sublimes; *il en a fait le même usage que Virgile faisait des ouvrages d'Ennius:* il a imité de l'auteur anglais les deux dernières scènes, qui sont les plus beaux modèles d'éloquence qu'il y ait au théâtre.

'*Quum flueret lutulentus, erat quod tollere velles.*' ! ! !

But Cassius and his friends seem to have regarded nothing beyond the immolation of their victim. Did they expect that the Romans would have arisen in a body and applauded their deed? Then, indeed, they must have been strangely oblivious of the affability, and largesses, and popularity of Cæsar. Or did they really imagine that the senatorial party, feeble remnant as it was, could again establish the domination which the ascendency of Cæsar had destroyed? The most probable solution is, that they left the result to chance; and we know what the result was—the repetition of the civil wars, ending in a more oppressive yoke.

What might have been the consequences of the defeat of the conspiracy, by attention to information which Cæsar's magnanimity made him neglect, we can only now conjecture—with one important exception. We cannot allow ourselves to doubt that Cæsar, upon their submission, *would have pardoned the conspirators,* one and all. His clemency was too much a part of his nature to be laid aside, whatever might be the provocation. Herein it is that Cæsar towers so far above all conquerors of ancient and modern times. Ascribe his clemency to policy! You may as well ascribe his love of literature, or even the licentiousness of his youth, to motives of state. The conspirators, doubtless, must have submitted; (and this they would have had no difficulty in doing; many of them had done so before;) but Cæsar would never have denied his better nature the pleasure of forgiving them. It may perhaps seem idle to indulge in useless conjectures, but we hope to be forgiven by the reader if we hazard an hypothesis on a favourite subject: Cæsar died in his fifty-sixth year; his constitution was tolerably robust, and he was very temperate in his mode of life. We may therefore not unreasonably suppose, that had he escaped the dagger of the assassin, he might have attained a good old age—that he would have vanquished the Parthians and avenged the manes of Crassus; that he would have carried out the liberal schemes which he only lived to project; that he would have established his government upon a secure basis; that he would have outlived the ill-will and envy of a proscribed faction; that the blessings of peace and tranquillity would have become appreciated by all, especially by that middle class which it was the dictator's policy to raise up; that he would have granted a constitution (in modern parlance) to the empire, by associating *actively* with himself in the cares of government a senate which would represent no longer an exclusive hereditary caste, but the intelligence and wealth of the Roman world; that he might have called his adopted successor to a share in the imperial dignity, and, dying amid the regrets of Romans and provincials, have transmitted

to him the whole authority under some hereditary title, which, obviating, as it would have done, the appeal to arms at Philippi and Actium, might have effectually precluded that domination of the legions in the subsequent bestowal of the purple, which was the fruitful source of so much misery to the Romans under the empire.

We have one remark to make concerning Mr. Merivale's estimate of Cæsar's character. We think that he ascribes to him too extended a range of vision, too clear an insight into futurity. We might imagine from the narrative that Cæsar from the first saw the necessity of his own future exaltation, and the exact steps which must lead to it. But we know that the views of popular leaders (as M. Guizot has so well shown in the case of Cromwell) become enlarged according to circumstances. They always aim at some elevation immediately above themselves, fancying, perhaps, at the time that this will suffice; but hills rise above hills; as fast as one is surmounted, they gird themselves up for the ascent of the next. Cæsar was probably no exception to the general rule. He was undoubtedly conscious of his own great powers and the wants of the age. He, as undoubtedly, determined to advance himself to the utmost; but the *particular* path that he himself must pursue, the *particular* course which affairs would take, he could scarcely have foreseen. We can almost imagine that he was himself surprised (although never moved or ruffled) when he found himself successively at the head of the Roman populace, in league with Pompey and Crassus, on the brink of the Rubicon, victor at Pharsalia, and perpetual dictator at Rome.

We must now conclude our notice of the History of the Romans under the Empire. We would gladly accompany Mr. Merivale into the interesting discussion with which he closes his second volume, concerning the decay of principles and corruption of manners which marked the era of the foundation of the imperial government, and which he justly attributes in a great degree to the oblivion of the ancient and sterling Roman creeds, literature, and feelings, and the parasitic adoption of the Greek in their stead: but we have already extended our remarks to a greater length than we had at first intended. In taking leave of Mr. Merivale, we congratulate him upon a performance which will, we are convinced, extend through Europe that reputation for talents and learning which he has so long deservedly possessed in both our universities. We beg to thank him for a history which is at once faithful and interesting; in which much light has been shed on a very momentous period, and the charm of freshness thrown over the narration of well-known events. We shall be anxiously looking out for the future volumes of Mr.

Merivale's work—successive arches to bridge over the great chasm which intervenes (in English literature) between the death of Julius Cæsar and the commencement of Gibbon's Decline and Fall. Meanwhile it cannot but be a source of gratification to all sincere friends of our institutions, to observe that, at a time when the enemies of the Church have again commenced their attacks upon our universities; when so many professed friends are anxious to encourage such an extended range of popular studies, as seriously threatens to displace the best aids of intellectual development, mathematics and classics; when the first minister of the crown has not deemed it inconsistent with his duty (with what *ulterior* object we know not) to advise her Majesty to issue a Commission of Inquiry into the state of our two universities, over one of which her Royal Consort presides as Chancellor—a work like the History of the Romans under the Empire, so calculated to exalt among the literati of the Continent the character of English philology and erudition, should have proceeded from the pen of one who has been, until very recently, a gremial of the University of Cambridge.

ART. II.—"*The Monasteries of Athos;*" *Euterpe, Nos.* 59, 60. Athens, 1850. (Τὰ Μοναστήρια τοῦ Ἄθωνος. Εὐτέρπη, φυλλάδια νθ, ξ, ἐν Ἀθήναις, 1850.)

WHEN Mr. Curzon gave to the English public the amusing notices of the Monasteries in the Levant, which passed under our review nearly two years ago, he probably did not at all calculate on seeing his pleasantries translated into modern Greek, and placed, with no very favourable introduction, before the eyes of his hospitable entertainers. This is, however, now the case. People are apt to forget that the Levant has not only ceased to be a *terra incognita* to Europeans, about which the few travellers who ventured to explore it might bring back any wondrous tales they pleased without fear of challenge, but is actually now a region in which the doings and writings of the present generation in Europe are more or less known. If, on the one side, Egypt and Syria, with a glance *en passant* at Greece and Constantinople, have become to us what the grand tour was to our fathers, and our newspapers chronicle the petty excursions of the Sultan, or the movements of Abbas Pasha from his town to his country-house, on the other side, Greek traders find their way to London and Manchester, and a Greek press presents its readers with epitomes of European news, and with translations from our popular literature. More especially is this true of free Greece, where an imitation of European progress has been suggested by the political connexion into which it has been brought with the leading powers of Europe, and fostered by the strong ambition of its people to efface the memory of their servitude under the barbarian, by gaining a place among the enlightened nations of Christendom. Education has not, indeed, made much real progress, nor do the books printed at Athens since the establishment of the kingdom make up a large number all together; but of these far the greatest part have been translations, and chiefly from the French. The periodical before us, which issues monthly from the Athenian press, exhibits almost exclusively versions from the lighter literature of France, England, and Germany. In the present instance, it has chosen to fill its pages with a matter of more national interest for its readers than the reproductions of wretched French *feuilletons* and extracts from 'Gulliver's Travels,' which form part of the same number. But it will not, perhaps, be uninteresting to see the introductory remarks with which the Greek translator ushers in his version of Mr. Curzon's book.

'When the English traveller Clarke plundered the monas-
'teries of Athos of the manuscripts of Plato and other ancient
'Greek writings, our countryman Coray broke forth into loud
'lamentation for that deed of sacrilege. At the present day,
'we have a certain Robert Curzon, also an Englishman, pub-
'lishing his recent tour in Athos, in which he sarcastically
'relates how the patriarch of Constantinople gave him a letter
'of recommendation to the Hegoumens and Monks of the
'Mountain, and how, by means of this letter, and a judicious
'use of money, he succeeded in extracting from them sundry
'valuable national heirlooms of Byzantine art, as if it had been
'fated that unhappy Greece should never cease to be a windfall
'to foreigners, and according to the proverb, "spoil of the
'Mysians." The tour of this Englishman we now translate
'into our own language, both for the reasons already given, and
'because it embraces many curious matters relating to that
'national history which is an object of so much study to every
'Greek. But we have left as we found it all his bitter mockery
'of the patriarch, that it may serve as a lesson for the time to
'come to the ecclesiastical chiefs of our race in Turkey. In
'this translation the readers of the *Euterpe* will see how many
'ancient and valuable treasures are preserved in the monasteries
'of the Holy Mountain, such as manuscripts of high interest to
'archæologers, paintings of the Byzantine school, reliquaries
'inlaid with precious stones, *chef-d'œuvres* of Byzantine art,
'magnificent gifts of Greek emperors.

'Almost all the numerous manuscripts of the Mountain
'appear to be on theological subjects; but who can assure us,
'that among these manuscripts there do not exist also many
'palimpsests—that under the hymns of the Octoïchos there are
'not concealed, perhaps, comedies of Menander, if not poems
'of Archilochus and Simonides, those much-lamented objects of
'regret to every lover of the immortal Greek Muse?'

A Greek translating a work on Athos for Greeks might be expected to make some allusion to the religious interest of the locality, by those who have not seen the phenomena of civilization in modern Athens; but we are assured that the more enlightened of Otho's subjects have quite learned the European lesson of looking upon monasteries as hives of drones, only worthy of consideration for the manuscripts or other antiquities which they may possibly contain.

We need not say, that we do not appropriate all the language of the translator, nor give Mr. Curzon credit for any malicious caricature of those from whom he met with nothing but kindness and hospitality: on the contrary, no one can have turned over his pages without remarking the strong under-current of

good-nature which comes continually to the surface, and tempers his most piquant sallies. At the same time, his account of the Greek monasteries is at once so slight and so humorous, that it leaves on the mind no positive impression, but a jumble of absurd pictures, which make a very unsatisfactory substitute. You rise from the book with confused images of dragomans announcing the traveller as first cousin to the emperor of the Franks, stupid monks crossing themselves at sight of him, as if he were a sea-monster, superiors tippling with him all night long, and slapping each other on the back over their rosoglio, and a thousand other absurdities which may, or may not, have actually happened to some one traveller somewhere, but are as far from giving, when taken together, a just idea of what is to be seen every day among the monasteries, as Munchausen's exploits in Africa are from making a fair parallel to the relations of Bruce. If the monasteries of Athos are mentioned before one of Mr. Curzon's readers, he will probably ask whether you are not drawn up to them in a basket, or whether the monks do not use their old books for footstools in the church. These are the points which cling to the memory—perhaps, because the basket-ascent of the *Thessalian* Metéora is represented in the vignette, and the story about the books, which the author says he *heard* a German book-hunter tell of some unknown monastery in *Bulgaria*, is given in the preface.

Yet Mount Athos deserves a separate place in the minds of mere lovers of the picturesque, as well as in those of ecclesiastical students. Between its natural scenery, its objects of art, and the character of its occupants, the set of impressions made on the tourist's eye is as peculiar as is the advantage derived by the student from the complete isolation and uninterrupted succession of its monastic communities. Nor is Mr. Curzon the only writer who has published a notice of these societies. Records of visits to Athos are to be found in sufficient abundance, from those few dry lines which Murray has reprinted in his Handbook out of the voluminous travels of Pococke, to the journal of a recent traveller now appearing, by instalments, in the Colonial Church Chronicle. Far the best account of this peninsula which we have seen in English is to be found in Col. Leake. The chapter which he devotes to it in his 'Northern Greece' describes most satisfactorily the external aspect of things, and adds as much as we can reasonably expect to recover about the classical topography of this region. A French account appeared some years ago in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*,' and a book of considerable size has lately been published on the same subject in Germany. Papers, too, have been recently contributed by Russian travellers to periodicals in

S. Petersburgh and Moscow, which are not without their value. One is the work of an archimandrite, named Porphyry, who spent more than a year in Athos, and worked hard among the old charters and documents of the monasteries, from which he has compiled a statistical account of their foundations, revenues from land, &c. The other comes from the pen of M. Mouravieff, whose work on the History of the Russian Church has been translated into our own language. It remains to mention a book to which all these writers often refer, and which exists only in modern Greek. It is called a 'Pilgrim's Guide' (*προσκυνητάριον*), was written by an Athos monk, Hegoumen of the Monastery of the Iberians, and published at Venice in 1701. From some of these publications, and from a MS. journal now before us of a tour only made last year, we propose to give our readers a short sketch of the present state of things in the peninsula.

The easternmost of the three tongues of land which project in so striking a manner from the Macedonian coast into the Ægean was anciently called Acte: it is now known in the Levant under the name of *ἅγιον ὄρος*, or Monte Santo: Mount Athos, if we speak strictly, is only the peak in which it terminates seawards. It is a narrow mountainous peninsula running out from north-west to south-east: its length has been reckoned at thirty miles, its average breadth at six or seven: the narrowest part of the isthmus is said to be about an English mile. A longitudinal ridge, which rises gradually out of the low ground at the isthmus, forms a sort of backbone to the peninsula, from which ravines and valleys radiate on either hand towards the Singitic and Strymonic gulfs. This ridge increases gradually in height as it advances towards the south-east, until it attains, two or three miles short of its termination, an elevation of about 4,000 feet, when the peak itself—Athos proper—which forms the double cape of the promontory, shoots up grandly and abruptly, a pointed mass of bare white rock 6,349 feet high. From this peak, to which the traveller can ascend in about seven hours (six by mules, one on foot) from the Lavra, can be seen the principal Macedonian and Thracian summits, Mount Ida, the islands Lemnus and Scyrus, the Eubœan mountains Ocha, Dirphe, and Telethrium, and the Thessalian summits Othrys, Pelion, and Ossa, and perhaps the Bithynian as well as the Macedonian Olympus. On its summit is a little chapel under the name of the Transfiguration, in which the Liturgy is celebrated annually by monks from the Lavra (to which monastery the whole peak belongs) on the festival of that Mystery, the 6th of August. On both sides of the longitudinal ridge, and even round the cape itself, the ground falls towards the sea with sufficient irregularity to afford many nestling places for houses and

cultivation, and in two or three instances the descending valleys open into little plains at the bottom round small bays or indentations of the coast. The monasteries are generally disposed along the sea-bord, many of them close to the water, others a mile or half-a-mile off. Three only are two miles or more removed from it; and from only two out of the whole number is no sea visible.

The general aspect of the peninsula is forest; but forest diversified by many small clearings and patches of cultivation. The top of the ridge is covered with chestnuts, oaks, and beeches—fine trees; above which, round the foot of the rocky mountain peak, is a tract of pines. On the hill sides these trees are scattered more irregularly, and mixed with ilex, birch, bay, wild fig, wild olive, and much underwood. The beds of the ravines are filled with planes, often of magnificent growth. If you make the round of the peninsula at the same average height with the monasteries, you often lose the shade of forest-trees, although your path almost always lies through a thicket of shrubs—chiefly arbutus and catalpa—nearly tall enough to reach your shoulders on horseback. As you advance towards the mainland, the vegetation decreases in luxuriance, although the ridge is still covered at the top with woods of oak or fir, and the hills become more ordinary in height, form, and clothing. The southern side of the peninsula is less wooded than the northern, and the south-western corner, (about the ancient Nymphæum) has even less wood than any other part, although inferior to none in grandeur. Here the eye descends into the sea from the bare marble of the peak over steep naked cliffs, sparingly dotted with bushes, and rough with fragments of rock: except in one remarkable hollow or cove, whose declivity is enlivened by fifty or sixty detached monastic retreats, and a liberal sprinkling of vines, olives, and figs. This settlement is now known as the Scete of S. Anne: its beauty and seclusion have suggested the idea that it may have been the very Nymphæum from which this corner of the promontory was anciently named. The isthmus which connects the peninsula with the mainland is not remarkable for its natural features, but the celebrity of Xerxes' canal may well induce us to quote Col. Leake's account: he does not doubt the reality of the work, or the existence of its vestiges. His words are as follows:—

'The breadth of the isthmus, or length of the canal, appears 'to me not quite so much as the Roman mile and a half which 'Pliny assigns to it. It is a hollow between natural banks, which 'are well described by Herodotus as *κολωνοὶ οὐ μεγάλοι*, the 'highest points of them being scarcely one hundred feet above 'the sea. The lowest part of the hollow is only a few feet higher 'than that level. [illegible] the middle of the isthmus, where the

'bottom is highest, are some traces of the ancient canal; where 'the ground is lower, it is indicated only by hollows, now filled 'with water in consequence of the late rains. At the northern 'end in particular, there is a large pond divided only from the 'sea by a narrow ridge of sand. On either side of this pond 'are seen foundations of Hellenic walls.'

At 'the opposite end of the isthmus, or that which borders the Singitic gulf,' Col. Leake discovered other remains of ancient buildings which he identifies with the 'Sane' of Herodotus and Thucydides. His general conclusion is, that the work of Xerxes was easy and reasonable; and that it might even now be renewed without much labour and with much advantage to the navigation of the Ægean. But we must not trespass longer on the ground of the classical topographer.

The entire peninsula, which we have described, is now in the possession of the monks. How long they have been its *sole* occupants is perhaps not easy to determine: but they had certainly enjoyed an exclusive title for some centuries before the Ottoman conquest, and all their privileges were preserved to them by a treaty which they concluded with the Turkish sultans before the fall of Constantinople. The property of the land is vested exclusively, either in some one of the twenty independent monasteries, or in the 'Community of the Holy Mountain,' which is made up of them all, and which is represented by a kind of Federal Council or Diet assembled at a central spot within the territory. Their domain is of course part of the Turkish empire: but not a single rood of it is claimed in property by the sultan, or any Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of 150,000 piastres (about 1,500*l.*) is paid by the whole peninsula, towards which the different societies contribute their shares, according to an assessment determined by the Federal Diet. The sum is not inconsiderable, if we view it as a capitation-tax on the monks; for it would amount—taking 3,000 for their average number—to about ten shillings a head, which is more than the ordinary capitation tax throughout the Turkish empire. But then it must be remembered that no other tax, ordinary or extraordinary, is levied upon them: the many irregular exactions under which Turkish rayahs elsewhere groan, have no parallel in Athos.

A Turk resides at Caryæ, the village metropolis of the peninsula, who has the title of Aga. He is the sultan's representative, and receives the tribute in gross from the Federal Diet. A lodging and a fixed stipend are found him by the monastic community. But he is rather an agent than a governor, as he has no soldiers at his disposal, nor any ordinary share in the regulation of affairs. Only if an emergency arises, such as a piratical invasion or the like, which compels the monks to

invoke the aid of their masters, it is his business to concert measures with the monastic diet, to summon troops to their aid from the neighbouring governments, &c. &c. The monks can usually procure, through their agents at Constantinople, the appointment of any one whom they like to this post: and the Aga, when he comes to Athos, is obliged to conform to the rules of the place by leaving his harem behind him.

The number of monks in the peninsula has averaged of late years between two and three thousand: before the Greek revolution it is said to have been much larger. The number of seculars (*κοσμικοὶ*) who reside here is supposed to be about the same: these are all employed in the service of the monks, and form the fluctuating part of the population; for, although many of them never leave the mountain, and even become monks themselves at last, others come for a time only, and then return with their earnings to their families or occupations in other parts of Turkey. The monks themselves are recruited from every part of the Turkish empire where the Greek language is spoken, from the Danubian provinces, the kingdom of Otho, the Ionian islands, and even Russia. But except in two monasteries, which are wholly Bulgarian, the immense majority are Greeks in blood and language, and come chiefly from Roumelia, although there is a large sprinkling from Greece and the islands.

As there is no unappropriated ground within the territory of Athos, every new comer has to seek admission into one of the existing societies. To obtain this he must devote his time and labour to the common service, or pay to the common stock 5,000 piastres, (about 45*l.*), which in some of the monasteries is accepted as an equivalent. For three years after his admission he is called a probationer (*δόκιμος*), and at the end of that time, if he has proved his ability and will to keep the monastic discipline, he receives the first tonsure and commences monk (*καλόγερος*). There are three degrees of the monastic state in the eastern Church, which are called respectively the Gown, the Lesser Habit, and the Great Habit (*ῥασοφορία, τὸ μικρὸν σχῆμα, τὸ μέγα σχῆμα*). Monks in general proceed to the second of these, and do not assume the third until they are at the point of death. Great ascetics, however, the idea of whose life is constant preparation for death, take the Great Habit earlier. No express promise or profession is required of those who are admitted to the lowest degree, although canonists have held that they are implicitly bound to that which is required of candidates for the higher degrees. Exactly the same profession is made in receiving the Greater and the Lesser Habit: it runs as follows in both services:—

'*Priest.* Why art thou come, brother, a suppliant before the 'holy altar, and before this holy congregation?

'*Ans.* Desiring the life of discipline, honoured father.

'*P.* Desirest thou to be deemed worthy of the Angelic 'Habit, and to be enrolled in the choir of the monks?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

'*P.* Truly a good work and blessed hast thou chosen, but 'so that thou accomplish it: for good works are acquired by toil, 'and succeeded in by labour. Of thy own free will comest thou 'to the Lord?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

'*P.* Not from any necessity or compulsion?

'*A.* No, honoured father.

'*P.* Wilt thou abide by the Monastery and discipline until 'thy last breath?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

'*P.* Wilt thou keep thyself in virginity, and temperance, 'and piety?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

'*P.* Wilt thou hold fast until death obedience to the Su-'perior and to all the brotherhood in Christ?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.

'*P.* Wilt thou endure all affliction and straitness of the 'monastic life for the kingdom of heaven's sake?

'*A.* Yes, God being my helper, honoured father.'

A very small proportion of the Athos monks add Holy Orders to the Habit. It is rare to find more than ten or twelve priests and deacons resident within a single monastery, even if it number more than a hundred inmates. But there are often others to be found outside; for, as we must now proceed to explain, the monks of this peninsula are far from being all *housed* in twenty large convents. On the contrary, many of them live in detached houses or retreats (called *κελλεῖα* or *καθισματα*), which are scattered in every direction among the woods and valleys. In some cases a number of these cells is aggregated into a sort of community, called a Scète (*σκῆτις*), which has a central church of its own (*Κυριακὸν*), to which the brethren go on Sundays and festivals; and an officer or two to look after the common interests of its members: in other cases, the individual cells depend immediately upon one of the twenty monasteries; and their tenants, except there be a priest among them to celebrate the Liturgy, resort on holidays to its chief church. Two or three of the Scetes are not merely aggregations of cells, with a central church for festivals, but complete little monasteries; as, for example, the Russian Scete of S. Elias, which is a regular cœnobium, with contiguous buildings, a hegoumen, common table, common services, &c. These differ from the larger monasteries only in the point of independence; for as all the land here belongs to the twenty original societies, every

Scete, as well as every lone cell, owns allegiance to one or other of these. The word σκῆτις is said to be a mutilated form of ἀσκητήριον; so a Scete would denote a place for ascetic exercises. History tells us that the Scete was prior in order of time to the monastery; the hermitage to the Scete. In the beginning of monasticism men resorted to woods and deserts for seclusion, an idea which seemed opposed to concert or companionship. They lived alone, or at the most by twos and threes. Sometimes a number of these hermits would be attracted round some eminent ascetic, and a sort of community would be formed by the consent of all to solicit his guidance. Add to this a central church, which would be required for those ascetics who had no priest to celebrate the Liturgy at home; and we have the picture of a Scete-community. When hermitages had multiplied in particular localities, and the notion of a common system had been introduced, it was an easy step to the regular monastery. The interests of order, indeed, seemed almost to require that a number of monks, in more or less contact with each other, should be submitted permanently to a single direction, and a common system of discipline. And this must have been felt to be more necessary as the monastic profession became popular, and many threw themselves into it whose knowledge and zeal could not be relied upon to shape them a consistent course of life. The ascetics of Athos, in particular, we are told, were collected into monasteries in the tenth century, by the emperors Nicephorus Phocas and John Zimisces, at the suggestion of the Athos saint Athanasius. Whether this measure was universally adopted at the time or not, it is certain that we still find in Athos examples of all three kinds; monasteries, scetes, and hermits. Nor only so; but we find brethren from almost all the monasteries, who make no special profession of asceticism, living by twos and threes in lone houses scattered about the mountain, and employed in the cultivation of the soil. It should be noticed, however, that *every* such house or retreat has its own domestic chapel, in which the common services are regularly said, and even the Liturgy celebrated on festivals, if one of the inmates be a priest.

All the monasteries of Athos were originally Cœnobia (κοινοβια), houses, that is, under the absolute direction of a single Superior (ἡγούμενος or καθηγούμενος), all the members of which attended the church-services together, ate together in the refectory, bestowed their time and labour on such employments as the Superior enjoined, and were provided with food and clothing from the common stock—having nothing which they could call their own. This description applies at present to ten only: the other ten are called ἰδιόρυθμα—houses, to translate freely, in which each man follows his own method. Into these

houses, as well as into the Cœnobia, the young and vigorous are admitted if they agree to give their services to the society, but the majority purchase their entrance by a payment of 5,000 piastres (45*l.*). For this they receive their cells and daily allowances of bread and wine: whatever else they want they provide for themselves. They do not eat together in the refectory, except on three or four great festivals; nor are they bound to a *common* attendance upon *all* the church-services; some, such as for example the Hours and Compline, they may say, if they like, in their own cells. Those who have paid entrance-money have their time and labour at their own disposal; and all are at liberty to acquire money when they have an opportunity, and make what use of it they please as long as they live: at their death the monastery is their heir. But even in these houses, there is a system of government, although there is no single Superior. The affairs of the community are administered by a small body of elders (γέροντες), from ten to twenty in number, who have earned this rank by seniority, by attainments, by important services to the brotherhood, &c. &c. These elders add to their body fresh members at their own discretion. They elect annually out of their own number two Wardens (ἐπίτροποι), who have the general oversight of the property, and are the temporary heads of the society; and a Controller (called δικαῖος, a word whose strange accent has suggested forced conjectures at its derivation, as if it were not identical with δίκαιος). The controller is charged with providing for the reception of guests; he has the keys of the monastery-gates; he gives the signal for the commencement of the services; and to him the monks must apply for leave when they want to go out on a visit to another monastery or elsewhere;—a fact, by the way, from which it sufficiently appears that monks of this class are not literally free to do what they please. The controller is distinctly reckoned inferior in dignity to the wardens, although several points of his office are calculated to remind one of a Superior. Another important official in some monasteries is the Secretary (γραμματικός). In the Cœnobia the Hegoumen is elected by all the monks, and his election confirmed successively by the Federal Diet at Caryæ, and the Patriarch of Constantinople. He retains his dignity ordinarily for life. If the monks of a Cœnobium cannot find a fit head among themselves, they accept one from the choice of the Diet. Next in rank to the Hegoumen is the Œconómus, who is his ordinary vicegerent in his absence. Other inferior offices, common to both classes of monasteries, such as chaplain, ritualist, sacristan, candle-lighter, porter, &c. &c., do not require particular notice. There is no separate office of librarian: sometimes one finds the secretary in charge of the library: oftener one of the wardens has the keys.

Those who are acquainted with the monastic system of the West will ask to what 'Order' the monks of Athos belong; to which the usual reply is, that 'all Greek monks belong to the Order of S. Basil.' But this is a phrase which would be wholly unintelligible to those of whom it is used. If you ask the monks of any Greek monastery, 'what *rule* they follow,' they understand you only of the church-services, and answer 'the Great Typicon,' or Book of Rubrics—which certainly does not claim S. Basil for its author. If you press them further about the rules by which their life as monks is governed, they tell you 'the Canons of the Church.' The fact is that general rules for monastic life are to be found in the collections of Eastern Canons, which were sometimes put out for the first time by Councils, sometimes only adopted by them from individual Fathers; and these are held binding on all monks throughout the Greek or orthodox communion. Matters of detail in the internal economy of different houses are ruled by custom and tradition, or by the Superior's will, not by the 'statutes' of any individual founder. The 'Order of S. Basil' is a phrase of *Western* origin. The Latins, among whom all monks were referred to some 'Order' or other, allowed those who were united to them in the East to preserve their own discipline, with slight modifications, and styled them 'monks of the Reformed Order of S. Basil,'—a name suggested to them by the fact that a large proportion of the Canons which regulated monastic life in the East before the Union, came originally from S. Basil, although sanctioned afterwards by the authority of the Council in Trullo.

It is difficult to say when monks first appeared in Athos. The church of its village-metropolis, Caryæ, and two of the monasteries, claim Constantine the Great for their founder; two more claim the empress Pulcheria; but the majority date from the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries: the most modern of all is said to have been established in the middle of the sixteenth century. The original founders were generally Greek emperors; in one or two cases princes of Servia; but there is hardly a single monastery which has not been indebted for its restoration to a Hospodar of Moldavia or Wallachia, and in these provinces almost all the landed property which they at present retain is situated. Indeed, the monks themselves will tell you that 'but 'for Moldo-Wallachia, the communities of Athos would have 'ceased to exist.'

The holy peninsula has been exposed to many varieties of fortune. Its earliest establishments are said to have been overthrown by Julian the Apostate: in succeeding ages it was much harassed, and some of its monasteries ruined, by pirates, who are sometimes described as Arabs or Saracens, sometimes as

Crusaders. Towards the end of the thirteenth century much damage was done by the expedition of Michael Palæologus, who tried to compel its monks, by force of arms, to receive the Union which he had made with the Pope in the Council of Lyons. On the Turkish conquest of the empire, a large proportion of the lands and revenues which Greek sovereigns had given were lost. And lastly, within the present century, a most serious blow was inflicted on its fortunes by the military occupation of Athos during the Greek revolutionary war. Three thousand Turkish soldiers are said to have been quartered here for nine years; and the monks were compelled to maintain them. They do not seem to have done much damage to the buildings or church-ornaments; but their perpetual demand of money not only compelled the sale of such things as would produce it, but loaded the monasteries with an amount of debt from which some of them have scarcely yet recovered. Stories are told of books sold under this pressure *by weight*, at fifteen paras the oke—something less than a penny, that is, for two pounds and a half.

As we cannot take our readers through all the present monasteries in detail, we will enumerate them here in a kind of chronological order, adding their dates, founders' names, *ascertained* amount of revenues, and actual number of monks. Those societies which are still regular Cœnobia will be distinguished by an asterisk.

1. Vatopedhi (Βατοπαιδίου), founded by Constantine the Great, and destroyed by Julian; restored by Theodosius the Great, and destroyed again by Arabs (A.D. 862); restored a third time, after a century of desolation, by three nobles of Adrianople, named Athanasius, Nicetas, and Antony, between 980 and 997, A.D. It reckons also among its benefactors the empress Placidia and the emperors Manuel Comnenus, Andronicus II. Palæologus, and John Cantacuzenus, the last of whom ended his days in it as a monk under the name of Joasaph. Its present revenue is reckoned at 4,812*l.*, derived from lands in Moldavia and Wallachia. It has about 200 monks.

2.* Castamonitou (Καστα*μονίτου*), commenced by Constantine the Great, finished by his son Constans ('whence its name, quasi Κώνσταντος *μονή*!') and destroyed by Julian; restored soon after, and destroyed again by the Latins; restored a third time by a Servian princess:—according to a more probable account, founded shortly before the accession of Alexius I., Comnenus (A.D. 1080), and restored by Manuel II. Palæologus (1391—1425). Revenue unknown: 30 monks.

3.* Esphigmenou (Ἐσφιγμένου), founded by the empress Pulcheria (414—453); ruined afterwards by a fall of rock, and apparently not restored till about A.D. 1000; revenue 642*l.* from lands in Moldavia: 80 monks.

4. Xeropotamou (Ξηροποτάμου), founded by the Empress Pulcheria; ruined by Arabs; restored under Romanus I. (A.D. 919—944) by a monk named Paul, who was the son of Michael III.; again abandoned by its monks on account of the attacks of pirates, and desolate many years; restored at last by the Voivode Alexander, Hospodar of Wallachia: revenue, 642*l.* from land in Wallachia: 80 monks.

5. Lavra (Ἡ ἁγία Λαύρα), founded by S. Athanasius of Athos, under the auspices of Nicephorus Phocas (A.D. 963—969), and enriched by that Emperor's successor, John Zimisces; restored long after by Neagoulos, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia. Revenue, 378*l.*: 140 monks.

6. Docheiareion (Δοχειαρείου), founded in the reign of Nicephorus Phocas, by a monk named Euthymius, the friend and pupil of S. Athanasius, and at one time Controller (δικαῖος or δοχειάρης) of the Lavra under him, and his nephew Nicholas or Neophytus, who had been a Patrician of Nicephorus, and high in favour; ruined at one time by pirates; restored about A.D. 1578, by the Voivode Alexander, Hospodar of Wallachia; revenue unknown: 50 monks.

7. Iberians' (Ἰβήρων), founded under the charters of Basil II. (A.D. 976—1025) by three Georgians or Iberians, John, Euthymius, and George Tornicius, of whom the last had been a General in the Greek Emperor's service; revenue 2,406*l.* from two monasteries which belong to it in Moldavia and Wallachia, besides other lands in Georgia: 140 monks.

8. Philotheus' (Φιλοθέου), founded before A.D. 992, by three persons named Philotheus, Arsenius, and Dionysius; restored A.D. 1412 by Leontius King of Kachetia, and his son Alexander: revenue 48*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*: 40 monks.

9.* Caracalla (Καρακάλλου), established in the reign of Romanus Diogenes (A.D. 1067—1071) by a certain Antonius, called the son of a Roman Prince named Caracalla; restored in later time by the Voivode Peter, Hospodar of Moldavia, and his Protospatharius, another Peter, both of whom became monks here under the name of Pachomius; revenue 32*l.* from an Oratory at Moscow: 35 monks.

10.* Xenophus, or Xenophon (Ξενόφου ἢ Ξενοφῶντος), founded by a saint called Xenophus, or Xenophon, before 1071 A.D.; restored A.D. 1083, by the monk Symeon, who had been high in dignity under Nicephorus Botaniates; restored again A.D. 1545, by Ducas Vornicas and his brother Radoulas, Hospodars of Hungro-Wallachia; beautified by another Voivode, Mataies Bassarabas. Revenue, 1,443*l.* 15*s.* from lands in Wallachia: 70 monks.

11.* Russicon (Ῥωσσικὸν ἢ τῶν Ῥώσσων), known before A.D. 1169 as the monastery of S. Panteleemon, of Thessalonica;

given in that year by the Elders of Athos to Russian monks, who had been living from the end of the eleventh century in the Monastery of the Assumption on the opposite side of the peninsula; inhabited during the Tartar occupation of Russia by Servians, and after the fall of the Servian kingdom by Greeks; removed to its present site near the sea A.D. 1765; rebuilt by Greek monks, with the aid of Callimaki, Hospodar of Moldavia A.D. 1812; resorted to again by a little colony of Russian monks A.D. 1836; revenue unknown: 150 monks.

12. Chilandari (Χιλανταρίου), refounded on the site of an old ruined monastery by Stephen, King of Servia, his father Symeon, and his brother, S. Sabba, between 1195 and 1203 A.D. under the charters of Alexius III., whose daughter Stephen had married; foreign revenues lost, [it owns, however, some of the most profitable corn and vine land *in* Athos]; 150 monks.

13.* Simopetra (Σίμωνος πέτρα), founded A.D. 1261 by an ascetic named Simon, at the cost of Ivan Onglesh, King of Servia; among its benefactors, the Voivode Michael. Revenue, 3,850*l.* from a monastery at Bucharest, which has been its property since 1594: 70 monks.

14. Zographos (Ζωγράφου), said to have been founded by three nobles of Okotsk, in the time of Leo the Philosopher (A.D. 886—911), but more probably formed between 1268 and 1273 out of a small dependency of the central church at Caryæ; afterwards burned by pirates, and restored (A.D. 1502) by the Voivode Stephen, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia; revenue, 3,850*l.* from possessions in Moldavia and Bessarabia: 140 monks.

15. Pantocrator (Παντοκράτορος), founded A.D. 1263 by Alexius, the General of Michael Palæologus, who recovered Constantinople from the Franks, and his brother John, the Primicerius; restored by Barboulas the Logothete, and Gabriel, Hospodar of Wallachia. Revenue, 471*l.* 15*s.* from lands near Bucharest: 30 monks.

16. Kutlumush (Κουτλουμούση), founded during the reign of Andronicus the Elder (A.D. 1283—1328) by Constantine, son of Aseddin, of the Turkish family of Kutlumush, related to the Seljuk Sultans. He himself was near becoming Sultan of Iconium. After the death (A.D. 1268) of his mother Anna, who was a Christian, he embraced Christianity at Constantinople, and finally became a monk and the founder of a monastery in Athos. It is indebted for several restorations to Neagoulos, Hospodar of Wallachia, Radoulas Bassarabas, and two other successive Voivodes. Revenue, 320*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* from lands in Wallachia: 45 monks.

17.* S. Dionysius (Διονυσίου); founded in 1375 by Alexius III., seventeenth emperor of Trebisond, at the entreaty of

S. Dionysius the youngest brother of Theodosius, then archbishop of Trebisond: among its restorers and benefactors are the Voivode Neagoulos Bassarabas, his son Theodosius, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia, Peter, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia (A.D. 1580), and his daughter Roxandra, the wife of the Voivode Alexander, who himself turned monk here under the name of Pachomius. Revenue, 236*l.* from lands in Wallachia: 140 monks.

18.* S. Gregory (Γρηγορίου); founded by a saint of that name (Gregorius Palamas?) in the reign of John Cantacuzene (1342—1355): restored in 1497 by Alexander, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia. Revenue, 471*l.* 15*s.* from Wallachia and Moldavia: 35 monks.

19.* S. Paul (Παύλου); said to derive its name from an ascetic saint who was the son of the emperor Maurice (A.D. 582—620), and who built a little church here, up to 1404 a dependency of Xeropotamo: sold in that year to Gerasimus and Antony, two Servian nobles, who founded here an independent monastery. The daughter of Gerasimus became wife to Mahomet II., the taker of Constantinople. It was restored by John Constantine Bassarabas, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia. [There are no longer any Servians here, and but a few Bulgarians: it is tenanted almost exclusively by Ionians, most of them from Cephallenia, who claim the protection of the British Consul at Salonica.] Revenue, 2,807*l.* from lands in Wallachia and Moldavia: 45 monks.

20. Stavronicetes (Σταυρονικήτου); founded about 1540, by Jeremias, patriarch of Constantinople: enriched by Servanus Cantacuzenus, Hospodar of Hungro-Wallachia. Revenue, 755*l.* from the neighbourhood of Bucharest: 30 monks.

These are the twenty independent monasteries of Athos to whom alone the property of its land belongs. Dependent on them, besides innumerable hermitages, are ten scetes, viz:—

1. S. Anne; perhaps as old as A.D. 1007, historically founded in 1680: a dependency of the Lavra, with 120 brethren.

2. Capsocalybe; founded in 1745, also dependent on the Lavra: 80 brethren.

3. Demetrius of Salonica, founded in 1725, belongs to Vatopedhi: 35 brethren.

4. S. Elias; founded in 1759, belongs to Pantocrator: a little Russian cœnobium with 24 monks.

5. New Scete; founded in 1760, belongs to S. Paul's: 80 brethren.

6. S. John Baptist; belongs to the Iberians: 30 brethren.

7. The Blessed Virgin; belongs to Russicon: a Bulgarian house with 11 brethren.

8. S. Demetrius: 30 brethren.
9. S. Panteleemon: 40 brethren.
10. The Annunciation: 50 brethren.

This account reckons the whole number of monks in the monasteries at 1,700: the whole number in the scetes at 500; to these it is supposed that 600 must be added for those who live in the scattered cells which depend immediately upon the monasteries; and so we shall get 2,800 for the sum of the monks now in Athos. The revenues noted above, together with 4,492*l.* from possessions at Jassy, and in Wallachia, which belong to the twenty monasteries in common, amount to 27,958*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.*; but it must be remembered, that these are only the revenues arising from landed possessions beyond the limits of the Mountain. We may notice, that ten of the monasteries have rich endowments in Wallachia, eight in Moldavia; five draw more or less from Russia; one has a valuable property in Bessarabia; two, Philotheus' and the Iberians', have estates in Georgia, (of which the revenues are not specified in the account which we have followed): none draw any thing from the Ionian islands: nor do the dominions of King Otho contribute to the income of the Mountain above 320*l.* per annum, although several of the monasteries have farms there (*μετόχια*). For the main part of this statement, and especially for the figures, we are indebted to the researches of the Russian archimandrite, Porphyry. Revenues from lands in and near the Mountain, and in the islands of the Ægæan are here omitted. In Macedonia and Thasos alone the different monasteries possess no less than fifty-five farms.

It may now be asked, what is the employment of these three thousand monks, and how their life is distinguished from that of other men. The traveller's answer to this question must of course be superficial; but some answer may be attempted. The simplest idea of monasticism was retirement from the world for the purpose of devotion and mortification. This idea is upon the whole still realized on Athos; but in general without the accessories of intellectual or imaginative exercises which are associated in our minds with the cloisters of the West. The Athos monks are completely withdrawn from the world, their devotions are long and regular, and they practise a discipline of no slight oppressiveness to the bodily inclinations. Their services last six or seven hours every day, sometimes twice, and even now and then thrice as long; their sleep does not exceed four or five hours; their food is always meagre in quality, often in quantity too. They never taste meat: on 159 days in the year they have but one meal, and at this eggs, cheese, fish, wine, and oil are forbidden them. But these may be called

routine observances. On the other side it must be admitted, that if you turn away your eyes from these things, you see no other remarkable appearances of spiritual character or religious life. There are no times set apart for study; none for meditation. The monks are not idle indeed; but almost all the rest of the day they are employed in secular work: the inferiors in labouring with their hands, the superiors in conducting the affairs of the community. The consequence is, that in a traveller's eyes the former have the air of simple peasants with unusual opportunities of going to church,—the latter, except for extensive differences of dress and manners, seem like officials in a college or hospital. Only here and there an old man, especially among the superiors, will strike him as representing more nearly his conception of monastic sanctity. Nor can we suppose that the motives which bring men to embrace the monastic profession are always of the most spiritual kind. The tranquillity (ἡσυχία), for which Greeks resort to Athos in the present day is not merely as in old times, rest for the soul, rest from the excitements and perplexities of secular life; but as much, or even more, rest from Turkish oppression, from unprofitable labour, from infinite exactions and extortions. This description will suggest no doubt, to those who have dwelt with admiration on the first fervours of Citeaux and Clairvaux, the idea of deadness and corruption: nor can it be denied, that much of vital warmth has been really lost. Yet is this corruption difficult to estimate; because the outward system remains, and is religiously observed, though it may seem on the whole to be carried out in a spirit of formalism rather than of ascetic piety. It is not the austerity, but the fervour which appears to be wanting; and as this is just the thing of which a chance visitor can least surely note the presence or absence, it becomes us to speak modestly on the subject. Be their feelings ever so cold, their practice ever so formalistic, their motives for seeking retirement ever so secular, these Greek monks unquestionably submit to a life of privation, which would seem to our luxurious habits a most exorbitant price for so inglorious a liberty as they enjoy. Nor must it be forgotten, that the above remarks apply exclusively to the ordinary run of monks: there are still, and always have been, hermits in the peninsula, whose reported austerities recal the memory of early asceticism. The existence of these solitaries, and the reverence with which their less aspiring brethren regard them, is valuable as an indication that the original idea of the recluse life has not been lost or changed. While on this subject we may say a word about the frequency of communion among the monks. From them, as from the laity, the Church *requires* only four communions in the year: what is done beyond this

depends on the disposition of individuals, and the permission of their spiritual advisers. We are told that those in the monasteries who communicate oftenest do not do so twice within fifteen days, except perhaps in Lent, when there is more fasting. To communicate once a week or oftener is the practice only of hermits, who live on bread and water and shun all society.

We have already referred to the length of the church-services: it may, perhaps, be felt that a more precise mention of their arrangement in Athos is desirable.

The following account we do not take from the journal which supplies our principal material for this article, but from the MS. notes of another traveller, who visited the Mountain last summer.

'The time spent in the services of the Church is not always 'the same. In Lent the services themselves are much longer, 'and the readings which are inserted in them more numerous 'than at other seasons: in winter there are more readings in 'the Matins than in summer: on Sundays and festivals more 'than on other days; and in proportion to the rank of any 'festival, its services, both with respect to the quantity and 'nature of the singing, and with respect to the number of 'readings, will be either longer or shorter than those of other 'festivals.'

The services of a common week-day in the month of August are upon an average as follows:—

'About three quarters of an hour before the time fixed for 'the commencement of the Nocturn, the sounding-board or bar '(σήμαντρον) would be struck for the first time: not because so 'long a time is necessary for the monks to rise, or for the 'candle-lighter (καυδηλάπτης) to light the lamps in the church, 'but because the monks must also have time to say in their 'cells a short office prescribed to be said "on rising from sleep." 'This office is sometimes, though not generally, read in the 'church immediately before the Nocturn begins, for the benefit 'of such as cannot read, or prefer to join in it, rather than say 'it alone in their cells; and the same holds of another similar 'office to be said "before retiring to rest," which sometimes is 'read immediately after the Compline in the Church. These 'two private offices may require each of them about a quarter 'of an hour to say through.

'Supposing, then, the sounding board to have sounded for 'the first time at one, or a quarter past one, A.M., the same 'board (or a bell, where they have bells) will sound again twice 'before the Nocturn actually begins, which will be at a quarter 'before two, or two o'clock. It is read in the inner porch, or 'Narthex, and takes nearly half an hour; so it will be a quarter

'or half-past two when the Matins begin, which are said inside 'the church. The Matins themselves, with no other readings 'than one inserted after the first Cathism,[1] or division of the 'Psalter, and the Synaxaria (*i.e.* accounts, printed in the Menæa, 'of the Saint or Mystery celebrated each day), after the Sixth 'Ode of the Canons, and with no more singing than is common 'on week-days, will take about two hours. The First Hour, or 'Prime, follows immediately, in the Narthex, and may be read in 'about ten minutes. So the whole of this continuous service, 'or series of three united services (Nocturn, Matins, and First 'Hour), occupies, on a common week-day, from two hours and 'three quarters to three hours, and is over about a quarter to 'five, or five o'clock.

'Then follow the Third and Sixth Hours (Tierce and Sext), 'in the Narthex, the Liturgy in the church itself, and two Psalms, 'xxxiv. and cxlv. (which are preparatory to going into the refec-'tory); and these, together, require an hour and a half more.

'There is commonly, but not always, an interval or pause be-'tween the end of the First Hour and the commencement of the 'two next following Hours with the Liturgy. Such an interval 'or rest is not less than half an hour, nor often more than 'two hours. So that the Hours and Liturgy will begin from 'a quarter past five to six or half-past six, and will end from a 'quarter to seven to half-past seven, or even eight o'clock. The 'common practice is to celebrate the Liturgy in the chief 'Church (Καθολικόν) of the monastery only on Sundays and 'festivals: on other days there is indeed a Liturgy in almost all 'the monasteries, but it is celebrated in some one or more of 'the lesser churches or chapels, either attached to the chief 'church or scattered in other parts of the precinct. When there 'is no Liturgy in the chief church, but only in some one or 'more of the lesser churches, such a Liturgy is very often cele-'brated with little or no delay after the conclusion of Matins 'and the First Hour in the chief church. But if the Liturgy 'is in the chief church, there is almost always an interval. It 'may be noticed, that in other parts of the Levant, as at Con-'stantinople and Athens, and especially in parochial churches, 'there is no interval at all; while in Russia, on the other hand, 'the interval is more uniform and greater, being seldom less than 'two hours; so that if the Nocturn began, as it commonly does 'there even in winter, at four A.M., and the First Hour was over 'at seven, the Liturgy would not begin till nine or even ten A.M.

[1] The Greeks divide the whole Psalter into twenty portions, which they call καθίσματα: two of these are gone through daily in the Matins, and one in the Vespers, except on Sunday evening; so that the whole is recited every week. In Lent they recite it twice a week.

'In those cases where there is not every day a Liturgy in some 'lesser church (as is the case more particularly in the Lavra of 'S. Athanasius), they read in the Narthex of the chief church 'the Third and Sixth Hours and the Typica (a separate short 'service always joined to the Sixth Hour, except in Lent, when 'it follows the Ninth), at an interval greater than that which 'usually intervenes when the Liturgy is celebrated. For in-'stance, at the Lavra, the First Hour is over, we will say, at 'five A.M. or a little before: they do not begin the Third and 'Sixth Hours and the Typica before twenty minutes or half-past 'nine. The service so separated from the Liturgy will last, 'perhaps, rather more than half an hour, but less than three 'quarters. Those who wish to take their first meal before the 'conclusion of this service in an Idiorhythmic monastery, like 'the Lavra, will read these Hours earlier in their cells, and will 'not be present at their public reading in the church.

'After Liturgy, at a longer or shorter interval—say, on an 'average, at ten or eleven o'clock—in Cœnobia, the brethren 'breakfast or dine. There is a sort of office for the Table, which 'begins and ends in the church, and is often accompanied by 'the singing of a Canon or Hymn to the Blessed Virgin either 'before or after. Besides this, there is the actual Grace in the 'refectory, before and after eating; the reading of some religious 'book during great part of the meal, and for some time after, at 'the discretion of the superior; and, before the return of the 'company into the church, the elevation and distribution of 'certain bread in the name of the Blessed Virgin,—a ceremony, 'the details of which may be found in the "Book of Hours" '(Ὡρολόγιον). The whole, without a Canon, may last three 'quarters of an hour, or with a Canon an hour. If the day 'before was a Fast-day with only one meal (μονοφαγία), they 'will go to the refectory rather earlier than their usual hour: 'if on the other hand the day be itself a Fast-day with only 'one meal, it will be rather more towards the middle of the day 'than usual, or even at twelve o'clock. Some time in the middle 'of the day, and in summer during the hottest part of it, if pos-'sible, they take a siesta, often liable to interruption; but, per-'haps it may be said that they sleep in this way for an hour 'a day on an average.

'At some fixed time in the afternoon (in the month of which 'we are now speaking, not earlier than three nor later than 'five P.M.), the sounding-board or bell having gone perhaps 'ten minutes before and at three distinct times, they begin the 'Ninth Hour in the Narthex, which lasts about ten minutes, 'and is immediately followed by Vespers in the church itself. 'The Vespers may take rather more than half an hour more—

'say that the Ninth Hour and Vespers together take forty-five 'minutes—to which, if there be a special form of Supplication '(παράκλησις) added, or a string of hymns (κανὼν) sung in 'honour of the Blessed Virgin, as is often the case, we must 'add another quarter of an hour, as we should have to add in the 'case of a minor festival, for its three Lessons and longer sing-'ing. So the whole two offices of Ninth Hour and Vespers, 'together with any such addition as is common, may take gene-'rally about one hour.

'Within an hour, perhaps, or thereabouts, after the conclusion 'of Vespers (or so as to have at least one hour's daylight re-'maining) on such days as they are allowed two meals, the 'brethren will go to the refectory for supper, at which there is 'a benediction before and a thanksgiving after, and a reading of 'some religious book during and after the repast, just as at 'dinner—the whole lasting perhaps three quarters of an hour.

'At the interval of a quarter of an hour, half an hour, or 'longer, after supper—about the time that it is growing dusk—'they begin the Compline in the Narthex, singing with it a 'Canon to the Blessed Virgin. The Compline may take rather 'more than half an hour, and the Canon about a quarter of an 'hour: the whole, therefore, something over three quarters: 'besides this, in some monasteries they read after all, as has 'been already noticed, the prayers appointed to be said on 'retiring to rest. In Idiorhythmic monasteries, where there is 'no common table, they often read the Compline in the Nar-'thex immediately after the Vespers, for the benefit of such 'monks as do not prefer saying it alone after their supper in 'their cells. And in Cœnobia on Fast-days, when there is no 'supper, the Compline is usually read in the Narthex, about 'half an hour after the termination of Vespers.

'At this time of year (in the month of August) the monks 'commonly retire to rest about eight or nine o'clock, and sleep 'till twelve or one, (not more than four hours,) when the first 'stroke on the sounding-board calls them up to prayers.

'Monks that live outside the monasteries go through all the 'same offices (with the exception of the Liturgy) daily in their 'private church or chapel, with one of which every monastic 'retreat or hermitage is furnished. They meet together at the 'common church of the scete or monastery to which they be-'long on Vigils, Festivals, and Sundays—at least, if they have 'no priest to celebrate the Liturgy for them in their own 'church.

'Thus the services of a common day in August are in all '(including the prayers at rising and going to rest) six hours 'and a half: to which, if we add the readings, &c. of one or two

'meals (which would of course only be found in the Cœnobia), 'we shall make them from seven and a half to eight.

'On a Sunday there would be some difference, both at the 'Vespers overnight and at the Liturgy in the morning, in con-'sequence of additional and longer singings; but the chief in-'crease of length would be in the Matins, both for the same 'reasons, and also because there are more Psalms from the 'Psalter in this service on that than on other days, and more 'readings—as for instance, at this season probably one long 'reading of a commentary on the Acts, between the Nocturn 'and the Matins, and another reading after the first or second 'Cathism of the Psalter, from a commentary on the Gospels. 'These would lengthen the duration of Nocturn, Matins, and 'First Hour, to five hours instead of three; and so we may 'state the whole services of Sunday at eight hours and a half at 'the least, or, including the readings of the two meals in the 'refectory, at nine and a half. And this may be taken as holding 'also of any such festival as has three Lessons and Introit in the 'Vespers and the Polyeleos (a division of the Psalms so named 'from the frequent recurrence of ἔλεος, mercy, in the first in it, 'viz. Ps. cxxxvi.) in the Matins, without being either a night-long 'Vigil (ἀγρυπνία) or a festival of the highest kind (πανήγυρις).

'What length and sequence of Services and Readings belongs 'to a festival of the highest rank (πανήγυρις), such as is cele-'brated on the anniversary of the monastery-church, *i.e.* of the 'Saint or Mystery after which it is named, may be seen from the 'following specimen. The day is Tuesday, July 25th (old style), 'being the Festival of S. Anne, in the year 1850. The scene 'is the scete of S. Anne, an aggregation of hermitages depen-'dant on the Lavra of S. Athanasius. On Monday afternoon, 'the eve of the festival, at about twenty minutes past one P.M. 'they began the Ninth Hour and the Little Vespers, upon the 'conclusion of which they went almost immediately into the 'refectory (which in a scete like this, exists only for such 'occasions), and took their meal, which was accompanied by 'a long reading. When this was over it wanted but half an hour 'of the time which was fixed for the commencement of Great 'Vespers. When this time came, viz. at twenty minutes past 'four, they began the Great Vespers, in which they sang the 'introductory Psalm (Ps. civ.) so slowly (the latter part of it, too, 'with the insertion of a short hymn to the Trinity after every 'half-verse), that before they had come to the end of it it 'wanted only ten minutes of seven. At ten minutes before 'nine they went out into the Narthex for the Liteia, which on 'such occasions is inserted into Vespers. While they were sing-'ing the last Sticheron of the Liteia, a few of those present, and 'in particular the ex-bishop of Trajanopolis, who had been

'invited here from his retreat near the Lavra to officiate, went 'out for a few minutes, and took a cup of coffee in the nearest 'dwelling. The Liteia was over at twenty minutes to ten. 'Then they returned into the body of the Church singing the 'Aposticha of the Vespers, which lasted about an hour longer, 'and were followed by the Benediction of the Loaves—another 'adjunct of the Great Vespers on such occasions—for which the 'Bishop robed in his stall (it being then five minutes to eleven), 'and unrobed again immediately afterwards. Then followed, 'between the Great Vespers and the Matins (the Nocturn being 'omitted, or rather being superseded by the Great Vespers on 'such occasions), a reading at a lectern in the middle of the 'Church, about the Departure or Rest of S. Anne. At twenty 'minutes past eleven they began the Matins, at which there 'was a reading of a homily (from a MS. collection by Maca-'rius of Patmos), after the second of the two Cathisms of the 'Psalter. About twenty minutes past twelve they began to 'light up the church for the Polyeleos, the singing of which was 'drawn out to a great length, and accompanied by insertions 'after each half-verse, like those of the introductory Psalm in 'the Vespers. It was finished at a quarter to two A.M.: at 'a quarter past two the Gospel was read. The singing of the 'Canons, broken by two readings, one after Ode III. and the 'other after that of the Synaxarion, which followed Ode VI., 'lasted from twenty-five minutes past two till nearly four 'o'clock. At half-past four or thereabouts the Matins ended, 'and so did the First Hour at five o'clock. There was then a 'pause of one hour or rather more, during which some sat 'down in the stalls of the church, some went out and stood 'about the doors and walls of the church, or dispersed to 'the neighbouring hermitages, where they might lie down and 'rest for half an hour or three quarters. But at six o'clock 'A.M. we were all again in the church, and, the Third and Sixth 'Hours having been read, at half-past six the Bishop came 'down from his stall and was robed for the Liturgy in the 'middle of the Church. In this Liturgy a monk-deacon was 'ordained priest, which made scarcely any difference in the length 'of the service. At ten minutes to nine the Liturgy was finished; 'the Bishop had blessed two large dishes of Collyba[1] (memorial 'cakes), and was distributing the Antidoron (*i. e.* the blessed 'bread, which is given to those also who are present at Liturgy 'without communicating) from his stall, while they read the 'two Psalms preparatory for the refectory; and thereupon fol-

[1] The Collyba (κόλλυβα) are unbaked cakes or puddings, mixed of grain and currants, which are blessed in the Church at the end of every service in which there is special memory made of any dead, and distributed afterwards to the people. *The friends* of the dead bring them.

'lowed the final dismissal, and they left the Church. After 'a very short interval they all met again in the church, and 'went thence, preceded by lights, to the refectory, where about '300 dined together, of whom nearly two-thirds were strangers 'from other parts of the Holy Mountain. The Bishop and five 'or six others dined apart, but at the same time, at the house 'of the controller (δικαῖος) of the scete, who was also the chief 'priest of its church. The table in the refectory was blessed 'before, and thanksgiving made after the meal, as usual. A 'reading was going on about half the time we were there, and 'during the rest there was no noise nor conversation, except it 'may be a word or two here and there in an under tone. When 'we first sat down, portions were set at each place of soup, fish, 'bread, and wine: there was a second entry, consisting of por-'tions of rice made savoury; and a little later, some better wine '(though there was no great difference) was carried round to be 'drunk without water; and the contents of the dishes of Collyba, 'which we had seen blessed in the church after the Liturgy, 'were distributed. Before the last grace the father who seemed 'to have the superintendence of the refectory made an appro-'priate oration or address to the company at some length: he 'thanked God for having granted them so to meet this year 'again, and to keep with due honour their festival; expressed plea-'sure at the sight of so many strangers, and hoped they might 'see the same festival return, and take part in its celebration on 'many more anniversaries; and with all this he mixed proper 'religious allusions to its associations. Lastly, there was the 'elevation of the bread in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and 'each received a morsel of it, holding it over the incense before 'he ate it. Then we all left the refectory, preceded as before 'by the lights, and at the foot of the stairs, as we turned to go 'into the church, we passed by four brethren, the three cooks 'and the reader, lying prostrate on the ground. In this pos-'turé they remained till all had gone by, in compliance with a 'monastic custom, which enjoins them on such occasions to ask 'forgiveness in this fashion for any faults or deficiencies in the 'manner in which they have performed their respective duties 'towards the company. In the church we were not detained 'more than a minute or two, and then separated, each going in 'what direction he pleased. Most, however, of those present 'by this time stood in need of some repose, and sought a place 'to lie down in some one or other of the neighbouring hermit-'ages. Plenty of these were scattered all about among the 'rocks and trees, while underneath the mountain bore down 'almost perpendicularly into the sea, which was, however, at 'a considerable distance, as S. Anne stands on a far higher level 'than most of the sea-side monasteries. When we finally left

'the church it wanted about a quarter to eleven A.M. Thus the 'whole series of services and readings, with one interval only of 'an hour, and one or two other inconsiderable pauses, lasted 'twenty-one hours and a half. And the Vigil service alone (con-'sisting of Great Vespers with its adjuncts, Matins, and First 'Hour) took up twelve hours and forty minutes. Such festivals '(πανηγύρεις) are of course comparatively rare, though every 'monastery or scete would have one such in the course of the 'year, and some two or three. But on all the festivals of the first 'rank on which they make a solemn Vigil (ἀγρυπνία) the same 'order is followed: and the Vigil service lasts, not indeed, as in 'this case, twelve or thirteen hours, but yet not less than eight 'or nine, being nearly three times as long as on ordinary week-'days, and half as long again as on an ordinary Sunday. Of 'such festivals there may be on an average in each monastery 'about two in every month, or twenty-four in the course of the 'year. On the whole, the length of the services on festivals is 'increased chiefly, though not exclusively, by a difference in the 'style of singing, and by the appointment of a greater quantity 'of matter to be sung. In Lent, on the contrary, the services 'are lengthened beyond the practice of other seasons, and in 'winter, ordinarily, beyond the use of summer, not so much by 'additional singings as by very large additions to the quantity 'of prayers and psalms and readings,—the Psalter being ap-'pointed to be said twice through weekly instead of once, the 'Great Compline being added to the other daily services, and the 'ordinary monastic readings being at once more than doubled 'in number and considerably increased in length.'

This may perhaps suffice for the services. Much of it, we fear, will be hardly intelligible to a person who is unacquainted with the Greek ritual: but it would be foreign to our present plan to enlarge upon this subject. We will now proceed to illustrate the actual condition of Athos by a few extracts of more varied character from the journal which has been put into our hands: and we will begin with the travellers' arrival at the Lavra of S. Athanasius, one of the most important houses, which is situated at the S.E. corner of the promontory.

'At six A.M. Imbros and Samothrace were out of sight, and 'little of Lemnos still visible: Thasos, a tolerably mountainous 'island, lay some way off to our right; while in front, Athos 'rose full in view, with the long ridge of the peninsula running 'off from his left shoulder at a lower level to the north. A noble 'mountain he is certainly, broad and swelling, almost covered 'more than halfway up his rocky sides with masses of green, 'but bare at the top, and rising into a perfectly sharp peak. He 'may have been now twenty-five miles off. Two hours later he 'was said to be eighteen, and the Lavra was then distinctly

'visible on the eastern point of the promontory, and apparently 'not far above the beach. We had six hours to contemplate 'this prospect, as our schooner crept on at the rate of two 'or three miles an hour; till, about two P.M., when we were not 'more than a couple of miles from the shore, the wind dropped, 'and a dead calm followed—the water most provokingly blue. 'Two of our sailors got into the boat, and tried to tow the 'schooner in shore; but she would not stir. Meantime thick 'heavy clouds had gathered in the north, and were drawing 'along the mountain ridge; a sudden blackness, followed by an 'universal ripple, swept over the sluggish blue water, and in less 'than five minutes the boat was called in, half the sails furled, '(for every stitch had been spread before,) and our captain roar-'ing at his men to get in the rest. Down came the squall, 'making the cordage rattle again, and driving us below decks 'with a soaking rain, and peals of thunder and lightning. Our 'captain did his best to keep his vessel's head up to the wind 'under jib and mizen sail; but warned us that if the wind 'lasted, he must either put back or carry us to Salonica. It 'did not last, however, more than half an hour, though the sea 'was much longer in going down. When we came again 'on deck we found ourselves off the S.W. corner of the pro-'montory. Some time was spent in unavailing efforts to beat 'back; at last this was given up, and as the sea had consider-'ably abated, we were invited to go on shore in the boat. 'Accordingly two men rowed us round the head of the pro-'montory (for the wind had forced us to double it, and the 'Lavra was no longer in sight from the ship), without much sea 'to resist them, but against a tremendous current, for which 'our sailors, who had never been here before, were not at all 'prepared. It was a stiff pull of more than an hour, and gave 'us abundant opportunity of observing the merciless cliffs 'against which Xerxes' ships were dashed to pieces—no beach 'between the waves and the bare steep rock. About six P.M. 'we entered the tiny harbour of the Lavra, through a passage 'fifteen or sixteen feet wide. It is commanded by a fierce-'looking square tower, (which was armed with guns till the 'Greek insurrection, when the Turks took them all away,) and 'surrounded by some other buildings and a wall. We found in 'it two sailing-boats; perhaps it would have held a dozen 'or twenty Thames wherries, certainly not more. The only 'garrison was a solitary father, decidedly rustic in his looks, dress, 'and language: he showed us the way up to the monastery, 'and as we went along contrived to tell us his own history in 'most villanous Greek. He was a Spartan; had been a soldier, 'had served in the war against Bonaparte under General 'Stuart at Messina, and had now been twenty-three years in

'Athos. We had to walk about half a mile up a steep winding 'path, roughly paved with stones and bordered on both sides 'by a thicket of most luxuriant shrubs, chiefly arbutus, heath, 'myrtle, and catalpa. The myrtle was in blossom, and sin-'gularly fragrant. The last turn of the path brought us in 'front of the monastery, which is commandingly placed on one 'of the many projecting platforms afforded by the dark green 'sides of the mountain. It is a picturesque mass of building, 'in a style half-warlike, half-domestic. The strong lofty walls, 'without chink or opening for thirty feet from the ground, with 'the iron-bound doors and massive towers, tell of danger and 'defence, while the medley of broad square windows and 'Turkish balconies in the upper stories indicates the unmilitary 'character of the tenants. These walls (which their owners call '*τὸ κάστρον*) form an irregular quadrangular enclosure, of which 'the shorter sides are towards the east and west, the chief tower 'is at the south-west angle, but it does not rise higher than the 'tall and handsome chimneys which stand thick on the other 'buildings. Inside there are two courts, almost quadrangles, 'each of which contains in its centre a detached church—the two 'principal churches of the monastery; but the smaller court is 'so much blocked up with buildings, that the other seems almost 'exclusively to deserve the name. As we approached the gate, 'we noticed an airy kiosk or summer-house on a projecting 'shelf of rock, with window-frames—no windows—open all 'round it; and passing under a little cupola on four columns, 'which served as an outer porch to the gateway, we entered 'and sat down on a stone bench within the arch beside the 'porter's lodge, while our arrival was announced.

'Over both the inner and outer doors (for there were two, with 'ten yards of passage between) were fresco paintings of the 'Blessed Virgin, glazed, and with lamps burning before them: the 'inner one was a face of greater softness and sweetness than usual. 'On one side of the Blessed Virgin stood S. Athanasius, offering 'to her his monastery; on the other, S. George. Presently some 'of the superiors appeared, to whom we offered our letters from 'the patriarch, and the metochi, or house of Athos-monks at 'Constantinople; but they assured us that hospitality was the 'profession of their society, and therefore all introductions were 'superfluous. Accordingly we were led at once into the great 'quadrangle, and shown into a pleasant room, with matted floor 'and divans round three sides of it, (furnished, in short, *à la* '*Turque*,) which looked out straight over the sea, and offered 'views of Thasos in front, and of the Thracian coast towards 'the left. This was assigned for our lodging, and here we were 'immediately joined by the two wardens (*ἐπίτροποι*), Fathers '*Cyril* and Melchisedek, and by the secretary (*γραμματικὸς*), a

'monk named Dionysius from the neighbourhood of Adrianople, 'to whom we had brought a special introduction from Andrew 'Coromelas, the Athenian bookseller. The usual accompani-'ments of an Oriental visit—sweetmeat, cold water, arrack, and 'coffee were brought; a practice which we never saw omitted 'on our arrival at any monastery. The wardens were good-'natured hearty men; but the intelligence of the society 'seemed to centre in the secretary, who showed no lack of 'information, although he could not pretend to theological 'learning. Indeed, he said himself that there was no learning 'at present on the Mountain,—an assertion which our sub-'sequent experience certainly did not contradict: he dated its 'disappearance from that never-forgotten period of confusion—'the Greek revolution. We supped at half-past eight, in an 'open corridor looking down over a vine-clad trellis into the 'great court of the monastery. The warden Cyril, and another 'father, joined us at our meal, which consisted, besides vege-'tables and bread, of fish, eggs, and cheese—the furthest limit 'of monastic indulgence on Athos. Meat there was none to be 'had, for which our kind hosts made a most unnecessary 'apology. We were supplied with a thin red wine of their own 'manufacture. So ended our first day on Athos.'

Before we follow the travellers in their morning walk round the different buildings of the monastery, we must glance at the interior effect of the great quadrangle.

'In the middle, detached from all other buildings, stood the 'principal church. This is the invariable rule in Athos, except 'in one or two instances, where, from the peculiarity of the site, 'the space available for the conventual buildings is too small to 'admit of such complete isolation. It was an object rather 'grotesque than beautiful, in the Byzantine style of archi-'tecture, which had become familiar to us at Athens; its walls 'painted deep red, which was relieved by broad bands of ochre-'yellow drawn round the arches of the narrow round-headed 'windows. Four little cupolas it had, unpainted; but to com-'pensate this advantage, the beauty of the central one was 'spoiled by the substitution of solid masonry for glass in several 'of the windows which lighted it. Near this church, in fact, 'attached by a junction roof to its outermost porch, was a beauti-'ful little cupola, carried by eight open arches, supported on light 'pillars, and protecting a noble marble basin for the periodical 'consecration of water. The buildings which formed the quad-'rangle exhibited a most picturesque variety. I have heard it 'observed of Megaspelion, the great monastery of free Greece 'near Patras, that it looks as if each monk had built his own 'cell on a distinct plan, irrespective of any consideration but

'his individual taste. This quadrangle looked rather as if 'seven or eight people had agreed to build as many contiguous 'houses, without observing each other's plans or work till all was 'finished. Height, breadth, colour, disposition of windows, 'staircases, balconies—wherever there was room for difference, 'difference was to be seen. Here was whitewash, there some 'other colouring; in a third place, a huge unpainted wooden 'staircase, leading up to an equally naked corridor; there again 'a trellis of vines; there an open cloister, supporting two or 'three stories of building. A square bell-tower, covered with 'dark red paint, rose out of the buildings opposite the north-'west end of the church; a little dome of similar hue, at the 'south-west corner of the court, indicated a chapel over a 'passage leading into the second quadrangle; while in the 'distance appeared the great tower of the gateway, without 'paint indeed, but not without a somewhat comical and seem-'ingly casual smear of whitewash. Below there was a sort of 'kitchen-garden, occupying great part of the court to the east 'of the church, and a little ugly church, with a red cupola, at 'its south-west corner; four or five fountains, under little 'arches more or less painted, and sometimes with cupolas 'before them, were to be seen against the walls; and near the 'east end of the south wall the tombs of three patriarchs of 'Constantinople, in arched niches painted in fresco. Then there 'were six or seven cypresses, by no means to be passed over; two 'gigantic ones opposite the west end of the church, which are 'believed to be 900 years old, and to have been planted by the 'founder, S. Athanasius; the others younger, and of a fresher 'green than I ever saw cypress before;—inexpressibly green 'they looked after the dusty groves of Pera.'

In Greek monasteries the three chief objects of inquiry are the Great Church (*τὸ Καθολικὸν*), the Refectory (*ἡ τράπεζα*), and the Library. Not that the third of these would be classed by the monks themselves with the other two among the things worthiest of a stranger's notice, since it has neither the religious interest of the former, nor the splendour often found in the latter; but we suppose that few European travellers, after the reports of Mr. Curzon and other book-hunters, would be proof against a vague hope of feasting their eyes on rare illuminations, or even lighting by chance on long-forgotten literary treasures.

'The Great Church of the Lavra is strictly cruciform in its 'original shape; the arms are formed by transepts, with circular 'terminations, which are covered by half-domes, the upright 'limb by the Sanctuary at one end—which is covered in part by 'a stilted roof, in part by a conch, and flanked by two shorter 'apses—and the nave at the other; this last is covered in part

'by the principal dome, in part by a ridged roof. There are no 'aisles, but in their place, west of the transepts, are two dome-'covered side-chapels, with apsidal eastern terminations. Then 'there are three porches (*νάρθηκες*), or more strictly an *ἔσω* and 'an *ἔξω νάρθηξ* and a *προαύλιον*, the last exposed to the weather 'like an open cloister. The side-chapels are carried far enough 'westward to cut off the ends of the inner Narthex.'[1]

Perhaps we ought to remind our readers, that the porches of a Greek church are usually as long as the breadth of its west end: they are called exterior when they are manifestly excrescences outside the real wall of the church, interior when their existence cannot be detected from the outside; but they are merely sections taken off from the length of the church itself, and parted from the nave or 'church' by a partition-wall, screen, or curtain, or (as is the case in one or two instances) merely by columns, the intervals between which are left quite unencumbered. The interior porches answer nearly to some of our antechapels, the outer to our church-porches. The ancient use of these divisions seems to have been the distinction of different classes of worshippers, catechumens, penitents, &c.: now in the monastic churches they are used to say the less solemn services, as the Nocturn, Hours, and Compline. Almost every Greek church, as well secular as monastic, has at least one inner porch; many two, and an outer one besides. But to proceed.

'The body of the church is said to be 900 years old—coeval, 'in fact, with the establishment of the monastery, which was 'founded by S. Athanasius of Athos, under the patronage of Ni-'cephorus Phocas. The floor has been richly ornamented with 'various marbles; the walls and ceilings with fresco. Both 'species of ornament have suffered much from time, but most of 'the frescoes still remain, though they seem to have been a good 'deal injured in substantial repairs of the fabric. Here, as 'elsewhere, one finds representations of our Lord on a large 'scale in the crowns of the cupolas. The sanctuary-screen, or 'Iconostase, is richly gilt; the Icons of our Lord and the 'Blessed Virgin, which stand in it right and left of the Royal 'Doors, are covered with silver sheathing, on which the heads 'of its donor, Andronicus Palæologus, and his wife, are wrought 'in small medallions. In the sheathing of our Lord's Icon are 'set also turquoises and rubies. Under the arches of the two 'transepts stand two lecterns for the readers, richly inlaid with

[1] The word '*Narthex*' is often used, generally in Greek, as we have used here the word '*porch*' in English, for the sake of general readers. But for the ecclesiologist it is both more convenient and more correct to distinguish the '*Nartheces*' from the '*Proaulion*' or '*porch*,' as Mr. Neale has shown in his most valuable 'General Introduction to the History of the Holy Eastern Church,' vol. i. pp. 207—214.

'mother-of-pearl; and a movable stand for the Icon of the 'saint of the day, placed before the screen on the south side of 'the Royal Doors, is similarly decorated, and carries a jewelled 'cross on its top. There is a throne for the Bishop against the 'north end of the west wall of the south transept, and on his 'right an inferior one for the chief father of the monastery. 'Round the walls of the two transepts are stalls for the choirs, '*i.e.* for those monks who can sing, while the others occupy stalls 'against the north, south, and west walls of the nave. This 'church is very rich in relics, which are kept in a sort of cabinet 'formed in the back of the Iconostasis: the workmanship and 'jewelling of the gold and silver reliquaries have attracted much 'attention from travellers; the monks, however, have not yet 'learned to regard them as specimens of *virtù*, but evidently 'suppose, in those who are curious about them, the motive of 'religious veneration. The northern side-chapel contains the 'tomb of their founder, Athanasius of Athos: the interior of the 'cupola which adjoins the Great Church is painted with frescoes, 'representing baptismal subjects both from the Old and New 'Testament, especially scenes connected with the Jordan. I re-'marked, among its decorations, the Blessed Virgin painted, 'standing in a font with her Child in her arms, instead of her 'usual sitting posture. In the marble basin under this cupola 'they bless water on the first day of every month—and in a 'more especial manner on the Feast of the Epiphany; and on 'these occasions they sprinkle each other, the church, the sacred 'vessels, and drink of the water which has been thus conse-'crated. This is its only use. The ordinary Latin employment 'of "holy water" is unknown in the Greek church.

'Opposite to the west end of the church is the entrance of the 'Refectory, over which are painted the emperors Nicephorus 'Phocas and John Zimisces. This building is a regular Latin 'cross. Its length is east and west, and it stretches right 'through from the chief court of the monastery to the smaller 'one which has been mentioned above. The shorter limb of 'the cross is at the east end, and here is the entrance; at the 'extremity of the longer limb—*i.e.* at the west end—is a sort of 'dais ending in an apse. On this dais stand three tables, 'answering to the high table of our college-halls, for the use of 'the seniors, while on the lower level are twenty-one other 'tables (six on each side of the longer, and two on each side of 'the shorter limb of the cross, and the other five in the tran-'septs) for the other monks. These tables are shaped like 'elongated horse-shoes (except two in the transepts, which are 'round); they have benches round their curved sides, and the 'rectilinear end, which is turned to the middle passage, unoc-

'cupied: each table is formed of a slab of white marble on a 'wooden framework.

'The Refectory is now covered by a plain wooden roof; but we 'were told that it had formerly had a dome, which was destroyed 'by an earthquake. The pavement has been handsome like 'that of the church, but is now clumsily patched. Against the 'southern wall, not far from the dais, is a pulpit for the reader's 'use. In the east walls of the transept are large doors or 'hatches, which communicate respectively with the bread and 'wine stores, or butteries. The walls are entirely covered with 'fresco-painting, of which the subjects are still generally dis-'tinguishable, although they have suffered a good deal from 'time. In the conch of the western apse is the Last Supper. 'Judas, who alone in the company has no glory on his head, is 'dipping his hand in the dish, which—in allusion probably to 'the monastic diet—contains a fish. Under this, within the 'apse, are large figures of S. Basil, S. John Chrysostom, and 'S. Gregory Palamas, on the same level with whom a line of 'similar figures is carried down both sides of the longer limb of 'the cross. Above these are two tiers of more complex subjects, 'of which the upper tier embodies the ideas found in the twenty-'four divisions (οἶκοι) of the Greek Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, 'called ἀκάθιστος. In the transepts are miscellaneous subjects; 'saints, prophets, martyrdoms, the founder's death (Athanasius 'of Athos), the Council of Nice, scenes from Genesis (such as 'the creation, the sacrifice of Abel, his murder, &c.) and a Jesse 'tree. The eastern end is occupied with the Last Judgment; 'and the same subject is completed, or further illustrated, on 'the side walls of the shorter limb of the cross. This refectory 'was once in daily use, when the Lavra was a Cœnobium: but 'now, since it has become one of the Idiorhythmic class, it is 'only used four or five times in the year, that is to say, on occa-'sions of special festival. One such, the founder's day, had 'occurred the week before our visit; and 400 or 500 people 'had dined here—many of them, of course, visitors from other 'parts of the mountain.

'We found the library to consist of two small ground-floor 'rooms in a little court, the passage into which is opposite the 'north side of the Great Church. The books were in wooden 'shelves, not quite in order and not quite in confusion. The 'printed books were chiefly in the outer, the MSS. in the inner 'room: nor were the classical books much mixed with theo-'logical. Among the latter, too, the MS. Gospels seemed to 'be collected on one shelf. Titles were usually written on the 'backs both of the printed books and the MSS. But there was 'no catalogue, nor much appearance of the books being used:

'sometimes whole shelves stood bottom upwards, and often 'single books, MSS. &c. lay on the tops of the rows. Curzon 'says that this library contains 4,000 printed books and 900 'MSS. Our guide, the secretary Dionysius, told us that any 'inmate of the monastery might carry the books to his cell: 'indeed, there was no appearance of convenience for reading *in* 'the library. There is but one key, however, which is kept by the 'superiors; and Father Dionysius did not affect to say that there 'were any readers of "old books" among the present monks.'

Now that we have given the travellers' description of a single church, hall, and library, we may sum up briefly the results of his experience among the same objects in the rest of Athos. The plan of the churches is generally the same, and their architecture the same; so that to describe one is to describe all. Differences in size, decoration, number of domes, side-chapels, and porches, are not worth detailed report. Their exterior effect is quaint to a western eye, but picturesque, seldom beautiful: their interior effect is very striking, but produced almost entirely by the decoration, not by the architecture. The two chief features on which it depends are the fresco-painting of the walls and roofs, and the great screen, or Iconostase, which in Greek churches is carried in front of the apse or apses, and reaches nearly, if not quite, to the ceiling. There are subsidiary ornaments besides, which add to the effect. Such is the great circle or coronal of lights (πολυέλαιος)—a huge brazen hoop, suspended by a chain from the ceiling, much fretted in workmanship, and adorned with various ornaments, crosses, &c. as well as small fantastic lamps; such are the lecterns, the Icon-stand, Icons, great and small, often sheathed with silver or set with stones, and hanging against the pillars of the dome or walls of the choirs; such, again, are the varied marbles of the floors, and the inlaying of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell on the doors between the nave and the porch. There is very little mosaic in Mount Athos; only in the Great Church of Vatopedhi are several representations in this work of the Annunciation, and one of our Lord between S. John Baptist and the Blessed Virgin. But even without these helps, if the Iconostase and the frescoes are in good order, the effect is undeniably magnificent. Now one almost always finds the former brilliant in Athos; and in many instances the latter also. The Iconostase is generally a blaze of gilding on a much-wrought wooden frame: but in the new Catholicon, or chief church of Xenophus, the whole screen has been constructed of beautiful grey marble; and the monks are justly proud of its effect. All the churches in Athos (as, indeed, seems to have been the case throughout the Greek empire) were originally filled with

frescoes; and there are only one or two now in the mountain in which they have been either wholly lost or are not yet finished, but often they are much faded. The art, however, is far from having been lost as with us: on the contrary, these churches have been continually repainted by artists from the neighbourhood of the mountain even to the present day, who seem—at least to an untaught eye—neither to have departed from the style of their predecessors, nor to fall short of them either in gracefulness of design or brilliancy of colouring. But the restorers of Athos have been severely blamed by some visitors for destroying the superior work of older artists, especially that of the famous painter named Panselenus; and the critics seemed to have frightened the good monks a little. In the paintings themselves, alike old and new, if examined in detail, there is much that is grotesque—much that is positively unsightly; and the stiffness for which Byzantine art is infamous among us, pervades them generally: but, on the other hand, examples are not wanting of greater softness, and even of beauty in form and face, while in several of the churches, the grouping or composition in the larger subjects is decidedly good, although the faces will not bear scrutiny. But we must repeat, that with all imaginable faults of detail, the general effect of these frescoes as decorative painting is magnificent. A certain degree of uniformity may be observed in the position of subjects. For example, in the church itself (or nave and transepts as we should call it) are usually subjects from our Lord's history; His birth, Epiphany, baptism, crucifixion, burial, resurrection, &c.; often, too, the death of the Blessed Virgin. In the inner porches are often found the Œcumenical Councils: the outer porch, in a great majority of instances, is painted with scenes from the Apocalypse. In one instance (the church of the Portaitissa, at the Iberian monastery) the outer porch is filled with representations of patriarchs, prophets, and *philosophers*, among whom figure Solon, Chilon, Thucydides (!), and Plutarch. In the refectory also, there seem to be fixed places for two subjects at least; for at the lower end is very often represented the Day of Judgment, while at the upper end, over the high table, one finds almost invariably the Last Supper. The position of the refectory relatively to the great church does not seem to be fixed; but it frequently stands, as in the Lavra, to the west of it. It is generally a simple rectangle, but almost always ends in more or less of an apse.

About the libraries there is not much to be added to Mr. Curzon's very detailed account. The commonest place for them is a room over one of the church-porches: sometimes they are in a tower. In one monastery only, that of Vatopedhi, was a modern catalogue found, twelve years old. In another there was

an ancient one, now useless. Speaking generally, the monks seem to have the idea of preserving, and even taking some care of their books, as so much property, but little notion of using them, and still less of *offering* them for sale.

The other buildings, for the use of the community within the walls, do not require particular notice. Travellers are sometimes shown the granary, mill (for many of these monasteries contain a mill, turned by a stream brought down from the mountain), bakehouse, kitchen, workshop, infirmary (with its kitchen and chapel), &c. &c. One kitchen may be remarked—in the Iberian monastery—a square building, with a high four-sided roof, through a hole in the middle of which escaped the smoke of a wood-fire on a large open hearth immediately under it. Nor need we linger on the various minor churches, of which there are ten or twelve here, as in almost all the monasteries. We are tempted, however, before we quit the Lavra, to extract a morning walk outside its gates.

'We had remarked, when we first approached the Lavra, 'several lone houses, each with a little dome rising from some 'part of its roof, scattered among the natural shrubberies and 'lawns (for such they seemed) around it. These I wished to 'see nearer; and so followed a path which led across a green 'field, and then through thickets of most luxuriant vegetation 'to one of the number, by which stood three or four cypresses. 'But it was closed; and I could hardly determine whether it 'was a storehouse or a solitary chapel. Looking back over the 'grass field which I had crossed, I saw Indian corn growing 'under the walls of the Lavra; while the hill-side was sprinkled 'with various useful trees, such as olive, fig, mulberry, walnut, '&c.; and on several of the slopes were bright green vineyards. 'Among these stood another house, which promised a bird's-eye 'view of the monastery, and towards this I made my way, 'passing now under, now over, a great multitude of wooden 'pipes which carried water from the heights of Athos to the 'gardens or vineyards, and deposited it in reservoirs at different 'levels. Everywhere were signs of rural industry; paths, 'stiles, fences, &c. At last I reached the house, which proved 'to be one that had been shown me as built, or at least inhabited 'more than a century ago, by an ex-patriarch of Constantinople, 'named Dionysius, whose tomb is in the Lavra, and to whose 'munificence the traveller is indebted for the rudely paved ways 'which conduct him from monastery to monastery. As I was 'admiring the view, one of the inmates invited me to enter. 'He told me that he lived there constantly with three or four 'companions. There is a bishop too residing now in the house; '(the ex-bishop of Trajanopolis;) and they perform all the

'services regularly, just as the monks do in the Great Church 'of the Lavra, in their little chapel which is dedicated to S. John 'Chrysostom; that is to say, Nocturn and Matins, the Hours, 'Vespers, and Compline; with the Liturgy on Sundays and 'Festivals. They grow their own vegetables, and make their 'own wine; only their bread they receive from the monastery. 'Permission to live here thus, and a right to the bread which 'they want is purchased for each by a contribution of 5,000 'piastres, (about 45*l.*) once for all, to the monastery on their 'first coming. The life of a monk in such a case is almost 'wholly agricultural. My entertainer told me that he came 'from Constantinople, and had been here six years. He seemed 'a simple peasant. To be employed on his vines, and to eat the 'fruits of his labour in security, this he said was his happiness; 'and it is doubtless not the least charm of Athos for the Chris-'tian subjects of the Porte.'

Col. Leake says that 'there are more than 300 scattered 'retreats (*κελλεῖα*) on the Mountain. Their tenants are either 'cultivators of vineyards, gardens, or corn-fields, of which latter, 'however, there are very few, or they tend the cattle of the 'peninsula. Some of the inmates of all the monasteries are 'employed in spinning wool and making articles of clothing, 'generally those confined to the house by incapacity for out-'door employment; but the manufactures are chiefly carried on 'in the scetes, (*ἀσκητήρια*, more vulgarly *ἀσκήταις*, or *σκήταις*, 'or *σκήτια*,) from whence the bazaar at Caryæ is supplied with 'articles of monastic dress, caps and bonnets of almost every 'kind used in Greece, beads, crosses, wooden spoons, and other 'ordinary implements used in the monasteries. Some of the 'ascetics, particularly at S. Anne, are book-binders, painters, 'and framers of church pictures; and there are some calli-'graphers, the last remains of a profession which was very 'extensive before the invention of printing, and was probably 'a great resource to the monks of Athos.'

There are always ex-bishops resident in Athos: it has been long the great place as well of banishment as of voluntary retirement for those who have been deprived of their sees, or have resigned. No less than eight or nine are mentioned in the journal now before us. By these bishops, at the request of the monasteries, ordinations are performed in the Mountain. Else Athos is a peculiar of the patriarch of Constantinople; and for him the monks pray in their services as 'our archbishop;' a simple style in strong contrast with the sounding titles of 'Œcumenical Patriarch,' &c., with which he is named in the churches of the capital.

But it is time for us to leave the Lavra, and to pass from the

most important of the individual monasteries to the seat of government, (as we may call it,) or political centre of the peninsula. This is a village called Caryæ: it is the only village of any sort in Athos, and perhaps the only village in the world in which no woman nor child is to be seen. It is situated about the middle of the peninsula, high up on the north-east side of its main ridge or back-bone. Above it rises the forest, crowning the hill-tops; around it are tolerably level slopes with an unusual amount of cultivation—chiefly vines; below the ground falls with a most charming variety of wood, cliff, and ravine, to the sea, along the shore of which three different monasteries may be counted, each with its battlemented tower.

Among the groves and vineyards near the village are many detached houses, some of which depend on different monasteries, some on the church of Caryæ itself, which bears the name of Τὸ Πρώτατον, as if it were the metropolitan church of Athos. The village of Caryæ itself does not depend on any single monastery, but it is a kind of common ground to all. Anciently it was reckoned as a great scete. Here sits a council which regulates all matters that concern the general interests of the Holy Mountain, as distinguished from the private affairs of the several societies. Its constitution is as follows. There is a deliberative body of twenty representatives (ἀντιπρόσωποι), to which each of the twenty monasteries contributes a member by annual election. But besides these there are four presidents of the community, (ἐπίσταται τοῦ κοινοῦ,) in whom the duties of administration are vested, and whom the council of Twenty assist only in their formal deliberations. These presidents are taken from four different monasteries each year; so that in five years each of the twenty monasteries has had its turn to name one. One of the four takes precedence of the rest, and is styled the 'First Man of Athos,' (ὁ πρῶτος τοῦ Ἄθωνος:) and the cycle has been so arranged that the five monasteries of the Lavra, Vatopedhi, the Iberians, Chilandari, and Dionysius are distributed into different years; because it is the privilege of those five that the presidents who come from them should be each 'First Man of Athos' in his year. This complicated system has not been in use much more than a hundred years. The older practice was to have a single director of the common affairs of the Holy Mountain, who had the same title which is enjoyed by the apex of the modern system; and accordingly in all ancient transactions of the Mountain, the 'First Man of Athos' is named alone as the manager. The mode of his election does not appear. The body, therefore, which meets in the council-room consists of four-and-twenty members; or, if their secretary be counted, twenty-five. They meet weekly,

on Saturdays. Each monastery has an establishment at Caryæ for its own representative; and there is a common establishment for the presidents besides, supported by contributions from all the societies. Fifteen or twenty soldiers—Christians from Macedonia—are kept at Caryæ in the pay and at the disposal of this government. The Turkish Aga too resides here, as has been mentioned above; but he has no soldiers of his own, nor any control over those of the Mountain. His sole duty is to receive the tribute for his master, and to confer with the monastic council on any emergency which their resources are insufficient to meet. Another establishment at Caryæ must not be passed over, though it has only been set up within the last four years. This is a school for the intellectual education of the younger monks, to which at present each of the monasteries sends one or two pupils. It is a large building, but contains only lecture-rooms and chambers for the masters, although it has a chapel of its own hard by. There is nothing of a collegiate system: the learners are neither lodged nor boarded in the house, but have to find quarters as they may in the nearest cells. It has two teachers at present, both laymen; one of them called master, (*μάγιστρος*,) the other 'Teacher of Greek.' The master is a young Peloponnesian from the university of Athens. His salary is about 18,000 piastres, or about 160*l.* a-year. The pupils are divided into three classes. The subjects of the lectures are the Greek language with its grammar, syntax, &c.; Sacred History; Divinity (in Greek *ἡ ἱερὰ Κατήχησις*); Political Geography; and Arithmetic. This is not the first attempt at a school which has been seen in Mount Athos; for Eugenius Bulgaris, the great Corfiote, set one up in 1750, the scale of which is attested by the imposing ruins of its buildings now seen on the hill above Vatopedhi, and the success of which while it lasted was so great, that its effects are said to have been traceable in the Mountain for forty years after its ruin. But it lasted only five years, for in 1755 its talented director was driven out of Athos by disagreements which arose between him and some of its older inhabitants. He seems to have aimed at making it a school for the Greek youth as well as for the younger members of the monasteries; a combination not likely to favour its permanence. Another school is mentioned in the journal before us as having been recently built by the monks of Zographou, near their own monastery, for their own juniors; and it appears that they have sent two or three of their number to the universities of Kieff and Moscow to qualify themselves for the work of teaching in it. But the mention of these schools has carried us away from Caryæ, into which we will now accompany the travellers.

'Leaving the small monastery of Kutlumush, in which we 'had passed the night, in company with its representative in the 'Council of Twenty, a father named Daniel, we walked over to 'the village, in which we arrived within a quarter of an hour. 'Most of the way lay through a grove of hazels, from which the 'village (Καρυαὶ, *Anglicè* "The Hazels") derives its name. 'There were many vineyards of delicious greenness about it, 'and many of the outlying retreats (καθίσματα, or κελλεῖα,) 'which have been already mentioned. These last look much 'like solitary farms or homesteads, except that one misses the 'corn-stacks and farm-yards which should accompany them, 'and sees in every case rising out of one of the roofs a small 'tile-covered dome of rather nondescript appearance, which 'denotes the presence of a chapel. Yet, as this is covered with 'the same material as the house-roof, and is often not higher 'than the gables in some other part, it would not attract much 'notice if it were not for its constant recurrence, and certainly 'would not inform the uninitiated that a church was there. We 'found Caryæ a regular little village, rather straggling, perhaps, 'else much like any other, except for the absence of women and 'children. It has two or three little narrow streets, which 'include a line or two of shops called the bazaar, but not like a 'Turkish bazaar in any respect except the use of the window for 'the counter. The shops looked poor enough; but in them 'were to be bought all the necessaries of life, not only for the 'monks themselves, but for their secular dependants; meat, for 'instance, gun-flints, shot, and powder. On some of the coun-'ters were trifles of monkish handiwork, crosses of wood or 'horn, spoons, &c.; of which the majority were cheap and rude 'enough; but some of higher price (120 piastres, *e.g.*, or a 'sovereign English) were exquisitely carved with representa-'tions of sacred subjects. It was Saturday, which is the day 'both for the market and for the council-meeting at Caryæ, so 'we saw the place in the utmost bustle of which it was capable. 'Both in the streets, and behind the counters, we noticed about 'an equal number of monastic and secular habits; and here, 'for the first time in Athos, we saw beggars. Our companion 'took us straight to the council-chamber, a long room of no 'pretension, with divans round three sides of it, and a narrow 'space on a lower level at the door end, as is usual in the East. 'The fathers were assembling when we arrived: ten or twelve 'who seemed to have been expecting us outside the door entered 'the room with us; and we soon found ourselves seated on the 'divan at the upper end of the room in the middle of this 'august conclave. Sweetmeats, water, arrack, and coffee, were 'brought for us as usual. Conversation followed till the arrival

'of the first president, Father Cyril of the Lavra, who took his 'seat beside us, and read aloud for the benefit of his brethren 'our letters of introduction from the patriarch and the Athos 'monks at Constantinople. Nineteen members of the council 'were present, but, with the exception of Father Cyril, we could 'not distinguish the presidents from the ordinary representa-'tives; amongst the number were young men as well as old, 'laughers as well as grave senators; but there was very little 'donnishness about any, nor was there any stiffness about our 'conversation with the assembly, formidable as it had appeared 'to be received thus in full senate. It was not yet eight A.M. 'when we came; and after a long visit we took our leave and 'were conducted to the school-house, where they had assigned 'us lodgings, as it was now vacation time; for, "on account 'of the heat," the school-work does not go on here between 'July 10 and September 13. They took advantage of the 'market to supply our table liberally with *meat*.'

Another aspect of this village must not be omitted. Although in the heart of the peninsula, it is the point of contact, so to speak, between Athos and the outer world. For centuries the monks in Athos have enjoyed a physical separation from all that is unmonastic, which is, at the present day, without its parallel. Our readers have heard of the extreme rigidity with which the peninsula is barred to the female sex; a rigidity which, whether from superstition or policy, is extended even to the case of domestic animals, cows, sheep, goats, and even poultry. This, of course, has not always been so; there were villages in Athos long after the first establishment of monks here; and the annals of some monasteries speak of visits from royal foundresses. But for centuries the rule has been absolute; so much so, that even the Turkish agas have submitted to it, and leave their families behind when they come to live at Caryæ. The common feeling on the subject among the monks is, that Athos is a holy place—hallowed by the frequent miraculous appearances which have signalized it; and that this sanctity would be violated by the presence of women within its limits: but the more intelligent among them view the prohibition as a matter of policy also, and regard it as of the highest value for the preservation of discipline and morality. Of course this tradition has been subject to occasional violations; such as the incursion, at one time, of some wandering families from Wallachia, who fed their flocks in Athos till the monks obtained firmans from the Porte for their expulsion; at another, the resort of Greek fugitives of both sexes during the revolutionary war to these mountain hiding-places; but at that time all was in confusion. We are only aware of two visits which the monks have received from

lady travellers; one ten or twelve years since, the other in the past year; in both cases the fair intruders were our own countrywomen. Indeed, by members of the Greek Church, such a thing would be thought quite out of the question. Now, at Caryæ we should expect to find the first attempt at the reintroduction of family life; for it is among the shopkeepers who live there that the feeling of complete dependence on the monks least prevails. One of the most intelligent among the fathers of Vatopedhi told the writer of the journal which we have been quoting, that 'he was jealous of the growth of Caryæ; no doubt 'a few shops were wanted to supply them with the necessaries 'of life, some kinds of food for example, iron tools, and other 'things which must come from abroad; but there were now 'too many, and they introduced many superfluous things, and 'the community, as it had no custom-house, could not prevent 'them.' It is remarkable, in connexion with this idea, that the Athos monks themselves have been making great efforts to obtain a regular communication with Constantinople, by inducing the Salonica steamers to touch regularly at their peninsula, an object which, if gained, would probably bring a very inconvenient number of strangers among them. But the Company has hitherto refused because Athos has a bad character for storms, and there is no harbour in it whatever, and only one tolerably safe roadstead, which is thought security itself, because it is open only to the south-west, and ninety-nine out of every hundred gales that come to Athos blow from the north.

We have not room for the church at Caryæ, whose faded frescoes, by Pansélenus, have perhaps been saved (?) from restoration by the mistaken advice of a recent antiquarian visitor; but the mention of its bells calls up too agreeable reminiscences in an eastern traveller not to arrest us for a moment.

'Four months of the jingling chapel-like bells of Athens had 'made us hail with special delight the full rich tones of the 'Angelus pealing out from the Latin Church at Syra; but the 'utter absence of bells from the Greek churches during our late 'sojourn in Turkey, prepared a more exquisite pleasure for the 'Sunday morning, when the bells of the great church at Caryæ 'sounded out among the woods and mountains. One at least 'among them had a home-like voice, worthy of an English 'church. In many of the monasteries there are two bells only '—one small, one large; which produce, when rung together, 'a somewhat singular sound; but here, and at Chilandari, there 'were enough of the larger size to renew upon the ear the 'impression which had been so long absent.' The use of bells is among the privileges of Athos not accorded elsewhere to

Greek subjects of the Porte. It must be owned, however, that less use is made of bells in these monasteries than of sounding-boards (called σήμαντρα), which are indeed most effective in disturbing the heaviest slumbers. In one of the monasteries, that of the Iberians, where they had just completed the building of a new bell-tower, our travellers were good-humouredly invited, and indeed pressed with an amusing earnestness by the old sacristan, to send them some bells, or at least one good bell, from England. They thought there was little chance of their being able to find anybody in England to send bells to a monastery on Mount Athos; but one of them had no objection to promise to see what could be done by making the request known, only the monks were recommended not to be too sanguine in their expectations.

We have not attempted to find a description of scenery; it is a rare skill which can, by the use of mere words, convey a picture worthy of Nature to the imagination of a reader. But we must extract the journal of one day's ride as a specimen of touring in Mount Athos. It should be observed, that the usual way of passing from monastery to monastery is on mules, which are furnished to the traveller by the convent from which he starts, without any charge for their hire. On these is placed a high pack-saddle, covered with a piece of gaudy carpet, which forms a tolerably comfortable perch, if you do not push your animal beyond a foot's pace. Between many of the monasteries, however, which are close to the sea-side, it is easier in calm weather to use a boat; and there are always boats to be had, although the rowing is apt to be far from first-rate.

'We were to go from S. Paul's to Xeropotamo. Both lie on 'the south-west side of Athos, and near the coast; but the sea 'ran too high for a boat. The road over the cliffs near the 'sea was said to be so very craggy and difficult, that the Œco-'nomus objected to let his mules go so far along it. There were 'two or three other monasteries on the way, and if we had liked 'to change mules at each he would have let us go; but as we 'were returning over old ground, we wished to make a single 'stage of it. An ingenious father suggested that we might have 'our wish without injury to the mules, if we left the coast and 'took the road towards Caryæ—a much better one—till we came 'into the Caryæ and Xeropotamo road, (for each monastery has 'a direct communication with the metropolis). By this means 'our ride would not last longer than five or six hours. We 'jumped at the idea; and the Œconomus (a very simple pea-'sant, who was called away from the employment of shelling 'onions to hear the new proposal,) was induced to consent by 'the reflection that it would be the same thing for his mules—

'or rather half an hour's work less—as taking us to Caryæ, 'which would have been quite in the regular way of business. 'At 8.30 A.M. we turned our backs on the convent, with a bril- 'liant summer sky, and a tremendous north-easter, which put 'umbrellas out of the question, and made hats dangerous. We 'mounted the hill behind the monastery by a capital mule-path, 'though somewhat of the steepest, through a good deal of shrub 'and brushwood, till we got to the very top of the ridge, which 'runs up the peninsula towards the mainland from Mount 'Athos itself. Here we enjoyed magnificent views of the moun- 'tain, which rose out of the sloping pine-clad ridge on which 'we were now mounted, at the distance of three or four miles 'from us—a bare pointed mass of marble. We were now in 'a regular pine-forest, among fine trees, undergrown by high 'ferns, with the two gulfs right and left. There was a sensible 'degree of sharpness in the air up here, (Aug. 7,) although 'we were still in the chestnut-region. We now rode north- 'west straight along the ridge, getting frequent peeps on either 'side down the deep ravines which fall from it into the sea, and 'near the bottom of which the monasteries are generally placed. 'Our road all the way along the ridge was through a continu- 'ous forest of much finer timber than we had yet seen on the 'peninsula—oak, fir, chestnut, beech, and ilex. The soil looked 'as if it would repay cultivation, but there was none. It was 'a red sand; a very comfortable exchange for the mules after 'the rocky cliff. About eleven we stopped to breakfast, among 'some noble beeches, on bread, cheese, eggs, and wine, which 'we had brought with us, close by a fountain of deliciously cool 'water. Fresh water is one of the summer luxuries of Athos, 'and a common boast of its monks. It was just the scene for 'a draughtsman; variety enough of broken ground about us; 'the laden mules straggling under the beech-trees; and our 'Albanian guide, with his gaudily-decorated gun, sitting on the 'fountain, with two Greek sailors from a schooner under the 'shore, who had joined us on the road. An hour or two later 'we arrived just over the village of Caryæ, and had two monas- 'teries in sight as we looked down to the Singitic gulf over its 'woods and valleys; the square pile of Philotheus, on an appa- 'rently flat site, some miles above the sea; and Pantocrator, 'with its warlike tower, on the edge of the cliff—the hills about 'it brown and wasted by a recent fire among the underwood. 'Here the road parted: we left Caryæ to our right, and 'struck down westward towards Xeropotamo. Before we got 'clear of the forest, or began to feel ourselves descending, our 'curiosity was roused by the unusual sight of a high paling 'beside the path. Looking over it, we saw that it enclosed

'a great piece of grass land, with two or three single trees only 'in it, which looked much like a huge English dairy-ground. 'But the only stock consisted of a goat, two or three sheep, and 'as many mules. Twenty minutes later we arrived at Xeropo-'tamo, which is situated about half-way down the south-west 'side of the ridge. There is no tower, and the hollow square, 'which its buildings compose, is not so picturesque as some 'other convents, but looks from some distance much like 'a magnificent English country-house. The monks asked us if 'we had noticed their meadow in the forest: they seemed 'a little proud of it; indeed, it is unique in Athos. They told 'us that the sheep we saw were kept for the chance of a visit 'from a stray Pasha, or other dignified Turk, whom it might 'be proper to regale with mutton.'

After the wild forest of Athos, a word or two about its cultivation and live stock:—

'Vine-cultivation is the most frequent. The monasteries 'almost universally make their own wine; oil, of which there 'is a large consumption, they get from the islands—chiefly 'Thasos; and corn in like manner, though a few corn-fields 'are to be seen about several of the more northern monasteries, '—a good many, indeed, about Chilandari. They grow a good 'many vegetables, but very little fruit; and to the want of 'fruit they ascribe their exemption from fevers. Popular 'opinion in the East associates fruit and fever as cause and 'effect, just as ours does fruit and cholera. Raw cucumbers 'were generally given us for dessert; in two or three instances 'melons or water-melons; the grapes and figs were not ripe, 'and the oranges were over, but of these last they had not 'many. Mulberries we ate off the trees, but never saw them 'at table. In nuts they abound. Strange to say, they keep 'no bees, nor use honey as an article of food; and this is from 'a notion that bees would not live in Athos, or that the care of 'them is very difficult. Yet the people of Thasos bring over 'annually scores of hives to the mountain, and leave them there 'from May to August, when they carry them back. We saw 'these Thasian hives standing in rows behind the monastery of 'the Iberians, yet we could not persuade the monks that bees 'of their own would thrive on the chestnut blossoms as well as 'their neighbours'. All the monasteries keep mules—a rich 'one perhaps forty or fifty; donkeys are rare, and horses rarer 'still. Those who have corn keep an ox or two for the 'plough, and other oxen are brought here poor and small 'from Macedonia, and fed in the forests for sale without the 'peninsula; but these are not very many. There may be 'a dozen sheep, and as many goats in the mountain. Of course

'there is no poultry. Game is said to be abundant, but we 'never crossed any—beast or bird. Indeed, we saw little wild 'life except grey rock-pigeons, which have found a safer domi-'cile about the monasteries than in the cliffs—often to the 'annoyance of their landlords. The jay was almost the only 'other bird we saw except the smallest kinds.'

We are inclined to give a specimen of a monastic dinner. The scene is the monastery of Zographou, which is occupied by Bulgarians—the day that of S. Elias, a festival, though not of the first class:—

'Here, for the first time, we were allowed to dine with the 'monks in their refectory. We had made the request in all the 'Cœnobia we had visited, but in vain. The monks considered 'it the proper thing that we should have a special dinner in our 'chamber, at which two or three of the superiors usually joined 'us. This was from motives of hospitality, because in the 'refectory all must have the same dinner; whereas in our own 'room special luxuries might be added. We sat at the high 'table (though there was no difference in the level of the floor) 'with the superiors. It was placed not across the hall but 'lengthways, only at the top of the room and in the middle. 'The hegoumen sat at its upper end, the lower end was un-'occupied. Dinner began at 9.30 A.M., and lasted about 'half-an-hour. Lighted candles were brought in from the 'church before dinner, and some prayers said and hymns 'chanted; and the like after dinner. Indeed, the after-dinner 'office was only begun in the refectory, and concluded in the 'church, whither all the company adjourned in a sort of proces-'sion, the candles being carried out before them. During 'dinner the history of the Prophet Elias was read in Slavonic 'from a pulpit on the right side of the hall; this went on all 'the time, so of course there was no talking. The dinner was 'served in commons or messes; each man had a commons of 'each thing set before him, and several clean plates. The 'quantity of the messes exceeded largely our own appetites as 'well as our entertainers'. Each man had a bason of rice soup, 'two broiled fish, a stew of fish and vegetables, bread, cheese, 'wine, and water. All this was put on the table before we sat 'down. A sweet greasy dish of rice was brought in later, like 'a pudding. The fare was just the same at all the tables, only 'the knives, forks, and spoons were a little neater at ours, and 'perhaps the change of plates also was a high-table luxury. 'The reader came to the superior for leave to take his dinner 'when we had all done.'

Wednesday and Friday are the weekly days of abstinence in the Eastern Church. To these the monks add Monday; and

on these three days they take only one meal—about the middle of the day—at which they eat nothing but bread and vegetables, and these prepared without wine or oil. Fish, milk, cheese, and eggs (the latter three especially) are feast diet with the monks, and by no means fast diet with secular clergy or even laity in the East. In Athos the monks never touch meat. Other monks in the Eastern Communion are not held bound to this rule, at least if they do not belong to a Cœnobium; or at all events, if from any cause they are living away from their monastery. To these weekly fasts must be added the four Lents, and two or three other special days. Altogether the system is very trying to the bodily strength, especially during an Athos winter; and this fact we find in the journal before us often voluntarily stated, or at least alluded to, by the monks themselves. On Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, they have ordinarily two meals—one at nine or ten A.M., the other at six or seven P.M.

It has been already said that learning does not flourish at present in Athos; and that in this respect as in others the mass of the monks seem little removed from the condition of common peasants. Yet in most of the monasteries the traveller finds some among the superiors who are not wanting either in intelligence or information. Nor do we see in the journal before us any signs of that utter ignorance about the affairs of the outer world which tourists have sometimes represented so amusingly. It would be strange, indeed, if it were so. Not only do new monks or exiled bishops bring with them the news of their own time and country, and several of the superiors of the different monasteries, who visit from time to time Constantinople, different parts of Turkey, the Danubian provinces, Russia, &c., carry back with them what they have heard on their travels, but Greek newspapers from Constantinople and Smyrna find their way regularly to some at least of these societies. Perhaps we shall best illustrate the extent of the information thus obtained by extracting the notes of a few conversations in different monasteries:—

'At the monastery of Philotheus we were cordially welcomed 'by the two wardens, and an archimandrite named Cæsarius. 'We found also here an ex-bishop of Tornova in Bulgaria; and 'in conversation with these four we spent a long evening. The 'bishop took in a Smyrna newspaper, the Amalthea, and his 'companions often alluded to things as having appeared in "the 'newspapers," although they seemed not to have read them 'there themselves, but to have heard of them through their 'correspondents. The archimandrite was a thorough old Greek: 'his talk about Hellenic affairs, the 400 years of slavery to

'which "the nation" had been subjected, and the political 'jealousies of the European powers which kept it still in 'slavery, "to the shame of Christendom," reminded me so 'strongly of friends at Athens, that I demanded his country. '"Argos," he replied. He told us that although he first came 'to Athos 46 years ago, he was in the Morea during the war of 'independence; and he spoke familiarly of Church, Cochrane, 'Hamilton, &c., who had aided the Greeks. They had heard 'of the late assault upon Queen Victoria; and Cæsarius had 'got a ludicrously-false version of it—namely that a pistol had 'been fired at her, and by his own hero Hamilton! This same 'archimandrite had been in Georgia (I suppose on the business 'of his society, for it is connected originally with that country): he 'said he liked both the country and the people; and told us that 'they suffered much from Circassian inroads. We observed that 'the Russians would stop that in time. "No," said the Greek: '"the Russians are good soldiers in a plain country, but can do 'nothing in the mountains." On a casual mention of the ex-'Patriarch Anthimus, of whose abilities and acquirements we 'had heard a good deal at Constantinople, the bishop said that 'whatever he knew he had picked up here in the monastery of 'Sphigmenu, and added that a sharp man could scarcely help 'picking up a good deal *here* between the services with their 'various readings, and the facilities afforded for study by the 'monastic life, as he would "have nothing to do but to read." 'He must have been speaking, however, of temporary residents 'like himself, rather than of common monks;—if, indeed, he 'meant all that he said, which his extreme fluency of speech 'and fulness of compliment to the mountain, in which he per-'haps considered himself as a guest, rather inclined us to 'doubt.'

In the monastery of the Iberians the travellers were entertained by an archimandrite, named Agathangelus, who was also one of the wardens for that year. 'He had been in Russia, 'and had learned to drink tea there; so we must come and 'drink some tea in his room. The Greeks hardly ever use tea; 'nor did we once see it in Athos, except here, at a Russian 'Scete, and in a Bulgarian monastery. There were many signs 'of civilization in his room; tables, chairs, a divan fifteen inches 'high instead of six, Russian prints of the Emperor and Em-'press, the Archbishop of Moscow, &c.; a cushion, also, which 'had been given him by an English lady at Moscow, on which 'was worked in worsted the picture of Sir W. Scott in his arm-'chair with his dog. Our host was pleased at our recognising 'it; and asked if he was not an English teacher [διδάσκαλος; 'the word might mean in his mouth either a schoolmaster or a

'preacher; its two present uses in the Levant]. One of the 'company talked a good deal about the Andrian Caires, who had 'been his schoolfellow, and spoke very well and plainly both of 'his abilities and his errors. This Caires is a man of eminent 'genius, who first mastered whatever was to be learned in the 'Greek schools, and then went to Europe to enlarge his know-'ledge, and to solicit aid for the establishment of a school at 'home. He succeeded in both his objects, and fixed his school 'at Andros, where it flourished for some time beyond example. 'But it became at length notorious that he had returned from 'Germany a complete *philosopher;* certainly not a Christian in 'the sense which his countrymen put on that word. He was 'summoned to Athens, by the Greek Synod, and offered the 'opportunity of refuting all accusations by repeating before the 'bishops the Nicene Creed. But he refused. His school was 'suppressed, and he himself imprisoned. He is now, however, 'again at liberty, and living in his native island without a 'school, but not without pupils. He seems to have acquired 'a marvellous hold over the minds of those who heard him. 'The philosophy which he taught was almost entirely physical. 'We asked many questions about the monastic life, &c., in 'return for which many were asked about England. Our 'friends' notions did not seem clear about the relation of Eng-'land to London. Indeed it was the general idea in Athos, 'that "London was an island." They had heard of the Thames 'Tunnel, and evidently considered it the chief wonder of our 'country.'

'In the Society of Kutlumush we found an Imbrian, named 'Bartholomew, who came nearer to the character of a learned 'man than any one we had seen before. He was for some years 'at Venice, then a teacher for some time at the Greek Theolo-'gical School in the Princes' Islands, and latterly master of 'that which had been set up at Caryæ. But he resigned this 'employment a year ago, from dissatisfaction with the arrange-'ments of the school, which he thought inconsistent with its 'prospects of efficiency. He seemed not only intelligent, but 'acquainted with books, and decidedly scholar-like in his lan-'guage. His theological tone was amiable and charitable; he 'assented feelingly to some remarks on the unhappy inconsis-'tency between the present appearance of the Christian world 'and the belief which we profess in "*One* Catholic Apostolic 'Church;" and even added strongly, "There is not [now] *one* 'Church," (Δὲν εἶναι μία ἐκκλησία). But there was no appear-'ance of liberalism about him: on the contrary, he seemed 'strictly orthodox in the sense of the Eastern Church. He 'told us that his native island was exclusively Christian.'

'The most active-minded man in the monastery of Vatopedhi 'was a Cretan, named Paisius, who had been a schoolmaster 'before he came to Athos. He was once a pupil of Caires, but 'spoke strongly against his master, whom he represented as a 'mere physical philosopher, wholly indifferent to religion. He 'said, that he used to teach his pupils first his own Gnostics '(Γνωστική, which he has since published), then Arithmetic and 'Physics on alternate days. He praised his school as a very 'effective one. He reviewed briefly all the Greek schools which 'have subsisted within the present century, at Yanina, on the 'Asiatic coast opposite Mitylene, at Patmos, Andros, Chalke, '&c. That of Yanina he praised much, and lamented its ruin, 'occasioned by the Greek war. The new school at Chalke, too, 'was commended; its organization and personal staff promised 'well for its stability and usefulness. But of that opposite 'Mitylene he spoke in the highest terms: it had flourished 'specially under Gregory, who afterwards became Patriarch, 'but was deposed by the influence of Lord Ponsonby. He did 'not seem to expect great results from the new establishment at 'Caryæ; they could not get good masters, he said, although they 'gave 18,000 piastres (160*l.*) a year, whereas the Bishop who 'presides over the college at Chalke has only 12,000 (107*l*). 'The great event in Paisius' Athos life had been his employ-'ment as one of the Presidents at Caryæ, in 1840, when he had 'literally worked himself into a dangerous illness in clearing the 'Mountain from a band of Greek banditti, who had come there 'under the pretence of trading.'

'A father, named Hilarion, entertained us at Chilandari: he 'was a Bulgarian, like the rest of his fraternity, but spoke Greek 'with ease, and with a better accent than the Russian monks 'we had met here. The common monks either knew none at 'all, or only the lowest form of Romaic. He came to Athos 'twenty years ago, but had been studying within the last ten 'years at Athens, where he had picked up a little French, 'Italian, and Latin. He had been engaged of late in hunting 'out the history of his monastery from its numerous records 'and charters, for the Russian church-historian, Mouravieff, and, 'consequently, was able to give us a full account. A monastery, 'whose history is unknown, had subsisted on this spot in ancient 'times under the name of Chilandari, but had been ruined and 'deserted before the year 1200. In the last year of the 12th 'century, Sabba, the second son of the reigning prince of 'Servia, which was then an independent royalty, came to Athos 'without the knowledge of his parents. His father, Symeon, 'learned, after two years, the place of his flight, and pursued 'him. But the result of their conference was that the father,

'instead of bringing back his son, was persuaded to follow his 'example. He resigned his crown in favour of another son, who 'had married a daughter of the Emperor Alexius III. brother 'of Isaac Angelus, and took the monastic habit with his son in 'the monastery of Vatopedhi. Within this house they at first 'organized a little Servian community, with a separate church 'and refectory; but afterwards, at the instigation of the Hegou-'men of Vatopedhi, they moved to Chilandari, and restored its 'ruined monastery under a charter from Alexius. Symeon died 'here a monk, but his son, Sabba, returned to Servia as its 'archbishop: his bones, however, lie at Chilandari. Both father 'and son are now reckoned saints. A century later, another 'prince of the same family built the present church, and suc-'ceeding emperors and kings enriched the monastery with lands 'in Servia, Bulgaria, &c., and other donations, of which the gift-'deeds are still preserved in the monastic archives. These deeds 'are called *χρυσόβουλλα*, from the gold or gilt seals appended 'to them. They often rehearse some special deliverance, by the 'prayers of SS. Symeon and Sabba, from war, famine, or the 'like, for which they were thank-offerings. But all these pos-'sessions were lost when the Turks overran the Byzantine 'empire, and the monastery became overwhelmed with debt. 'This was paid off, at one time, by the charity of a rich mer-'chant, but the cause remained. At last, an ingenious father 'invented for the monastery a kind of mendicant system (they 'call it *ταξειδιωτικὸν σύστημα*), which subsists up to the present 'day. A large number of the priest-monks were sent into the 'Danubian provinces, which were then ill supplied with priests, 'partly in the place of the parish priests, partly as itinerant 'confessors. They became very popular, especially in Bulgaria, 'where there was most need of them, and established a con-'nexion from which both money and recruits flowed into their 'house. Thus the monastery, which was originally Servian, 'connected itself with Bulgaria, and as the change of political 'circumstances made communication with Servia less and less 'practicable, it became by degrees almost entirely Bulgarian. 'Out of one hundred and fifty monks on its roll at present, forty 'or fifty are discharging the duties of parish priests in Bulgaria. 'We talked to our entertainer about the lack of learning in 'Mount Athos. "How could it be otherwise?" he replied, '"especially in a poor monastery like ours: the common monks 'have no time to learn, because they are all day at work, and 'such as myself are too much employed with the business of 'the society to find leisure for it." He lamented much his 'own want of time even to keep up what he had learned at 'Athens. S. Sabba, we had heard, had left something like a

'rule (τυπικὸν) or order for his monastery; and we asked 'whether this prescribed the occupations of the monks, or, in 'particular, mentioned literary study. But we were told that 'its only directions were about the conduct of the Church-'services. During our conversations about the antiquities of 'the society, Father Hilarion said, that in the charter which 'founded Chilandari were words to the following effect: "We 'permit the monks of Chilandari to use their own language '[Servian, *i.e.* Slavonic] in the church, as is done by the 'Iberians and Amalfitans in their respective monasteries." It 'seemed from this, he said, that not only in the Iberian 'monastery was the Georgian language used (the Iberians are 'Georgians), but that there existed at that time a house of 'Italian monks whose services were in Latin.'

This observation suggests one or two remarks on the distinct races and languages existing now, or formerly, in Athos. At the present time the church-language of eighteen out of the twenty monasteries is Greek, and the great majority of their monks are of that nation, although a few Bulgarians, and still fewer Wallachians, are scattered up and down in them. Two monasteries are exclusively Bulgarian, and use the Slavonic in their services. But of old it was far otherwise. Nine of the twenty are said to have been Slavonic, some Servian, some Bulgarian, one Russian; two (the Iberians' and Philotheus') were Georgian; and one (now a picturesque ruin on a hill top between the Lavra and Caracalla) used the Latin language, and was peopled by monks from Amalfi. 'This was founded' (we quote now from M. Mouravieff) 'by orthodox settlers from 'Amalfi, in the days of its commercial relations with the East. 'I saw, in an Athos deed bearing the date of 1169, a Latin 'inscription of the Amalfitan Hegoumen.' But if Italians, Georgians, and Servians have disappeared, the Russians are no longer confined to a single monastery. An early Russian traveller in Athos writes: 'Our countrymen come here sometimes, 'but seldom stay long: they do not like the working life of the 'Greek monks.' This was written at a time when the convents in Russia were rich and prosperous, and the so-called 'Russian' monastery here had ceased to be tenanted by Russians: now that the Russian government has seized the monastery lands within its dominions, monks of that nation are no longer in a position to despise labour, and, accordingly, one finds Russians at the present day scattered through the different Athos houses—little communities of them with a separate Russian service in two, one distinct Russian scete organized, and another in process of formation.

As a match for Father Hilarion's history of Chilandari, we

are tempted to add briefly that of the Iberian monastery from the pages of M. Mouravieff. It is a good example to illustrate the vicissitudes which have befallen the societies in Athos. 'This monastery was founded towards the end of the tenth 'century, under Nicephorus Phocas, by three Iberians or 'Georgians,—John, his son Euthymius, and their kinsman 'George Tornicius, who were contemporaries of S. Athanasius 'of Athos. It was laid waste in 1260 by some crusaders, who 'are supposed to have been Catalans; and its ruin was com-'pleted some years later by the Emperor Michael Palæologus, 'because its monks would not follow the example of those of 'the Lavra in submitting to the Union with the Pope, which 'that emperor, in conjunction with the Patriarch Veccus, 'endeavoured to force upon them. This expedition of Michael's 'was marked by violence and bloodshed all over Athos, and is 'often described by the monks as an attack made upon them 'by the Pope of Rome himself. Scarcely had the society be-'gun again to raise its head, when the Turks ruined it once 'more, and it languished till the end of the fifteenth century, 'when some of its monks appealed to the princes of Georgia as 'representatives of their founders, and procured its restoration. 'A century later it was again overwhelmed with debt from the 'oppressions, as is said, of the Turkish government; and again 'it had recourse to Georgia in 1592. In 1614, Parthenius of 'the Morea, and Gabriel of Athos, two of the then superiors, 'restored the hall, by the aid of Radulas, Voivode of Hungro-'Wallachia. We find a Georgian prince again interposing in '1674, when the buildings were painted with frescoes, of which 'nothing has survived the latest repainting, except the portraits 'of this last Georgian benefactor, and of the Voivode Radulas. 'In this monastery have been buried from the beginning, '27,000 bodies; many of these may be supposed to have been 'brought here by choice, for interment. It is the custom in 'Athos to dig up every grave after three years, and collect 'all the bones together into a great pile in a crypt.' M. Mouravieff (who, by the way, is a vehement censurer of the restoring mania in Athos) remarks, that the great time for these restorations and for the consequent destruction of the older paintings, was the close of the eighteenth century, when so many of the leading Greeks were enriched by holding the office of hospodar in the Danubian provinces, or great dragoman to the Porte.

In the extracts we have hitherto made from conversations in this journal, we have purposely reserved what seemed to be of most theological bearing. The travellers do not seem to have met with any depth of theological learning in the mountain, or ability to go deeply or logically into important questions. Yet

they often found readiness in talking of religious subjects, and a sufficient amount of acquaintance with them. Whatever may be thought of their arguments, it is rather striking to observe the quickness with which the monks would sometimes take the offensive, on the very subject where a Protestant controversialist would suppose that they were most easily attacked; such as the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. 'The English,' said the schoolmaster at Caryæ, 'dishonour the Lord in His 'Saints: as those who refused the customary salutations to the 'dignitaries of a Court, would thereby do dishonour to the 'king their master.' The same charge was repeated by Cephallenian monks at S. Paul's. These last defended with great confidence the custom of saluting images and relics, for which they alleged three chief arguments: first, the authority of the Seventh Œcumenical Council, and the long usage of the Church; secondly, the analogy of spiritual and natural affection, both of which are called out by the presentation of memorial objects, likenesses, &c.; and thirdly, the multitude of miracles which have been granted in connexion both with icons and with relics. This last, the argument from miracles, is perhaps the chief practical support of all which Protestants call idolatrous in the Eastern Church. Invocations, as well as image and relic-worship, rely on this as an unassailable basis. Such miracles as that which is said to have happened within the last few years in the island of Tenos, where the Blessed Virgin, by three successive visions, prevailed upon an incredulous peasant to dig up a long-buried icon of the Annunciation, are extensively believed by clergy and laity in the Eastern Church, wherever an enlightenment closely allied to infidelity has not spread. And if this argument is familiar throughout the East, Athos is as it were its home. The sanctity of their peninsula is attributed by the monks to the frequent miracles vouchsafed in it; above all, to the numerous appearances of the Blessed Virgin to its ascetic inhabitants. 'The monks of S. Paul referred with 'great volubility and most simple evident faith to the recorded 'miracles of the Holy Mountain. They seemed at a loss to 'conceive how any one could have heard of a tenth of these 'wonders, and yet continue to doubt that the use which the 'Eastern Church makes of images and relics is well-pleasing 'to God.'

All over Athos, by intelligent monks as well as simple, this same entire faith was evinced,—this same consequent confidence in the rightfulness of their practices. Paisius at Vatopedhi, whom we have already cited as an example of an active and intelligent superior, in speaking of the exclusion of women from Athos, gave as the first reason for it, that 'the Blessed

'Virgin had been pleased to appear here so often to the re-
'ligious, that it was accounted holy, and called the Garden of
'the Mother of God (ἡ παράδεισος τῆς Θεοτόκου).'

The class of miracles with which Athos abounds may be easily illustrated; they are chiefly such as these:—Appearances of the Blessed Virgin or saints or angels to monks, to indicate fountains, sites for monasteries, and the like; miraculous conveyance of icons to the mountain from beyond sea—especially in the times of the Iconoclasts; miracles of icons speaking, shedding blood when struck with a weapon, and the like; deliverances from sicknesses, pestilences, visitations of locusts, &c., by virtue of relics. To these have been lately added the miracles during the Turkish occupation of Athos, when the sacrilegious violence of the infidels is said to have been strangely arrested by many signal judgments upon individuals who dared to injure particular icons, especially those of the Blessed Virgin over the monastery-gates, or to treat roughly other sacred things. Certain it is, that the Turks, whether from policy or otherwise, spared the churches and their ornaments wonderfully, while they pillaged money, lead, bell-metal, &c. Nor is there any idea of miracles being now unusual. 'At the monastery
'of S. Gregory, we asked the monks whether individual mira-
'cles happened now in Athos. Two were immediately cited, of
'which the narrators were eye-witnesses; of a kind, however,
'not closely similar to the older and more famous ones. The
'Hegoumen said that he had been at the scete of S. Anne, when
'after a drought of three, four, or five months, which had
'nearly ruined all the produce of their soil, the fathers all kept
'a vigil with solemn prayer (ἀγρυπνία) in the Church, which
'was immediately followed by abundant rain. An old monk
'too, who was by, told us that he had seen a man in 1846 fall
'from the top of the rock of Simopatra, (a height of more than
'200 feet,) with no further hurt than a slight scratch on his
'forehead and one hand. There was a remarkable appearance
'of simple faith and religious temper about these monks.
'Speaking of the divisions of Christendom, they said that a man
'who knew not what to believe, must surely receive satisfaction
'if he resorted to God for light, with a week of fasting, seclu-
'sion, and prayer.'

We find one or two notices of opinions about the character of the English Church. The monks of S. Paul's, who are almost all now Cephallenians, and consequently British subjects, were asked what they thought about the religion of the English.
'"We fancy that they believe the Gospel," was the reply, "but
'have nothing to say to the Councils or the Fathers." They
'asked whether we had monasteries in England. We replied

'" that we had formerly many, but that one of our kings, three 'centuries ago, had destroyed them all and seized their pro-'perty." They were quick enough to perceive that the en-'durance of such an act by the church, and the fact that no new 'ones had been established since, proved the existence of an 'anti-monastic feeling in England not confined to the breast of 'a single tyrant. And in connexion with this, they observed, 'that the Church of England, since the Reformation, was 'further off from agreement with the orthodox than before.' So at Docheiareion, one of the superiors who 'seemed an intelli-'gent man, and talked more fluently of European politics and 'kingdoms than one would have thought the whole Greek 'press together could have enabled him to do, received with 'unusual coldness and opposition what we advanced in favour of 'the English Church. He insisted that on the essential point 'of difference between East and West (the addition to the 'creed) the English still held with the Latin innovators: and 'that our "Reformation," while it left this point untouched, had 'still more embarrassed our position as regarded the orthodox 'Church, by involving us in a medley of Lutheran and Calvinist 'heresies. This seems, indeed, to be the most natural view for 'a well-informed Greek, and agreed closely with that which we 'had heard from the Professor of Dogmatic Theology at 'Athens; who informed his hearers in one of his lectures, that 'the Anglican Church agreed with the Eastern in preserving 'the authority of the Episcopate, and an ecclesiastical tradition 'of doctrine: but that, besides her adherence to the Western 'interpolation of the creed, she had been carried away (*παρε-'σύρθη*) by the stream of the Reformation in the time of Henry 'VIII., and that, in consequence, the Articles *given her by 'Queen Elizabeth*, contained Lutheran and Calvinist errors.'

Another interesting subject of conversation was that of modern martyrdoms in the East. 'At the monastery of Vato-'pedhi, we were introduced to an ex-bishop of Adrianople, 'named Gregory. He was an old man, but very lively and 'hearty in his manner. A brother of this bishop, named Theo-'dorus, was martyred by the Turks. His story, as we heard it 'from Father Paisius, is as follows: "When a young man he 'followed the trade of a house painter, and was at that time 'thoughtless and careless about religion. His chief business 'was to decorate the interiors of Turkish houses. While thus 'engaged, he was frequently solicited by his employers to turn 'Mahometan: and at length their importunity or their bril-'liant offers prevailed. He apostatised and married the 'daughter of a rich Turk. But soon after he repented, made 'his escape with some difficulty from his new friends, fled to

'Mitylene, and was concealed in the bishop's house there. 'From this bishop he received a course of Christian instruc- 'tion and readmission to the bosom of the Church. Once more 'a full Christian, he went before the Turkish authorities and 'avowed his re-conversion: they rewarded him with tortures 'and death: but his countrymen reckon him among the martyrs, 'and his memory is celebrated, together with that of his 'greater namesake S. Theodore Stratelates, on the first Satur- 'day in Lent."' For two similar histories we are indebted to M. Mouravieff. 'A monk,' he says, 'in the monastery of 'Sphigmenu, with whom I was conversing in the Hegoumen's 'apartments, thus addressed me. "This tower, in which we 'are now sitting, is noticeable for having been the dwelling of 'the recent martyr Agathangelus, whose relics you have already 'saluted in the Church." I was curious to learn who this 'recent martyr was, and the more so as when I was at Vato- 'pedhi, the ex-metropolitan of Adrianople, Gregory, who lived 'there in retirement, a truly venerable old man, had related to 'me the life of his own brother Theodore, who suffered for the 'name of Christ at Smyrna, at the end of the last century. He 'has been added by the Patriarchal Church to the list of the 'Saints, and his relics are preserved entire in the Isle of Mity- 'lene. "The last years before the breaking out of the Greek 'Insurrection," he said, "produced many martyrs, who spared 'not their blood to wash out the stain of an involuntary 'apostasy from the faith of Christ; and it was the Lord's will 'that I—unworthy as I was of such a grace—should have to act 'as spiritual father to two of them, named Timothy and Agath- 'angelus, whose memory we now celebrate here by permission 'of the Great Church. I was charged by our Hegoumen 'Euthymius, with the spiritual direction of Agathangelus, then 'a youth aged nineteen, when he first fled to our convent to do 'penance here, for the apostasy to which he had been compelled 'in his childhood. He imposed on himself the severest mor- 'tifications, took the greater Angelic habit (which denotes 'constant seclusion and preparation for death), and continued 'unintermittingly in fasting and prayer: but nothing could 'quiet his conscience, and he even had repeated visions which 'called him to martyrdom. At last he announced to the 'Hegoumen that it was his fixed determination to go to Smyrna, 'and confess Christ aloud at the same place where he had 'denied Him. They sent me with him, that I might be at hand 'to strengthen him with the last viaticum; and in fact the 'young man courageously confessed the Lord Jesus before the 'whole Divan of the Pasha. Casting off his Turkish costume, 'he trod his turban under foot, and cried aloud, that by the

'power of the cross all the enemies of Christ shall be destroyed. 'In vain the confounded and enraged Imams strove alternately, 'by cajoleries and by threats, to move him to relapse to their 'profession. The martyr, after being cast into prison, continued 'to reply to his last moment, "I am a Christian," and, finally, 'he was decapitated in presence of the whole city. The 'Christians, and even some of the Turks, dipped their hand-'kerchiefs in his blood, as used to be done in the time of the 'first martyrs, and his holy relics were secretly conveyed away 'to Scio. The other of the two martyrs, Timothy, was by 'origin from Thrace, and was a married man. A Mahometan 'seduced his wife, who deserted not only her husband but her 'religion. Notwithstanding this, Timothy still loved his wife, 'and, for her sake, became himself an apostate. Having learned 'by some means that she was miserable with her seducer, he set 'his mind to get her back again. But there was no other pos-'sible way for him to obtain her liberation unless by becoming 'himself a Mahometan. Timothy did not spare his own soul to 'save the soul of his wife. He professed Mahometanism, and then 'redemanding her, obliged the Turk to give her up. Hereupon 'they both fled across without loss of time to Anatolia, and there, 'by mutual consent, took upon them the monastic state, to do 'penance for their sin. Timothy settled himself on Mount Athos, 'and passed seven years in the Lavra of S. Athanasius in the 'performance of the greatest austerities. But on hearing of the 'martyrdom of Agathangelus, he went to the monastery of 'Sphigmenu, and announced himself to the Hegoumen Euthy-'mius as having determined to follow the example of that 'young man, who had suffered in expiation of a forced apostasy, 'whereas he had himself voluntarily, although feignedly, denied 'Christ. The Hegoumen, seeing him fixed and resolute, sent 'him to me into Roumelia, where I then was, having been ap-'pointed preacher there by the Great Church. So we went 'together to Adrianople, and there Timothy confessed Christ 'before the Pasha. His confession brought upon him cruel 'tortures and imprisonment, but nothing could move him. 'Several clerks were in prison together with him, but Timothy 'was the only one that suffered. The whole night preceding 'his martyrdom we spent with him in unceasing prayers. In 'the morning, after having received the Communion of the Holy 'Mysteries, and once more confessed the Lord Jesus, he had 'his head cut off with a sword. I myself wrote the lives and 'services for the commemoration of both these martyrs, Agath-'angelus and Timothy, whose memories we keep on the 19th of 'April and the 29th of October. The Convent of Sphigmenu 'has added them to the list of its founders and patrons, together

'with S. Gregory Palamas, of Thessalonica, and the Emperor 'Theodosius the Younger, and his sister Pulcheria.''

But it is time for us to conclude our extracts. It has been our object in these pages to exhibit Mount Athos, neither as an idealist might wish to view it, nor as an humourist might be apt to caricature it; but in its own mixed character of beauty and grotesqueness, ignorance and religion. Much that is laughable on paper fails to provoke a smile when it is acted in simplicity and seriousness before our eyes. Nor do we believe that any traveller of ordinary intelligence would return from the mountain with a ludicrous impression predominant in his mind. The picturesque tourist will reap no small pleasure from wandering among its woods and glens, and peeping into the quaint and quaintly-peopled buildings with which they are spotted. The antiquarian will revel in a perfect cabinet of Byzantine monuments, charters, and imperial seals, illuminated manuscripts, elaborate reliquaries, paintings, forms of architecture, and the like, which he might search the world in vain to parallel. To the ecclesiastical student belong the incongruities, but to him also belongs the greatest share of interest. He will find the religion of the middle ages still living and breathing in the nineteenth century—with its many miracles, its simple credulity, its cumbrous ceremonial, its dense ignorance. He will see the long services of the Eastern church fully and reverently performed by congregations in which many cannot perfectly understand them. He will see a severe rule followed by all; a severer one attempted by some, and admired by those whose aim is below it. He will see peasants where he looked for monks, and then discover those to be monks whom he had judged to be peasants. He will find no theologians, yet all orthodox: zeal and readiness to defend the faith without weapons of learning: and at last, in spite of all apparent decline, and laxity, and ignorance, and superstition, he will recognise in the monastic peninsula the very heart and kernel of the Eastern Church.

ART. III.—1. *Poems. By* ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall. 1849.

2. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day: a Poem. By* ROBERT BROWNING. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

3. *Poems. By* MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1850.

4. *Festus: a Poem. By* PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Third Edition, with Additions. London: Pickering. 1848.

5. *The Angel World. By* PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. London: Pickering. 1850.

6. *Reverberations.* In Two Parts. London: John Chapman. 1849.

7. *The Burden of the Bell: and other Lyrics. By* T. WESTWOOD. London: Edward Lumley. 1850.

8. *Poems. By* CURRER, ELLIS *and* ACTON BELL. London: Smith & Elder. 1846.

IT is not easy to determine how far originality is a legitimate aim in composition. For a man to sit down to say over again, and in the same manner as has been used a thousand times, certain facts or views, is a manifest absurdity. Each bard, the humblest that ever strung verses together, must be buoyed up by the fancy that there is some novelty, some sort of freshness, something of the morning dew about his efforts. However utter his failure, however trite and familiar are his thoughts, images, versification; however our ears may recognise the same sing-song, our memories echo the same reflections, images, descriptions, our understanding trace the origin of every thought, not to its alleged source, but from son to father, through the whole genealogy of poets, the writer has at least laboured under the impression that some grace, some subtle distinction stamps upon his effusions the image of his individual mind, and separates his work from all that has gone before. But this feeling, which is inseparable from the impulse which leads men to write at all, is very different from the conscious desire of saying things because they are new. Whatever has been intensely, deeply felt within the heart, in process of time, as the mind has leisure and calmness to contemplate and meditate upon what has so stirred it, —to see its bearings, to reckon up its consequences,—excites a longing for utterance and expression. It is part of the constitution of our being to be relieved, benefited, strengthened by the setting in order and communicating our thoughts; it is an instinct with some minds,—from a vivid realization of their

own impressions and emotions, from a consciousness of power, from an experience that they can influence, charm, do good to their fellow-men,—to seek their sympathy, to compel them to feel what they feel, to see what they see, to know what they know. But here it is the intensity of their feelings or convictions which impels them, a sense of their reality, importance or sacred value, not any deliberate speculations on their novelty; indeed they are actuated by a contrary intention, not to tell what is new, but their experience, which to them is old. Every one who studies his own nature, who comprehends himself, and in that process necessarily compares his mind with other minds, knows that there are differences innumerable between himself and all others. This impression need not be conscious, but it will yet actuate him to express fearlessly his own conceptions and sensations, untroubled by the apprehension that others have felt or thought the same. We cannot realize that we have a soul without being also aware that it stands alone, distinct and different from all that has gone before, or will follow after. It is quite another matter, of course, whether a writer has power to express this difference; but with that we have at present no concern. The consciousness of it is enough to set the mind at ease.

But it is one thing to trust in this separateness of our natures, and another to aim at producing evidences of it. The poet's true object should rather be to excite sympathy in spite of it, to strike upon those chords which prove the whole world kin; and to do this he must either choose topics which concern men alike—men as men—the hopes and fears we are born with, the sorrows, the affections that come to us with the air we breathe; or, if his genius leads to strange or high things, he must connect them with what is familiar by clear, tangible, unmistakeable links of association; so that by the things seen we may apprehend what is not seen; which certainly needs at least an equal degree of experience of life and thought, with more common and simpler themes. There must have been a slow maturing process somewhere, at some time, to produce any new or valuable thought, and therefore, men's most original conceptions are not those which at once strike themselves as such. They get familiar with them by degrees. What a correct critical judgment owns as such is struck out by the imagination working upon thought, reflection, memory, habits of comparison, and a world of silent hidden powers, on which it acts as the light, bringing forth into order what these seething elements have long been secretly preparing; and ten to one, when a man dashes off what he denominates to himself, with conscious complacency, an original idea, which he believes has never occurred even to himself before, it is a sham, a delusion, a clap-trap,

some notion which he has borrowed and travestied from his next neighbour, and which either youth or the perpetual immaturity of an unreflecting nature suffers him to be dazzled with: and if he possesses a showy style, or has the confidence to shade what he indistinctly apprehends himself, in language still more dim and oracular, the world for a time will be dazzled too.

It cannot be doubted by any one versed at all in the poetry of the day, that there is in its writers much of that deliberate aim at originality which we deprecate. It is, we may say, the *fashion* to be original—the fashion to strike out new lines of thought—to say things the like of which have never been said before; a fashion, we venture to say, quite as easily adopted and needing as small a stock of gifts, in spite of all its pretension, as any other costume which has preceded it. In one age it is the fashion to be metaphysical; in another, amatory; in another, pastoral: at one time every poet is compelled to look back into the past, in another to worship the present; sometimes all men are real, at another all are ideal. Sometimes the muse is cased in armour; sometimes prim in powder and pomatum. Now, her hands and feet are embarrassed by her crook and her sheep; then again, she is over the hills with hound and horn: at one time she is muffled up to the throat, at another we are glad of a rag to cover her. Now, *nous avons changé tout celà*. Now, every poet aims at dressing her to his individual taste, thinks for himself, and looks at things from a new point of view, explores new fields, and plunges into the empyrean vast. But lo! at the same precise moment, it turns out that every one else is guided by the same desires, is influenced by the same lofty ambition, and the muse has still no *change* of raiment, but even on common days must wear her mystic veil and star-bespangled mantle, forced into ceaseless speculation and unvarying doubt. We are naturally impressed by the profundity of such an age of thinkers, till the very universality of the gift raises doubts of its genuineness; and, shaking off the awed bewilderment which at first enthralled us, we call common sense to our aid, and look about us, and after a process of slow disenchantment come in time to the conviction, that many a poet who now sets us upon doubting our own existence, or,—emulating the Titans,—would fain scale heaven, a hundred years ago would very contentedly have indited sonnets to Delia through his whole poetical career, nor dreamt that he had missed his vocation. We do not deny that, the present being in truth an intellectual age, his verses are better now than they would have been with only Delia for his inspiration. The age does so much for those who live in it that they all more or less share its characteristics. We are all probably cleverer than we should have been a hundred years ago; we probably use our minds

more, and on more important things. It does so much for us all. And this influence of our age is no doubt a talent committed to us. But it cannot make really precious things common—it can work no miracles—it cannot make the shallow waters deep, nor change lead or brass into gold. Great qualities will still be rare ones in all ages. And on the other side of the picture, and to counterbalance the advantages to us all, we have acknowledged—most thankfully acknowledged—as derived from an age of intellectual activity, there is one temptation peculiar to it, and to which, as belonging to it, we all are liable, in the form of an idolatry as degrading, as slavish as any past one which men have learnt to loathe,—perhaps, as touching our noblest part, more deeply debasing—the worship, we mean, of intellectual power; the submission of the individual mind to it as to a divinity above itself, which sometimes in men's writings does not scruple to express itself in a deliberate preference of the idol to God himself, and without this hyperbole of impiety is yet evident as a prevailing principle of the day wherever we turn, and especially through the whole range of literature. Authors, indeed, and poets, have a sort of interest in fostering this delusion, and persuading men to worship greatness wherever they see it: for, believing themselves to belong to the privileged class,—the men of progress, the model men, the regenerators of their species,—they may hope by nourishing the spirit of servile adulation to come in for their share of it in time, and thus exalting genius in general terms are all the while organizing a band of devotees for their own future service. This is a fact too generally granted perhaps to need illustration; but as a proof that we cannot exaggerate in our statement, we will present our readers with a passage from Paracelsus, by the author at the head of our list, Mr. Browning. Aureole Paracelsus, 'the master-mind,' the 'thinker,' the 'explorer,' the 'creator,' after a very discreditable career, is dying in an hospital, his respectable religious friend, Festus, is watching the ravings of delirium by his pillow, and thus addresses the object of his unshaken (unshaken by everything that ought to have shaken it) allegiance:—

Fes. 'Behold thy might in me! thou hast infused
Thy soul in mine; and I am grand as thou,
Seeing I comprehend thee—I so simple,
Thou so august! I recognise thee first;
I saw thee rise, I watch'd thee early and late,
And though no glance reveal thou dost accept
My homage—thus no less I proffer it,
And bid thee enter gloriously thy rest!
Par. Festus!
Fes. I am from noble Aureole, God!
I am upon his side, come weal or woe!
His portion shall be mine! he has done well!
I would have sinn'd had I been strong enough,

As he has sinn'd! Reward him or I waive
Reward! If thou canst find no place for him,
He shall be king elsewhere, and I will be
His slave for ever! There are two of us.'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 134.

But in order to win this homage, in order to reach the idol's envied seat, it is needful to follow the requirements of the times, to be an 'explorer, a creator,' and how is this to be brought about? Of necessity it must be by some means of which the author is himself vividly conscious, or he will not be sustained by his own enthusiasm. The first and indispensable step is to dismiss judgment from her place,—that obstinate, questioning, critical, restraining power, which checks so many high flights in us all; and thus freed, he must force himself—and it will not be difficult—into an unbounded self-reliance—an indiscriminate confidence in every suggestion of the fancy. 'Believe,' says Mr. Bailey, the ingenuous author of Festus, 'believe yourself inspired, and you are.' A great step is here gained: the history of all sects shows what apparently marvellous effects are produced by this one persuasion; and under such encouragement and the reins thus entirely abandoned, those must be very dull brains indeed that will not produce something uncommon—something that we shall all stare at; nor is it of dull brains that we would be understood to speak. It is not, perhaps, a very safe speculation, yet all our readers must be aware that there are a great many subjects which they leave unexplored, because having no guide through them, it would be wrong to speculate upon them. But, if suddenly released from this salutary restraint, and at the same time excited by the stimulants of vanity and ambition, any one ventured on such a course, he might elicit from his own unassisted thoughts something new, strange, startling, which he would himself be afraid to look upon, and which, therefore, might not unlikely excite in other minds of an indiscriminating character, sensations of fear or awe or curiosity, which would reflect upon the originator of them a character of daring invention. For instance, if he should choose, availing himself of the few glimpses inspiration furnishes us with, to compose scenes in heaven—to dramatise incidents, to make angels and the Creator of angels speak in his language, and express his own thoughts; so long as he had any power over numbers, any knack at sounding blank verse, to cover the too manifest impiety, we are much mistaken if he would not find many readers to think it fine, and to congratulate themselves on having experienced some new, agreeable sensations. What was the fruit in the writer of simple irreverence, would not improbably seem to them the noble flight of a genius not to be judged by common rules.

A choice, then, of an unusual subject, one which for any

cause has been hitherto avoided, is one road to this desired object. Another is a new mode of treating old ones. There is a certain code of morals, for example, which through all ages has been received and acknowledged. Vices, breaches of this code, of various kinds, have, it is true, been always invested by immoral authors with interest, they have sought to make men sympathise with error, but all the while admitting it to be error. The new mode of treating the question is, to justify and defend it; to maintain that sin is either a necessity of our nature, or a chosen selected road to good, and to encourage men by these arguments to the practice of it; and thus the part of the modern master-mind is not to throw an illusive, attractive halo round the sinner, but with unscrupling fidelity to depict him as he is, and to defend the sin. Such is the *tendency* of modern modes of thought, in those who think themselves enlightened; not often to be seen developed, though we think fully brought out in one poem in our list. Profaneness in the familiar treatment of sacred names and things, a quality which may be said indeed to be a main ingredient in the preceding modes, is also, in its own unaided nature itself, another distinct means; not indeed an invention of modern times, for it has before been successfully used to produce the same result; but systematized in this, and often enhanced by a kind of religious gloss. The defence of sin may be done in language scarcely to shock our ears, but the profaneness we speak of makes its chief assault on our senses, and aims to surprise them by unexpected combinations. Scripture names and characters familiar to us only through one set of associations, are brought forcibly before us in another, and made to speak in wholly new language. We entertain ideas, strict, formal, conventional, it may be, of certain awful or sacred characters; we feel that it would be unsafe, with our limited knowledge, tainted imaginations, worldly aims, to intrude in unwarranted speculation on their uninspired life and common existence, it would indeed be fatal to reverence for such to become a habit of mind; and therefore here is another unfrequented field for the experiments of the searchers after novelty of effect. Sentiments which would hardly keep our attention for a moment, when spoken in the writer's own name, arrest it when put into the mouth of some saint of the old dispensation, and all the more effectually the more they are out of character; and one trained in a stern exclusive code is made to utter the thoughts and desires of modern liberalism. Out of character, we say, but there is a contrary view at which the admirers of this style arrive, who consider these startling juxtapositions of the ancient with the modern in the same person as proving a profound insight into human nature, looking through the husk of manners, habits of thought, associa-

tions, deep down into the heart itself. There was an example to the purpose in one of the earlier numbers of Mr. Dickens's 'Household Words,' where, in a little dramatic scene, the patriarch Abraham, whose especial call it was to leave a land of idolators, and to separate himself from worldly associations, is made to acknowledge his error in refusing the right hand of familiar fellowship to a fire-worshipper, and not allowing him to be exactly on a par with himself in God's favour and approbation.

One other means we must mention out of many which might be particularized, and then pass on from this part of our subject. It used to be a part of the common law of literature, that before a man presented his thoughts to the world, before he committed himself to type and all the formalities of publication, he should at least know himself what he wished to say,—he should have some distinct definite idea on the subject he undertook to treat of. Nothing can be further from the thought of modern regenerators. They understand better the principles of intellectual *chiaro scuro,* and are aware of the value of mists, hazes and distances in giving mystery to the familiar, and importance to the trivial. Whatever is clearly seen, defined against the broad light of common sunshine, is known for what it is, and gains no adventitious value or importance; therefore it must have an intrinsic value to stand inspection. A contrary method entails as it were a double advantage to the author, for by raising a mist of indistinctness around his crude conceptions, he is both spared the trouble of facing them and ascertaining their real value; and by presenting them in a cloud to his readers he secures their being received by a certain portion of them for something infinitely grander and more important than they really are. The blinded reader, finding a difficulty to unravel, concludes it is caused by the inherent depth of the thought, and worships with the more fervour the mystery of the oracle.

But it is time to turn from general reflections, necessarily bounded and imperfect, to the individual examples at the head of our article, which have so far themselves suggested them, as they appear in different ways specimens of current modes of thought and of subservience to the age, though very distinct in character, and deserving of widely different treatment from the critic's hand. A poet may be tinctured by his own day, yet will retain, so far as he has inherent force or genius, his individuality unimpaired. One bond necessarily connects the works at the head of our list in our first mention of them, however separate in their own aim and nature, and that not a common one in the relation of books to each other, and productive no doubt of endless confusion to booksellers and publishers. Almost at the same time husband and wife, the poet and the poetess, issue each

two thick, close-printed green volumes, identical in their aspect, and bearing the same name; 'Mr. Browning's Poems, in two vols.,' a new edition; 'Mrs. Browning's Poems, in two vols.,' a new edition. There is a harmony, a domestic agreement in this arrangement so pleasing, suggestive of such happy thoughts, of a household conducted on such melodious principles as quite to atone for the confusion our minds suffer, and the mistakes which pursue us in taking up the volumes. Fortunately the similarity is confined to name and outsides, and when we open the page something generally shows at once the sex of the speaker; some tender new coinage of the fanciful poetess, who never can find dictionary words enough to suit the capricious exigencies of her verse, betrays the Miss Elizabeth Barrett of our earlier acquaintance, while on the other side too often some rough indecorous rhyme and unscrupulous word declares the movements of a manly pen. Some such distinction must needs have been to produce those differences absolutely necessary in the conjugal relation. If Mr. Browning had been in the habit of writing of 'Dream-breath and blè,' or of a

> 'Ruffling of green branches
> Shaded off to resonances,'

or if Miss Barrett had made 'Gallio' rhyme with 'tallyho,' or 'vestiment' with 'testament,' we venture to pronounce in our utter ignorance of the real state of things, or of the authors, except as known to us in their works, that it could never have been a match.

Mr. Browning possesses one distinction, of which his friends make a boast, as placing him in the rank of original writers: he is with the commonalty of readers unpopular, by many is regarded as simply unreadable. He has excited much notice in the reading world, he is said to be in high favour in American literary circles—but the multitude as yet turn from him and refuse to listen. He has his devotees, however, and he is evidently proud of them, and likes very well to be a leader; on the other hand talking cavalierly, as men will, of the people who criticise his verses, loftily admitting the truth of their small carpings, but implying that they are incapable of entering into his keener train of thought, and new mode of expressing it, who will be hindered by such slight impediments. The general reader complains of a want of beauty; there is nothing pleasing, no fair scenes, no illusions, no music, no harmony of thought or diction, and is revolted besides, by far more grave and serious faults. His enlightened admirers, on the other hand, hail him as a teacher who comes with a mission, with real things to say, which he can say but in one way, a way which we must tolerate till we learn to love it: offering their

own rule as our example in the needful submission of our private judgment; which seems to be, in every case where the mind is shocked on a first perusal, to read the passage again and again, till it learns to like it. Paracelsus, Sordello, Pippa Passes, his latest work, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day,' are to be regarded as a poet's 'revelations.' Nature has made him what he is, and he acts on her dictates; he cannot be expected to adopt received modes; he has a higher task, they say, than to create beauty; force, action, life, are his elements, his genius is purely dramatic; it is forced to express itself in this didactic, harsh, severe form; and a host of other arguments, which are good or bad, according to the merits of their subject. His longer poems are most of them, it is true, cast in the dramatic mould, but, as we hope to prove when we reach that part of our subject, this is a wholly different thing from having genuine dramatic genius. We believe that his power lies generally in his shorter pieces and less ambitious efforts, which implies of course our want of faith in his 'mission;' yet siding as we do with the multitude in their general judgment, we must yet admit that there is real *force* in his poems. We feel this both at the time of reading them, and, what is even a better test, because they stand forth distinctly in the memory out of the midst of many other volumes of poetry read at the same time. They assert their superiority over verse of a more poetical character by this power. What Mr. Browning wishes to say is frequently not worth saying, and very often would be better unsaid; it is heathenish or coarse, or asserting the supremacy of our lower instincts and passions, or gloating over our nature's savage propensities, and often (though we believe not with a full realization) profane: also the verse is generally extremely unmusical, and seldom conveys the peculiar pleasure it is the duty of numbers to convey —though once or twice we have passages of melody, which show what he might have attained to had he cultivated instead of wilfully vitiated his taste—but he has the power of imprinting what he desires to say on the mind. We exclude from these remarks altogether the Dramas, in which he cannot make us realize the scenes he dwells upon. But in his Lyrics, and his Dramatic Poems, if either can be properly so denominated, he can produce a forcible impression. Many of the minor pieces in his collective poems might be adduced as examples, and several descriptive passages from his latest work, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day.' The first judgment of most minds, on glancing over this avowedly religious poem, would be, that it was written in intentional irreverence and impiety. The choice of the metre, the grotesqueness of the rhymes, often suggesting to the reader that he has stumbled on some forgotten page of Hudibras; the tone of

rough humour contrasted with the sacredness of the subject, and of the Vision which guides the poet in his search for truth, would justify the opinion; but though all this is in its nature profane and irreverent, we fully exonerate the writer from any intention of the sort. We even believe after its perusal, as opposed to the impression left by many of his works, that he considers religion a real and important thing, that he would willingly strengthen his faith, that the work was written with this aim. But it betrays the workings of a coarse, rude, though powerful mind, incapable of spiritual elevation, and despising flights because it cannot attain to them. In all systems it seeks the visible, the gross, the earthy; without this element religion seems to possess to him no body. But before proceeding to his religious views, or to the choice which terminated his doubting bewildered search, we will give some specimens of his secular manner. The following passage from Paracelsus gives his views of social regeneration. Paracelsus, we must explain to such as are unacquainted with the poem, is the mind's life of one of this earth's noblest spirits. As an historical character he does not come out very well, having in his intense burning desire for knowledge taken to forbidden arts, and at length, to win popular favour, condescended to the most base and humiliating means for obtaining money and distinction. One of his names, Bombastus, has become a byword, from the form of eloquence he chose to adopt in his charlatan career. Such as he was, however, he is asserted to have been the father of modern chemistry, and therefore a master spirit, and deserving of all the fine names which Festus, according to the passage already quoted, heaped upon him. It is thus that towards the close of his career he prophesies of progress. What this progress means, what it especially means from the lips of those who admit the inevitable starting point of each soul of the human family to be an utterly fallen nature, we do not pretend to say; but probably our present author had no theological difficulties to interfere with the free expansion of the grand theory. We give it at length, to put our readers in possession of the views on this subject of a growing school of opinion:—

> 'And this to fill us with regard for man,
> With apprehension of his passing worth,
> Desire to work his proper nature out,
> And ascertain his rank and final place;
> For these things tend still upward—progress is
> The law of life—man's self is not yet Man!
> Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
> Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
> While only here and there a star dispels
> The darkness, here and there a towering mind
> O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
> Is out at once, to the despair of night,

When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy!
For wherefore make account of feverish starts
Of restless members of a dormant whole;
Impatient nerves which quiver, while the body
Slumbers as in a grave? O, long ago
The brow was twitched, the tremulous lids astir,
The peaceful mouth disturb'd; half-utter'd speech
Ruffled the lip, and then the teeth were set,
The breath drawn sharp, the strong right hand clench'd stronger,
As it would pluck a lion by the jaw;
The glorious creature laugh'd out e'en in sleep!
But when full roused, each giant-limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up, and stand on his own earth,
And so begin his long triumphant march,
And date his being thence,—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him!
When all the race is perfected alike
As Man, that is: all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far;
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before,
In that eternal circle run by life:
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs; and outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before th' unmeasured thirst for good; while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 147.

This high-flown rant must be considered as the sentiments of our author. The impatience at the 'narrow creeds of right and wrong' that exists now is perhaps not unnatural to minds who are for such wholesale methods of restoration. The quiet axiom, 'Let each one mend himself,' and the like, falls coldly on ears which listen to promises of men being reformed altogether by a universal abstract 'thirst for good.' But we need not moralize to our readers at length on such visions, nor on the small connexion such aspirations have with any practical self-improvement. The following, in a different style, are we think very spirited lines, and express with keen truth feelings common to all who have loved and lost their idol. Many a one may sympathise with a line here and there, who has not been forsaken and betrayed for the love of gold or distinction, who takes no part in the general tone, in the implied feelings outraged, nor in the threat of ceaseless uncompromising war, but only because he too has loved and known the bitterness of desertion. Whenever there is real feeling and pathos in the heart, these emotions

will force themselves into harmonious eloquent expression; we do not meet with many verses in Mr. Brown ing's volumes that read off so flowingly:—

'THE LOST LEADER.

'Just for a handful of silver he left us,
  Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
  Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
  So much was theirs who so little allow'd:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
  Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, follow'd him, honour'd him,
  Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
  Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
  Burns, Shelley were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
  He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

'We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
  Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
  Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
  One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
  One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
  There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
  Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
  Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
  Pardon'd in Heaven, the first by the throne!'

Browning's Poems, vol. ii. p. 350.

'Count Gismond' is another example of nervous, forcible expression. The heroine of the story tells the history of the terrible day in which first she knew her husband, and was saved by him from ignominy. There is much truth and power in the abruptness, hurry, and simplicity of the narrative, and the absence of mere poetical decoration, all contrasting favourably with the deliberation of the action in Mr. Browning's Dramas:—

'COUNT GISMOND.

'Christ God, who savest men, save most
  Of men, Count Gismond who saved me!
Count Gualtier, when he chose his post,
  Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honour, 'twas with all his strength.

AIX IN PROVENCE.

'And doubtlessly ere he could draw
  All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
  Few half so happy as I seem'd,
While being dress'd in Queen's array
To give our Tourney prize away.

'I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes, or fair or foul our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousin's hearts, they should have dropp'd
A word, and straight the play had stopp'd.

'They too, so beauteous! each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crown'd I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dress'd,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head!

'But no: they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle stairs.—

* * * *

'And they could let me take my state
And foolish throne, amid applause
Of all come there to celebrate
My Queen's day—Oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

'Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crown, but . . . . there,—
'twill last
No long time . . . . the old mist again
Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

'See, Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I can proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly (to my face indeed)
But Gualtier, and he thunder'd "Stay!"
And all stay'd. "Bring no crowns, I say!"'

Gualtier then makes his false and infamous charge:—

'I? What answer'd I? As I live
I never fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body, when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

'Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?'

The knight gives the lie to Gualtier both by word and blow, and she already feels herself cleared. In the following stanzas the exclusive rest and trust of her thoughts in her champion, is of a piece with all the author's notions of true affection:—

'This glads me most, that I enjoy'd
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloy'd
By any doubt of the event:
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

'Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pull'd his ringing gauntlets on.

'And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finish'd, prone lay the false Knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

'Which done, he dragg'd him to my feet
And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death!
Say hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
To God and her," he said, and died.

'Then Gismond kneeling to me, ask'd
—What safe my heart holds, though no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers for ever, to a third
Dear e'en as you are. Pass the rest,
Until I sank upon his breast.'

* * * *

Much of Mr. Browning's force of expression unquestionably lies in the development of sentiments and passions which form no fit subject for poetry,—low desires, fiendish revenge, sordid hate. There is a singular scene entitled 'The Bishop orders his Tomb in St. Praxad's Church,' which excels in this vein. The poet has thrown his mind into the subject, and delights in pourtraying in the person of a dying Churchman that absolute subjugation of the soul to the body, which a life of selfishness and sin may reduce men to. Another styled 'Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister,' and beginning

'G R—R—R—there go, my heart's abhorrence,'

is of the same character, where impotent hatred is expressed in a strain of apostrophes, interjections, curses, animal hisses and groans, perfectly adapted to convey the desired impression. We are brought into direct close contact, through the power of the poet's imagination, with something infinitely low and base. Again, wherever his delineation of love has any force, it is as a lowering and degrading passion, a thing of sight and sense only, and never considered full and complete till it has renounced for its idol's sake all higher hopes and desires; as in 'Time's Revenges,' where a poet and author, after describing his faithful friend, thus rhapsodizes:—

'And I've a lady. * *
* * * * * * *
I tell you I stride up and down
This garret, crown'd with love's best crown,
And feasted with love's perfect feast,
To think I kill for her, at least,
Body and soul and peace and fame,
Alike youth's end and manhood's aim,
—So is my spirit, as flesh with sin,
Fill'd full, eaten out and in,
With the face of her, the eyes of her,
The lips and little chin, the stir
Of shadows round her mouth.'—Vol. ii. p. 408.

His women are forward, and often immodest; qualities, however, which very little affect their admirers, who are enchained solely by personal charms: 'great eyes,' 'smooth white faces,' 'coiled hair.' Nothing can be less intelligent than their love; no reserves are kept up, and the ladies generally make the first advances. Most of those depicted, show something which would disqualify them for the society of their own sex. These faults are all so common with a certain class of writers as to have needed no notice here, but for the stand Mr. Browning takes as one of the lights of the age; in his way a teacher, a guide to a higher state of things. The following extract is in illustration of the propensity of modern writers to invest sacred characters with their own fancies. For no reason that can be gathered from any appropriateness in the poem, any

catching of the ancient spirit in thought or language, he has chosen to embody his own notions of the animal joys of existence in the person of David. Never was presumption less rewarded. How dull must the ears have been which could listen to the sweet Psalmist of Israel, and parody his strains in such words as these. Abner summons David to charm the evil spirit under which Saul was subject. The opening lines give the description of the darkened tent, and the attitude of the possessed monarch :—

> 'And I paused, held my breath in such silence!
> And listen'd apart;
> And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shudder'd,
> And sparkles 'gan dart
> From the jewels that woke in his turban
> —At once with a start
> All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
> Courageous at heart;
> So the head—but the body still moved not,
> Still hung there erect.
> And I bent once again to my playing,
> Pursued it uncheck'd,
> As I sang, "Oh, our manhood's prime vigour,
> —No spirit feels waste,
> No muscle is stopp'd in its playing,
> No sinew unbraced;—
> And the wild joys of living! the leaping
> From rock up to rock—
> The rending their boughs from the palm-trees,—
> The cool silver shock
> Of a plunge in the pool's living water—
> The haunt of the bear,
> And the sultriness showing the lion
> Is couch'd in his lair:
> And the meal—the rich dates—yellow'd over
> With gold-dust divine,
> And the locust's-flesh steep'd in the pitcher,
> The full draught of wine,
> And the sleep in the dried river channel,
> Where tall rushes tell
> The water was wont to go warbling
> So softly and well,—
> How good is man's life here, mere living!
> How fit to employ
> The heart, and the soul, and the senses,
> For ever in joy!" '—*Browning*, vol. ii. p. 405.

Though 'Pippa Passes' is styled a drama, it is so much more really a poem with some dramatic scenes, that we will mention it here. The idea is a good one. Pippa, a poor Italian girl, rises in the morning, resolved to enjoy to the uttermost her one holiday throughout the year, and falls to musing over the great and rich of her town, 'Asolo's four happiest ones,' who through accident have attracted common attention. They all have the

whole year to enjoy themselves in; in their abundance they could well allow some drawbacks to the perfection of that single day which is her all. The story is composed of four different scenes, in which these personages are engaged during that day, in each of which, as Pippa passes down the street, singing in careless unconscious happiness, some words of her song strike on their ears in some critical juncture, and wholly change their plans and purposes. The guilty lover is smitten with remorse; the poor tricked student who has been cheated by his companions in a revengeful frolic into a degrading marriage, recovers from his despair, and resolves to make the best of his poor bride; the young Italian patriot rushes off under her inspiration to act the regicide's part; the crafty unscrupulous churchman is terrified out of schemes of infamous aggrandisement. There is power and beauty in many passages, characterised and disfigured by the faults we have noticed; but one great defect lies in the total inadequacy of Pippa's songs to produce the alleged effect. It requires a repeated perusal to make any sense at all out of them; how they could have struck on any one's ear or conscience is past conjecture. Nothing short of a miracle could have educed such effects from such causes. We give the following scene as an example. The villanous intendant is in conference with the avaricious priest, and is proposing to betray poor Pippa, who is it seems the true heiress of the wealth the churchman is seeking to obtain, and to carry her off the scene. Monsignore is on the highway to assent, when the voice of the unknown girl awakes his conscience.

'*Intendant.* 'Tis as well settled once and for ever: some women I have procured will pass Bluphocks, my handsome scoundrel, off for somebody; and once Pippa entangled!—you conceive? Through her singing? Is it a bargain?'

(*From without is heard the voice of Pippa singing:*)

'Overhead the tree-tops meet—
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet—
There was nought above me, and nought below,
My childhood had not learnt to know!
For, what are the voices of birds,
—Ay, and of beasts,—but words—our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun!
But I had so near made out the sun!
And counted your stars the Seven, One,
Like the fingers of my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me!'

'*Monsignore* (*springing up*). My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* Quick, I say!'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 266.

Besides Paracelsus, and Pippa Passes, both in the dramatic form, these two volumes contain six regular plays, five of which are tragedies, and these embrace more than half Mr. Browning's poetical works. It is clear, therefore, that he feels his genius to lie especially in the drama; that he believes it to be the best and aptest means for the expression of his powers. If, pursuing this persuasion to its probable conclusion, he goes on to think that he writes good dramas, that he has the gifts needed by a dramatic poet, we do not think he could have made a greater mistake. We would adduce these six plays as examples of failure. What merits they possess are not dramatic merits: in dramatic requirements they are essentially wanting, and therefore these plays are failures beyond their real deserts. When a composition is in a dramatic form, our taste has certain requirements which *must* be satisfied, which no substitute will atone for the want of. Every composition suffers if it is not what it pretends to be: no borrowed graces make up for the absence of qualities inherent in the thing aimed at; a sermon should be a sermon, a novel a novel, a poem should be a poem, a play a play. The drama, active, stirring, and full of change and incident, the very reflection of man in his moments of greatest excitement and elevation, is perhaps of all compositions the grandest and most exciting; but if we have only its husk and outer form, some of its external qualities and not the heart of it, it changes its nature into something more wearisome, unprofitable, trite and unattractive than any vehicle for thought and invention men have ever hit upon. If its form has been adopted to supply certain intellectual deficiencies in a writer rather than to express his fulness and play of invention, the result is something irksome beyond ordinary dulness. The dramatic talent, it need not be said, does not consist in bringing out a given event in conversation; this is often the resource of want of power. Simple narrative is commonly the best mode of telling things, but it is not everybody's gift. We have no doubt it is easier to many people to put a story in the form of dialogue, than to relate it in their own person. Narrative implies a *style;* again, narrative must be terse, connected, to the point. In dialogue, on the contrary, there is no need of style; it is enough to be natural, and it is, we all know, only too natural to be diffuse, discursive, irrelevant; it is natural not to keep to the point; thus an author can, as it were, throw all his weakness upon his characters, and make them bear the blame. Narrative, then, simple, straight-forward, graphic, smooth, is, we repeat, a great test of an author's powers; it is, moreover, the only proper

mode in most cases for conveying information. Take some grand event easily comprehended, if not already familiar, acted in by personages great in proportion to the event, and we have materials for tragic interest. But the proceedings in politics or war, or love, of ordinary people in an unknown insignificant field, are best told in the simplest fashion. Our demands in this form of composition are more inexorable and positive than in any other, our interest is more difficult to excite. If when we look for action we have prolix talking in its stead,—for nature, we have only the repetition in each character of the poet's own mode of thought, — for passion itself, we have only a cold deliberate description of its workings, all our legitimate expectations being disappointed, we are in no mood to take what is offered to us in exchange for the more stimulating pleasure we had a right to expect. There may be wise sentiments, we heed them not, for they are out of place either in the time or in the speaker. There may be a flow of poetry, it stops the business of the play, and we regard it as an impertinence,—profound metaphysical inquiries, but they are felt as simply ridiculous if the personages of the piece stand idly by analysing their separate peculiarities, instead of being influenced by them ; and in this perpetual disappointment of what we consider our just expectations, we grow weary and impatient.

We appeal to our readers, if a modern play is not amongst the most difficult feats of reading they are ever called upon to undertake—if they do not commonly rise stupified and confused from its perusal, with the haziest possible notion of what has been the drift of the whole. The dramatist in poring over some unfrequented because uninteresting fields of history, has formed his plot,—a cast of characters not much to be cared for, playing off a maze of intricate schemes upon one another. If the story were told intelligibly and shortly, it would scarce repay perusal; but the dramatist has other plans. We are to discover the plot for ourselves, and the characters of course are to be developed by it; while in order to show his depth, and his knowledge of the hidden workings of the heart, nobody means what he says, which is a grievous hindrance to our catching the clue. The people talk at length for our benefit, and detail their schemes for crowns, or places, or hearts: and we, in a region of mistrust, have to gather what it all means from 'asides,' and hints carelessly let fall. We read on in doubt, incapable of ever taking a side, perpetually asking ourselves, with the children, 'Is he good? is he naughty?' and nobody till the end of the piece tells us. A king of whose existence we never heard, but who does exist in some genuine record, comes forward reading a letter, or dictating to his secretary about Spain, and France,

and the Pope, and the Legate. The secretary is ambiguous, we alternately suspect him of being a spy, or a lady in disguise, for we feel it necessary always to keep our wits unnaturally and suspiciously on the alert: he proves to be nothing but a secretary after all, some impersonation of worldly wisdom discussing the pretensions of the European powers with the king, who seems inextricably involved with them all. They are overheard by a personage hid in a closet conveniently at hand; he appears in the scene, followed by the prime minister and some courtiers —more about Spain and Austria, and the Pope, who gives occasion for clap-trap sneers against priestcraft as often as he is mentioned, then the lady comes in, and either joins in the plotting, or is its victim. Somebody is disinterested and somebody is selfish, somebody is devoted and somebody is ungrateful. We turn to the *dramatis personæ* to help us, for by some mismanagement in the choice of names, perhaps a single vowel is the sole distinction between these opposites, the friend being signified by such an abbreviation as Cor, the enemy by Car, which is scarce difference to enable us always to distinguish between the hypocrite and the honest man. Towards the end of the play people get reckless of the time and patience of their hearers. The last scene is 'a feat of loquacity;' they have all their motives to explain, a process which always takes time; at length, after the longest and most elaborate harangue of all, the one speech most distinguished by self-possessed rhetoric, the speaker dies; why he should die in the evident possession of such health and strength would be a difficulty, were it not solved by the exigencies of the play, which demand this sacrifice to constitute it a tragedy. We look back, and find within the last scene or two that the hero had taken poison; but the dose had affected his mind, and, as it would seem, appearance so little, that the incident might well escape our recollection. In the play throughout everything has given way to talk; the action has invariably waited till the speakers have finished what they had to say; the scenes have been throughout 'reciprocal declamation.' Yet the dramatic talent lies not in talk but in action; we should see a plot developing, tending towards its accomplishment in every scene. In the dialogue everything is irrelevant which works not towards this end; and this end in view keeps the characters true to nature, as the forgetfulness of it leads to that endless prose and generalization which is fatal to the modern drama. In these 'pro and con poems,' as they have been termed, there is always time for whatever people have to say. *Our* patience may weary, but we know by experience that the action will wait. The battle will not be lost, nor the city taken, nor the

critical moment let slip for all the misplaced talking, which in real life would stretch us on the tenter hooks of unendurable suspense.

Take for example Mr. Browning's tragedy of 'Luria.' There are good passages and some just observations, but as a dramatic effort it is simply monstrous, a monstrous impossible fidelity, playing upon and set off against an equally monstrous treachery. All the characters of the piece, however else opposed, man or woman, soldier or civilian, crafty Italian or half-savage Moor, agreeing in talking metaphysics in the precise moment for action; analysing to one another, in the most critical junctures, and in situations of the most direct hostility, their own motives and their views of life; and this with a prolixity and zeal for philosophical inquiry not to be equalled by any class of human debaters ever met together for the sole purpose of discussion. Even the semi-barbarian Hussein talks of, 'I, with my Arab *instincts*.' The characters are all impersonations of abstract qualities. Luria is generosity, and always generous; Braccio is deliberate self-justifying treachery, and always treacherous; Dometzia is revenge; Hussein the Moor is instinct; and all act up to their characters, till in obedience to the author's turn of thought the reformation begins, and it proves that—

> 'The only fault's with time,
> All men become good creatures, but so slow!'

Luria, the Moor, is the Florentine general; Tiburzio is the Pisan general; the two states being at war with one another. The tragedy is at its close. Turn over the leaf, and half-way down, Luria dies from the effects of poison he had taken for reasons it is not very easy to divine. Circumstances had given Tiburzio the advantage, which he has rejected on the following grounds. The action itself; the grounds for it; the deliberate detail of motives to a dying man, are all, we maintain, outrages to nature and probability.

> '*Luria.* Tiburzio not at Pisa?
> *Tiburzio.* I return
> From Florence: I serve Pisa; and must think
> By such procedure I have served her best.
> A people is but the attempt of many
> To rise to the completer life of one—
> And those who live as models for the mass
> Are singly of more value than they all.
> Such man are you, and such a time is this,
> That your sole fate concerns a nation more
> Than it's apparent welfare; and to prove
> Your rectitude, and duly crown the same,
> Imports it far beyond the day's event,
> Its battle's loss or gain—the mass remains;
> Keep but the model safe, new men will rise

To study it, and other days to prove
How great and good was Luria's having lived.
I might go try my fortune as you bade,
And joining Lucca, helped by your disgrace,
Repair our harm—so were to-day's work done;
But where were Luria for our sons to see?
No, I look farther; I have testified
(Declaring my submission to your arms)
Your full success to Florence, making clear
Your probity, as none else could: I spoke,
And it shone clearly.'—*Browning's Poems*, vol. ii. p. 209.

In 'Charles and Victor' the plot is taken from some obscure passage of history, and never, we may say, elucidated from beginning to end. The story is at once unintelligible, as far as Mr. Browning has brought out the motives of the actors in it, and devoid of interest. 'Colombe's Birthday' leaves us often in the same sea for actuating motives, nor can we account satisfactorily nor in accordance with our notions of feminine propriety, for the duchess so instantaneously falling in love with a chance advocate that comes to her court. In 'The Return of the Druses,' the reader is kept in a mist which never clears. The choice of subject is in itself fatal to interest; up to the very end we neither know nor can bring ourselves to care, which of the two lovers the heroine prefers. The 'Blot in the Scutcheon' has more human interests, and has one or two effective scenes, but the story is objectionable, nor is there anything distinctive in the author's treatment of it.

Every reader of dramatic poetry must be alive to the happy effect of relieving its severer beauties by the occasional introduction of the more directly poetical lyric element, and have felt the exquisite repose which Shakspeare often infuses through this means. But for this purpose it is evident there should be some connexion between the pure poetry our minds are thus led to, and the prevailing subject of the drama. We however have noticed a modern fashion of inserting passages of this description without any regard to this rule. Descriptions of nature, for instance, are inserted in critical scenes which bear no relation either to the poet's own mind, or to the situation in which they are brought to bear. The highest poetry can assimilate nature to our feelings, the preoccupied mind only seizes upon what harmonizes with its sensations. The poets of whom we speak think it enough to take a square yard out of a hedge or river bank, and simply describing, catalogue-wise, all the plants that grow, all the birds that haunt, all the vermin that burrow within its limits, lay it like a plaister upon the diseased mind, expecting it to possess some marvellous healing power. It is very pleasant and a healthy exercise to peruse in this minute spirit some piece of real nature: in painting too, where the eye

is at least delighted by the truth of imitation, there is also considerable pleasure from such an accurate investigation; but it is otherwise in description: there the impressions on sense are faint, and the fancy to be pleased must see fitness. When we are engaged in the contemplation of some mental struggle, there is almost an impertinence in the sudden transporting of our attention to the alluvial formation of some river bank, as in the following passage. Paracelsus is dozing; his friend sits by him, and in order to gain his attention, sings thus :—

'*Fest.* Softly the Mayne river glideth,
Close by where my love abideth;
* * * *
Par. More, more, say on!
Fest. The river pushes
Its gentle way through strangling rushes,
Where the glossy kingfisher
Flutters when noon-heats are near,
Glad the shelving bank to shun,
Red and streaming in the sun,
Where the shrew mouse with pale throat
Burrows, and the speckled stoat,
Where the quick sand-pipers flit
In and out the marl and grit
That seems to breed them, brown as they.
Nought disturbs the river's way,
Save some lazy stork that springs,
Trailing it with leg and wings;
Whom the shy fox from the hill
Rouses, creep he ne'er so still.
Par. My heart! they loose my heart, those simple words;
Its darkness passes, which nought else could touch.'

Browning's Poems, vol. i. p. 136.

In Mr. Browning we recognise one of the numerous class who possess more faculties than soul, more intellect than aims, comprehension and insight without commensurate aspirations: he fails because he has not spirituality enough to use his own powers aright. And yet men are so necessarily estimated by what they can do, that it is a hard matter for one distinguished by the possession of any powers, to be as alive as other men to his own deficiencies. Because in certain things he is above his fellows, it would be difficult to persuade him that in many material points he is as far below them; that there can be a whole class of elevating instincts and intuitive convictions that most men have, and that he is without. We believe, however, that it is these deficiencies, these wants, these points of inferiority which have originated Mr. Browning's latest poem, 'Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day.' What can be said of a man who is without reverence, without ready sympathy for the unseen, who ill discriminates between the pure and the base, who confesses himself more than others tied down to earth and

incapable of looking beyond it; but that he is inferior to others, not the less really inferior in these vital points, though he can ably express his wants, and others could very inadequately express their fulness. It is the possession of wealth, not the power to count his possessions, which constitutes the rich man. Something of these higher deficiencies of comprehension is visible in the following passage, which yet has much feeling and beauty in it. He is speaking of the new reign of love which Christianity brought in:—

'Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error, but above
The scope of error see the love.—
Oh, love of those first Christian days!
Fann'd so soon into a blaze,
—From the spark preserved by the trampled sect,
That the antique sovereign Intellect
Which then sate ruling in the world,
Like a change in dreams, was hurl'd
From the throne he reign'd upon:
—You look'd up, and he was gone!
Gone his glory of the pen!
—Love, with Greece and Rome in ken,
Bade her scribes abhor the trick
Of poetry and rhetoric,
And exult, with hearts set free,
In blessed imbecility
Scrawl'd, perchance, on some torn sheet,
Leaving Livy incomplete.
Gone, his pride of sculptor, painter!
—Love while able to acquaint her
With the thousand statues yet
Fresh from chisel, pictures wet
From brush, she saw on every side,
Chose rather with an infant's pride
To frame those portents which impart
Such unction to true Christian Art.
Gone Music too! The air was stirred
By happy wings: Terpander's bird
(That, when the cold came, fled away,)
Would tarry not the wintry day,—
As more enduring sculpture must,
* * * * *
Love, surely, from that music's lingering,
Might have filch'd her organ-fingering,
Nor chose rather to set prayings
To hog-grunts, praises to horse-neighings.
Love was the startling thing, the new;
Love was the all-sufficient too;
And seeing that you see the rest.
As babe can find its mother's breast
As well in darkness as in light,
Love shut our eyes, and all seem'd right.'

Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day, p. 38.

It is under these impressions that he reviews the various forms of religious profession, despising, as he supposes, illusions, but really rejecting the meaning and spiritual aims of each, and facing and as it were delighting in the gross, carnal, earthly corruptions which disfigure them. In the Roman Catholic ceremonial he delights to picture direct idolatry. The smoke of incense is not a vapour that aspires, but a fume which inebriates the senses; the taper's burning puts out the light of day; transubstantiation is described in revolting language, but such as he alone can apprehend. Even to the flimsy unsubstantiality of German rationalism, which he despises, and which translates every sacred doctrine and fact into a myth, he contrives to give a body in the coughing and spitting of the professor; while apparently the form of Christianity in our own land which attracts him and most fulfils his longings and instincts, is the service in a Ranters' meeting. Very few religious characteristics there are, but he makes what he can of them, and as it were brutalizes them to fulfil the requirements of this taste for body and reality. Thus he carefully records the close smell of the chapel, the lath and plaster of the building, the personal vulgarities and deformities of the worshippers, the gross illogicalness and prosiness of the preacher, the 'hog-gruntings and horse-neighings' of the singing, and the conventicle twang of the hymn,—all are positive inducements to him in the choice, we know not whether real or only poetical, of a denomination. The fair order of our ritual, the spirituality of our sacraments, the exquisite beauty of the language of our services, the sweet tones of our organs, the correct accentuation and cultivated delivery of our preachers, would all be so many drawbacks and act repulsively to the necessities of a vitiated taste, which needs something which *all* parts of our nature may embrace, not only the refined and elevated, but what every coarse and vulgar element of our being will also find congenial.

We have given Mr. Browning credit for some real feeling and genuine anxieties on the subject of religion, but our extracts from his works may all give a different impression. In justice to him we must, therefore, give one passage in support of our favourable construction. In an imaginary argument with a friend, he speaks of the 'Eternal and Divine' dwelling with man on earth :—

> 'That Birth,
> That Life, that Death! and all, the earth
> Shudder'd at;—all, the heavens grew black
> Rather than see;—all, Nature's rack
> And throe at dissolution's brink
> Attested,—it took place, you think,
> Only to give our joys a zest,
> And prove our sorrows for the best?

We differ then! Were I, still pale
And heart-struck at the dreadful tale,
Waiting to hear God's voice declare
What horror follow'd for my share,
As implicated in the deed,
Apart from other sins;—concede
That if He black'd out in a blot
My brief life's pleasantness, 'twere not
So very disproportionate!
Or there might be another fate
I certainly could understand
(If fancies were the thing in hand),
How God might save, as that day's price,
The impure in their impurities,
Leave formal license and complete,
To choose the fair, and pick the sweet.
But there be certain words, broad, plain,
Uttered again, and yet again,
Hard to mistake, to overgloss—
Announcing this world's gain for loss,
And bidding us reject the same:
The whole lieth (they proclaim)
In wickedness,—come out of it!—
Turn a deaf ear, if you think fit,
But I who thrill through every nerve
At thought of what deaf ears deserve,—
How do you counsel in the case?'

Christmas Eve and Easter Day, p. 94.

In the following passage he decides in favour of the conventicle, and at the same time makes his apology for whatever may have struck people as profane in his poem. The measure and rhythm are in admirable accordance with the substance of the whole.

'Meantime, in still recurring fear
Lest myself, at unawares, be found,
While attacking the choice of my neighbours round,
Without my own made—I choose here!
The giving out of the hymn reclaims me;
I have done!—and if any blames me,
Thinking that merely to touch in brevity
The topics I dwell on, were unlawful,—
Or, worse, that I trench, with undue levity
On the bounds of the Holy or the awful,
I praise the heart and pity the head of him,
And refer myself to THEE instead of him;
Who head and heart alike discernest,
Looking below light speech we utter,
When the frothy spume and frequent sputter
Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest!
May the truth shine out, stand ever before us!
I put up pencil and join chorus
To Hepzibah tune, without further apology,
The last five verses of the third section
Of the seventeenth hymn in Whitfield's collection,
To conclude with the doxology.'—*Christmas Eve*, p. 79.

The readers of Mr. Browning's collective works will be very well satisfied to leave him singing a Christian hymn to any tune.

It is time for us to pass on to Mrs. Browning's softer, purer, but too ambitious muse. In a very serious preface to the edition of 1844, but repeated in the present, she thus speaks of her own labours, but of the sense of responsibility under which she has written:—

'But if it were not presumptuous language on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favourite wish for this work would be, that it be received by the public as a step in the right track, towards a future indication of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better. I aspire to do better. It is no new form of the nympholepsy of poetry that my ideal should fly before me; and if I cry too hopefully at sight of the white vesture receding between the cypresses, let me be blamed gently, if justly. In any case, while my poems are full of faults,—as I go forward to my critics and confess,—they have my heart and life in them, they are not empty shells. If it must be said of me that I have contributed immemorable verses to the many rejected of the age, it cannot at least be said that I have done so in a light and irresponsible spirit. Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. There has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hours of the poet; I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I would attain; and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling also that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done, should give it some protection from the reverent and sincere.'—*Mrs. Browning's Poems. Preface*, p. xiii.

Probably an extreme estimate of the value and consequence of the work in hand is necessary to the poet. Reduce him to the state of cool dispassionateness of his critics, and it would be impossible for him to write at all. The fervour, the impetuosity, the impression of importance must be there to sustain him in his labours of composition; we cannot expect him to be always justly weighing his own value. What preacher could preach with effect if he did not attach to his own thoughts and words and choice of subject an importance so far undue, that he accords it to no one else, so that he weighs and considers and looks for results which he would think unreasonable in another man, which as a listener he could not sympathise with? It is not just to be hard in contemplating this feeling even when unsanctioned by the event. Nothing probably has been well done that has not been regarded as of some consequence in the doing, and whose progress has not been cheered—at the moment at least—by a feeling of success. It depends on the natural temper how long this feeling lasts, and when diffidence and mistrust, if ever, succeed to it. Mrs. Browning says that an author's love of his manuscript should be classed by moral philosophers among the natural affections; with her, therefore,

the impression is not transient. Granting all this, we yet believe that the force of this persuasion in the author is no test of the real value of his work. Poetry used to be called a divine madness: there are many authors who have the madness,—the feeling of inspiration, though we see no trace of divinity in the result;—who value those works most, where they have most fancied this influence, disregarding lighter efforts more according to their natural genius, and therefore flowing more easily from them, and centering their hopes of fame where the struggle and effort has been most apparent to themselves. And the disappointment is almost equal to total failure, if they find the world willing to accord praise to what cost them little trouble, while resolute in disregarding or disparaging the labour and toil of their lives. It is provoking to be valued for a ballad or a song, when they had aspired to make us familiar with paradise in an epic; to perceive that where they rejoice in a conflict with difficulty, a battle followed by a victory, we see only an inglorious defeat, an attempt to build a tower without the means to finish it.

Yet while we criticise these higher attempts and prove them unsuccessful, they may yet give indications of power; the too ambitious flight may show at least that the spirit has wings, which we common treaders of the ground know not the temptation of. We should be lenient of failures where anything has been done well; for, every happy thought, every graceful fancy, every musical stanza, bringing to our hearts something brighter and better than the common things of every day, is a boon—something for which we owe thanks—an argument for indulgence, a plea for our most favourable judgment of its author.

These thoughts, these resolutions, towards a favourable construction are, it must be owned, not seldom called for by the poets of our day. There is an arrogant prying into mysteries amongst them; and many stare, or would stare, at the sun, who are not eagles, and so mistake the rings and spots and fleeting light of a dazed eyesight for a vision of the sun in his strength; who not being able to see down to the bottom of their thoughts, mistake morbid shallows for depths; and because their language is ambiguous, suppose they are speaking oracles. In spite of our sincere admiration of some of Mrs. Browning's poems, the genuine lasting pleasure we take in their perusal, it requires all our forbearance and charity to feel tolerably patient towards some of her more ambitious efforts, to do them the justice they deserve, to believe there is something real and genuine in what is expressed with so much affectation, that there can be genius in a mind at times so infinitely mistaken in its own capabilities, that there can be awe and reverence in a design which in its

execution expresses so many irreverent ideas, that there can be a poet's knowledge and sympathies with universal nature, where she so often outrages our taste, our instincts, and our deeper sensibilities.

It is common to regret the affectations and quaintnesses of this author's phraseology as if her choice of words were something independent of her mode of thought, and as if, were these simplified and made natural, simple and natural thoughts would shine through them. But in fact this defect furnishes the key to the secret of failure wherever there is failure. Simplicity never clothes itself in affected language, nor clear thoughts in obscure words, nor distinct ideas in misty involved expressions. It is because the ideas are farfetched, strained, unnatural, inconsequent, ill-developed, that the wording is newfangled, elaborate, affected, crabbed, confused. When Mrs. Browning has a simple, connected, pathetic, human feeling to express, she does it in perfectly appropriate, natural, graceful language. Where she has fancies half-defined, the fruit of memories and dreams, not distinctly apprehended by the head or embraced by the heart,—conceits they would once have been called,—she has composed a language for them which seems from dreamland also, so showy, so pretentious is it, so little adapted for wakeful thoughts or waking ears.

In writers of more impressibility than imagination, more retentive than observant, it is often interesting to trace through infinite forms of disguise the same original thought or conception. The vigorous invention to which all nature ministers strikes off a scene or an image and forgets it to give place to others, as Beethoven throws a few bars of exquisite melody into the solemn mystic march of his harmonies, and never returns to them again, for other airs equally divine sound through his soul in their stead; but the dreaming musing fancy, which feeds itself from within and treasures and counts up its stores, never parts with an idea which it has once loved, which has once made an impression. The same fancy, perhaps, conceived in childhood, or even infancy, a scene, a glimpse, a stir, an aspect, a motion only, something instantaneous, but vividly expressive of the pathetic, the attractive, the interesting, the terrible, to that individual mind recurs again and again, is part of the writer's self, so that none of these qualities can be described without these symbols being used in the expression of them. If his line lies in works of imagination, however varied may be his subjects, these original impressions will always be there; some scene or situation, some perplexity or delicate embarrassment, some conflict of feeling and duty, or it may be only mysterious associations with nature as viewed under these impressions,

some effects of light and shade, some position of lines or curves, aspects too evanescent and trivial to be described, will always characterise his delineations of feeling, sentiment, or passion. This we hold to be very perceptible in Mrs. Browning's writings, and may occasionally make a legitimate excuse for the irritating mannerism of her poetry; the action of *leaning*, e. g. which all things animate and inanimate perform with her,—sunbeams, clouds, flowers, trees, human souls, memories, &c. &c. ('There's no pardon which can *lean* to you aright')—must have associations with which the reader can have no sympathy, but genuine with her. The words *oblique* and *slant*, possessing no doubt some affinity with the first, frequently come in, giving the same impression; *trailing* and *rustling* too, both of constant recurrence, have some arbitrary associations in her mind, or in speaking of angels she could not have written, 'Soiling the *rustling* of their innocence,' nor of the roar of wild beasts '*trailing* along the gorges,' which to us has no meaning. The word *drifted* in like manner is made to serve many uses for which we do not see its fitness, but for which some recollection we will hope adapts it to the author's own mind. This habit has of course a tendency to reduce language to a kind of cypher, unintelligible except to the initiated. It cannot be called *figurative*, because no attempt is made, nor we think *could* be made, to draw an analogy—it is for the most part purely arbitrary, except for these hidden associations, as in the schoolboy who chose to call his hat his cadwallader on no other ground but because he chose.

If we did not believe in our authoress as really gifted, as possessing real poetic power, we should not spend time in reprobating this unfortunate habit, which must have in great part arisen from her resolute choice of subjects above the power of all but the highest genius. She has chosen themes from which Dante and Milton shrink—hold back in reverent fear,—and this mystic indefinite vague jargon (we will call it) hides from herself the extent of the presumption and the failure. Because her angels do not speak like men, she hopes that they speak like angels. In two poems, 'The Seraphim,' and the 'Drama of Exile,' angels and demons are the principal speakers. In 'The Seraphim,' her earlier work in this class, she had not adopted the grand unintelligible style to the same extent. We are therefore all judges how far she can represent the sublimer intercourse of supernatural intelligences.

We will give our readers some specimens of angel-talk from the opening scene of 'The Seraphim.' The time is the crucifixion. Two seraphs, 'Ador the strong one,' and 'Zerah the bright one,' stand on the outer side of the shut heavenly gate:—

'*Ador.* O seraph, pause, no more!
Beside this gate of heaven we stand alone.
Zerah. Of heaven!
Ador. Our brother hosts are gone.
Zerah. Are gone!'

These opening words give us an insight into the two characters. The Strong One is the instructor, the Bright One the 'uncomprehending' listener. They converse on the most awful mysteries in a strain not to increase our awe.

'*Ador.* Peace upon earth come down to it.
Zerah. Ah me,
I hear thereof uncomprehendingly;
Peace where the tempest—where the sighing is,
And worship of the idol stead of His?
Ador. Yes, peace where He is.
Zerah. He!
Say it again.
Ador. Where *He* is.
Zerah Can it be
That earth contains a tree
Whose leaves like Eden foliage can be sway'd
By breathing of His voice, nor shrink and fade.
Ador. There is a tree, it hath nor leaf nor root;
Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit—
For He the crownèd Son
Hath left His crown and throne,
Walks earth in Adam's clay,
Eve's snake to bruise and slay.
Zerah. Walks earth in clay?
Ador. And walking in the clay which He created,
He through it shall touch death.
What did I utter? what conceive? Did breath
Of demon howl it in a blasphemy?
Or was it mine own voice, informed, dilated,
By the seven confluent spirits? Speak, answer me!
Who said man's victim was his Deity?
Zerah. Beloved, beloved, the word came forth from *thee.*
Thine eyes are rolling in tempestuous light
Above, below, around.
As putting thunder questions, without cloud,
Reverberate without sound.'

But our readers have had enough to show that intelligible angels are not Mrs. Browning's forte. One short example of the unintelligible we must give from the 'Drama of Exile,' which we ought to say has in the person of Eve some pathetic expression, though there is little throughout that can be called truly imaginative. Adam generally speaks in geometrical lines and curves, a new, and, we may add, feminine mode of representing his supremacy.

'*Chorus of Angels.* Live, work on, O Earthy!
By the actual's tension,
Speed the arrow worthy
Of a pure ascension.

From the low earth wend you,
  Reach the heights above you;
From the stripes that wound you,
  Seek the loves that love you!
God's divinest burneth plain
Through the crystal diaphane
  Of our loves that love you.'

But we will not multiply examples of mingled confusion and poverty of expression, of which this is after all scarcely an average specimen. Nothing can be more helpless, weak, and powerless than her angels; they do nothing but talk, and talk very badly. The angel Gabriel is the whole of one scene telling Lucifer to *depart*, and the fiend maintains his ground, will not go till he pleases, and moreover insults the archangel by a charge of bad logic:—

'*Gabriel.* Depart.
Lucifer. And where's the logic of "depart?"
Our lady Eve had half been satisfied
To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt
To fix my postulate better.'

It would be unfair to dwell at length on defects and failures in a task of such difficulty, were not the difficulty self-imposed, and the attempt itself a perpetration. Genius is so far an inspiration that certain powers do sanction an entrance upon certain fields of speculation. But our authoress had abundant warnings that the task was above her handling, that it was presumption in *her* to attempt it. If the analogy of a woman's minuter sphere and range of observation and weaker physical powers did not of itself dictate a choice of subject more in conformity with her nature and experience, the straits she was put to for language should have acted as a check:—but here has probably lain the unfortunate mistake — it was presumed that the theme was above words, could only be approached, never reached by them, and that all these symbols were an actual approach. 'The Vision of Poets,' though not open to the same serious objections, labours under similar drawbacks; it is fatiguing, though implying real powers in the writer, because we are constantly reminded of their inadequacy for the task imposed on them. How refreshing are often Mrs. B.'s simpler lays and ballads, flowing smoothly, full of human feelings and human interests, after these ineffectual soarings and broken flights!—poems which, perhaps, as they have cost her little effort, she may value in proportion,—'The Swan's Nest,' 'My Doves,' 'Bertha in the Lane,' though this is tinctured by new-coined words, 'The Lost Bower,' 'The Romaunt of Margret,' and many others, all evidencing deep sensibilities, a tender human heart, and adequate powers of expression. This

last, as first published in the late edition, though we should not guess recently written, we will extract. The quaint turn of the words is here necessary to sustain the weird supernatural character of the story. It is simple, pathetic, and natural, and the sympathy of external nature with each failing of cherished love leaves a sad, impressive weight on the reader's mind. Each stanza has the burden 'Margret, Margret!' which, for economy of space, the reader must supply. For the same reason we omit the opening stanzas, which picture Margret sitting by a running stream, whose cheerful flow harmonizes with her pleasant thoughts. The time is a summer night, when all nature shares the soothing influence:—

'THE ROMAUNT OF MARGRET.

* * * *

'The lady's shadow lies
  Upon the running river,
It lieth no less in its quietness,
  For that which resteth never.
Most like a trusting heart
  Upon a passing faith,
Or as, upon the course of life
  The steadfast doom of death.
                Margret, Margret!

The lady doth not move,
  The lady doth dream,—
Yet she seeth her shade no longer laid
  In rest upon the stream!
It shaketh without wind;
  It parteth from the tide;
It standeth upright in the cleft moonlight—
  It sitteth at her side.

Look in its face, ladye,
  And keep thee from thy swound!
With spirit bold thy pulses hold,
  And hear its voice's sound!
For so will sound thy voice,
  When thy face is to the wall;
And such will be thy face, ladye,
  When the maidens work thy pall.

"Am I not like to thee?"—
  The voice was calm and low,
And between each word you might have heard
  The silent forest grow.
"*The like may sway the like!*
  By which mysterious law [thine,
Mine eyes from thine and my lips from
  The light and breath may draw;—

"My lips do need thy breath,
  My lips do need thy smile,
And my pale deep eyne, that light in thine,
  Which met the stars erewhile;
Yet go with light and life,
  If that thou lovest one,
In all the earth, who loveth thee
  As truly as the sun."

Her cheek had waxèd white,
  Like cloud at fall of snow;
Then like to one at set of sun,
  It waxèd red also:
For love's name maketh bold,
  As if the loved were near!
And then she sigh'd the deep long sigh
  Which cometh after fear.

"Now sooth I fear thee not—
  I shall never fear thee now!"
(And a noble sight was the sudden light
  Which lit her lifted brow.)
"Can earth be dry of streams;
  Or hearts of love?" she said—
"Who doubteth love can know no love;
  He is already dead."

"I have" . . . . and here her lips
  Some words in pause did keep,
And gave the while a quiet smile,
  As if they paused in sleep;—
"I have . . . a brother dear,
  A knight of knightly fame,
I broider'd him a knightly scarf
  With letters of my name.

I fed his grey gosshawk,
  I kiss'd his fierce bloodhound;
I sate at home when he might come,
  And caught his horn's far sound:
I sang him hunter's songs,
  I pour'd him the red wine—
He look'd across the cup and said,
  '*I love thee, sister mine.*'"

It trembled on the grass,
With a low shadowy laughter:
The sounding river which flow'd for ever,
Stood dumb, and stagnant after.
"Brave knight thy brother is,
But better loveth he
Thy chaliced wine than thy chaunted song,
And better both than thee."
The lady did not heed
The river's silence, while
Her own thoughts still ran at their will,
And calm was still her smile.
"My little sister wears
The look our mother wore:
I smooth her locks with a golden comb—
I bless her evermore.
"I gave her my first bird
When first my voice it knew,
I made her share my posies rare,
And told her where they grew.
I taught her God's dear name;
With prayer and praise to tell
She look'd from heaven into my face
And said,—'*I love thee well.*'"
It trembled on the grass
With a low shadowy laughter:
You could see each bird, as it woke and stared
Through the shrivell'd foliage after.
"Fair child thy sister is;
But better loveth she
Thy golden comb, than thy gather'd flowers,
And better both than thee."
The lady did not heed
The withering on the bough,
Still calm her smile, albeit the while
A little pale her brow.
"I have a father old,
The lord of ancient halls,
A hundred friends are in his court,
But only me he calls."'

The father loves his daughter, but still better his castle and his state, and at the spirit's refutation the moon and stars grow dim.

'The lady did not heed
That the far stars did fail,
Still calm her smile, albeit the while . . . . . .
Nay, but she is not pale!
"I have a more than friend
Across the mountains dim,
No other's voice is soft to me
Unless it nameth *him*.
"Though louder beats mine heart,
I know his tread again—
And his far plume aye, unless turn'd away,
For the tears do blind me then.
We brake no gold, a sign
Of stronger faith to be;
But I wear his last look in my soul,
Which said, *I love but thee!*"
It trembled on the grass
With a low shadowy laughter,
And the wind did toll, as a passing soul
Were sped by church-bell after;
And shadows stead of light
Fell from the stars above
In flakes of darkness on her face
Still bright with trusting love.
"He *loved* but only thee!
That love is transient too,
The wild hawk's bill doth dabble still
I'the mouth that vow'd thee true.
Will he open his dull eyes
When tears fall on his brow?
Behold the death-worm to his heart
Is a dearer thing than *thou*."
Her face was on the ground—
None saw the agony!
But the men at sea did that night agree,
They heard a drowning cry.
And when the morning brake,
Fast roll'd the river's tide,
With the green trees waving over head,
And a white corse lain beside.
A knight's bloodhound and he
The funeral watch did keep,
With a thought of the chase he stroked its face,
As it howl'd to see him weep.
A fair child kiss'd the dead
But shrank before the cold,
And alone, yet proudly, in his hall
Did stand a baron old.
"Hang up my harp again,
I have no voice for song,
Not song but wail, and mourners pale,
Not bards to love belong.
O failing human love!
O light by darkness known!
O false, the while thou treadest earth!
O deaf beneath the stone!"
Margret, Margret.'

This image of trusting love must be contrasted with another, in Mrs. Browning's more peculiar vein,—from which, however, we have space for only a short extract—more ambitious, with some vigour of description and a certain real interest in the story, but appealing very little to our personal sympathies. 'The Courtship of Lady Geraldine' is enacted by a poet of great genius but low birth; the genius of course must be taken on trust, but we think there are various indications of 'the low birth' to be gathered from his own narrative. In fact, the poet is not a gentleman. He shows himself affected by details of mere show and splendour which he pretends to despise, humbled by the consciousness of a difference of position where he need not be, and insolently resentful of slights which were never intended, and which only a very low form of pride would take as such. It is wonderful to us how the authoress can take any pleasure in her own creation,—can admire the style of character she has so truthfully drawn. For us, we can only say we never encountered a more inflated, pragmatical, and we believe, if seen in real life, insufferable fellow. The poet writes the history of his loves. He is visiting the heiress, falls in love with her, and narrates the conflict of his feelings to his friend. His part in the affair has certainly a very selfish interested look; he thinks *only* of himself, hates and despises the society he comes in contact with, and yet is afraid of it. We have no end of his scorn and contempt for rank, wealth, station, everything he does not possess, along with an inordinate value for himself; and all the while an eye for state, for property and fine things, which must have betrayed themselves to his associates and rendered him an object of little respect to them. The Lady Geraldine, however, sees nothing of all this; his poetry has won her heart, and his pride and other disagreeable qualities seem only to rivet the chain. He has been some time at her castle in Sussex, his feelings all the while working up to a high pitch of suppressed excitement; when he overhears, as is the custom in fiction, a nobleman making the Lady Geraldine an offer; she refuses him, on which the earl says something inaudible to our friend.

'What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trouble
Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answer'd in slow scorn—
"And your Lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry, shall be noble;
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born."

There, I madden'd! her words stung me! Life swept through me into fever,
And my soul sprang up astonish'd; sprang, full statured in an hour!
Know you what it is when anguish, with apocalyptic NEVER
To a Pythian height dilates you,—and despair sublimes to power?

From my brain, the soul-wings budded!—waved a flame about my body,
Whence conventions coiled to ashes! I felt self-drawn out, as man,
From amalgamate false natures; and I saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels, and I knew what spirits can!

I was mad—inspired—say either! anguish worketh inspiration!
Was a man, or beast—perhaps so; for the tiger roars when spear'd;
And I walk'd on, step by step, along the level of my passion—
Oh my soul! and pass'd the doorway to her face, and never fear'd.

He had left her,—peradventure, when my footsteps proved my coming—
But for *her*—she half arose, then sate—grew scarlet and grew pale:
Oh, she trembled!—'tis so always with a worldly man or woman,
In the presence of true spirits—what else *can* they do but quail?

Oh, she flutter'd like a tame bird, in amongst its forest-brothers,
Far too strong for it! then drooping, bow'd her face upon her hands—
And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others!
I she planted in the desert, swathed her, wind-like, with my sands.

I pluck'd up her social fictions, bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant,—
Trod them down with words of shaming,—all the purples and the gold,
And the "landed stakes" and Lordships—all that spirits pure and ardent
Are cast out of love and reverence, because chancing not to hold.

"For myself I do not argue," said I, "though I love you, Madam,
But for better souls, that never to the height of yours have trod—
And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam,
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

"Yet, O God" (I said), "O grave" (I said), "O mother's heart and bosom,
With whom first and last are equal, saint and corpse and little child!
We are fools to your deductions, in these figments of heart-closing!
We are traitors to your causes, in these sympathies defiled!

Learn more reverence, Madam, not for rank or wealth—*that* needs no learning;
That comes quickly—quick as sin does! ay, and often works to sin;
But for Adam's seed, MAN! trust me, 'tis a clay above your scorning,
With God's image stamp'd upon it, and God's kindling breath within."'

He then condescends to a strain somewhat less abusive, and speaks of her beauty and his love; consoling himself by casting this stain on her 'ermined pride,' that I—

'"Love you, Madam—dare to love you—to my grief and your dishonour—
To my endless desolation and your impotent disdain!'

* * * *

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder,
Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.
Could you guess what word she utter'd? She look'd up as if in wonder,
With tears beaded on her lashes, and said "Bertram!" it was all.'

The calm of the word and voice overcome our hero, till at length he is—

'So struck backward, and exhausted with that inward flow of passion
Which had pass'd, in deadly rushing, into forms of abstract truth,—
With a logic agonizing through unfit denunciation,—
And with youth's own anguish turning grimly grey the hairs of youth,'

that utterly prostrated by his own vehemence and her gentleness, he falls at her feet in a dead faint; and when he comes to himself, finds himself alone, and writes his whole narrative to his friend,

'While still, in hot and heavy splashes, fell his tears on every leaf.'

Throwing himself back in his chair, after this exciting task, a vision meets his eyes. The Lady Geraldine has, unheard, entered the open casement of the moon-lit room; illuminated, we must presume, by other light as well, or, standing, as she is described, with her back to the light, we know not how the eyes, 'shining with a torrid brightness over the desolate sand desert of the poet's heart,' could have exercised such power. The pictures, however, are often unformed and indistinct. The scene is a pretty one.

'With a murmurous stir, uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless pale brows;
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise for ever,
Through the open casement whiten'd by the moonlight's slant repose.'

But we have not space for his uncertainty, or her slow advance; till at length—

'Ever, ever more the while in a slow silence she kept smiling.—
While the shining tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;
Then with both her hands enfolding both of his, she softly told him,
"Bertram, if I say I love thee, ... 'tis the vision only speaks."

Soften'd, quicken'd, to adore her, on his knee he fell before her—
And she whisper'd low in triumph—"It shall be as I have sworn!
Very rich he is in virtues—very noble—noble, certes;
And I shall not blush in knowing, that men call him lowly born!"'

We cannot but hold it a great mistake to make the poetic gift stepping-stone to worldly station,—to represent a man as making a 'good thing' of his genius, so that it should induct him into the actual possession, title deeds and all—not that spiritual possession which he always had, beyond their real owners—of manors, and woods, and streams. It is bringing the real too close upon the ideal. The poet above all men should have nobility enough to ennoble his wife; he needs not to be aggrandised by her. And unquestionably Geraldine would see her Bertram's genius degenerate. He would cease to be a poet in the absorbing cares and pleasures of a landed proprietor, and in this capacity would make a very poor and awkward figure; it is not in nature but she must in time grow ashamed of her choice.

This poem is distinguished by many characteristic ambiguities of language, which we are not bound to believe can by any ingenuity be unravelled into sense; as for example where Bertram gets into a passion, and—

'Saw the skies grow ruddy
With the deepening feet of angels;'

or where Geraldine leaves the room with 'level fronting eyelids,' or where 'slowly round she swept her eyelids.' Again, very little meaning is there in the following fervent declamation:—

'Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex, I can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind!
Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! Oh, the cruel love that bound me
Up against the boles of cedars, to be shamèd where I pined.'

We wish we could present our readers with some varied specimens of our authoress's happier manner, but our space will not allow us to do her this justice. The merit of her best poems lies not in the felicity of the parts, but in the agreeable flow, and the pleasant impression the whole leaves behind. The faults are easily caught and laid before another eye, the beauties elude this treatment; and so it happens that we can *prove* the one, and can only ask the reader unacquainted with the volumes themselves to believe the other. We have been struck, pleased, our sympathies have been roused, but we find that in order to make our readers share these feelings with us, they should read the whole poem. She is too diffuse, too little careful, to finish, correct, polish, to have passages of choice excellence of expression. She is fanciful rather than imaginative, and Fancy, as opposed to her severer loftier sister, is lavish and luxuriant. Fancy lets her tendrils and waste branches grow wild in careless profusion. Imagination condenses her powers into the very excellence of her tree—its fruit. There are notices throughout Mrs. Browning's works of a state of suffering and ill-health, from which we trust she is now recovered, which may well account for this omission of the most irksome part of a poet's duties, and perhaps also for the restless diffuse flow of the verse: that excitability which rousing the fancy tends to obscure the judgment. We are not without warm sympathy for the possible cause, while in our present capacity we have only to do with results. Descriptions of nature, for example, may well not be characterised by exact accurate truth, from a 'Prisoner' who ever says—

> 'I count the dismal time by months and years,
> Since last I felt the greensward under foot,
> And the great breath of all things, summer—mute
> Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears
> As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres,
> Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at.'

A season of mental or bodily suffering is certainly not the most favourable for clear thought or beautiful expression. But the memory of pain—the recollection of sorrow and suffering in some form, is indeed almost essential to that mind which is to have influence over others. It must have had losses, to realize, so as to be able to show to others, its gains; and whatever losses Mrs. Browning's mind may have sustained by unusual trials and privations, all that it possesses of truth, feeling, pathos, and knowledge of the true ends of life, no doubt owes much of its force and persuasiveness, its claim on our sympathies, to these soul-exercises.

But we have lingered unduly on these two poets of one name. That which follows on our list at least ought not to present any such temptation: 'Festus: a Poem, by Philip James Bailey.'

It seems only candid, and putting our readers in possession of the real merits of the case (such, we should say, as have not fallen in with this 'remarkable' poem,) before expressing our own opinion, to present them with some selection from the host of enthusiastic testimonials with which the volume comes garlanded and hung about, within and without. Six royal octavo pages of close-printed rapture we may be excused from transcribing; we cull the following sentences, which are of greatest brevity, and in justice to the author, by well-known names:—

'I can scarce conceive any degree of poetical eminence which this author, starting with so much richness of imagination and force of expression, may not be expected to attain.'

(*Lord Francis Egerton*). *Lord Ellesmere.*

'A most remarkable poem, of great beauty, and greater promise. My admiration of it is deep and sincere.'—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.*

'It contains enough poetry to set up fifty poets.'—*Ebenezer Elliott.*

'A truly wonderful poem.'—*Douglas Jerrold.*

'I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance.'—*Alfred Tennyson.*

'There is matter enough in it to float a hundred volumes of prosy poetry. It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read.'—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

'We cordially bid you God-speed into the glorious land of poetry, in which you have already begun your course so admirably. There is no more enthusiastic admirer of "Festus" than myself.'—*Mrs. Mary Howitt.*

'There is great exuberance of thought and imagery throughout this work, and a profuse expenditure of both, fearless of exhaustion of the author's stores. One feels as if one had eaten of the "insane root that takes the reason prisoner," in many passages, or of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil," with strange elevations of spirit, and stranger misgivings, alternately glowing and shivering through the bosom.'—*James Montgomery.*

"If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shelley had not existed, we should esteem such writing a miracle. With nothing are we more impressed in the whole, than with the sacred character of this poem. The poet of "Festus" transcending even Goethe in this particular, projects himself into the purely ideal, setting his will and his fancy free from all obstructions. In a word, he doth what he likes.'—*J. A. Heraud.*

'The unrepressed vigour of imagination, the splendour of great and original imagery—the passion of poetry. The philosophy of the poem of "Festus" is to show the great ministry of evil as a purifier. The execution breathes throughout a fulness of power.'—*R. H. Horne.*

'The few faults this work possesses and its great excellencies, arise alike from this surrender of the poet to the impulses of his nature. Whatever the poet receives, he declares; he selects nothing, considers nothing; hence a sort of sybilline and oracular power, that strikes upon the heart like a hammer upon a bell.'—*J. W. Marston.*

How can we give any just idea of the enthusiasm of the

London, Provincial, and American press? The *Britannia* announces that 'a new poet, and a great poet is amongst us.' The *Eclectic Review* 'is wearied with over-abundance, and cloyed with too much sweet.' The *Manchester Guardian* pronounces 'the design excellent, the morals unexceptionable,' the work altogether of 'remarkable, but Christian character.' It reminds the *Dial, U. S.* 'of the notion we get of a holy book from the way in which Michael Angelo's Sibyl is reading:' also 'of the theory of the formation of the firmaments from nebulæ.' The editor also 'begins to feel the starlight nights shining, and the great waves rushing through the pages of this author.' The *Nottingham Review* announces, 'that wherever there is greatness of mind, amplitude of heart, and a great grasp of spirit in a reader, there will Festus be ranked as a lasting and proud addition to the mental stores of the world.' The *Liverpool Chronicle* considers 'that there is nothing in the mode of treating the subject at all calculated to shock the feelings of the orthodox.' The *Sunbeam* holds it as 'one of the wonders of literature.' The *Athenæum* 'sees in it much to awaken our wonder and sympathy.' 'The perusal of the poem' has kept the *Sunday Times* 'in a state of astonishment, and left it in one of bewilderment.' The *Era* prophecies that 'it will live and be co-existent with the literature of the country.' The *Universalist Quarterly, U. S.* 'is upborne upon this mighty heaving sea of imagination.' With the *Boston Paper, U. S.* it is 'the book of the age.' The *Christian Examiner, Boston, U. S.* classes it with 'the Iliad, and Macbeth, and Paradise Lost.' The *New Quarterly* says 'that the world-spirit of the present time is enshrined in this magnificent book.' *Tait's Magazine* admires it because in it 'you find all contradictions reconciled—all improbabilities accomplished—all opposites paired—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted.' In Festus 'silver is of no account.' In the judgment of the *Dublin University Magazine* 'the beauties of nature, art, and character, clasp him with mingled radiance, like a rainbow; and the influence of an exalted morality touches and tinges everything that passes before him, till the scenery he paints glows with the heavenly warmth of an Italian sunset.' The *Critic* sees in it 'a wonderful commingling of the loveliness of nature with all that is lovely in religion and morals.' The *Metropolitan* thinks it 'might be fitly styled a book of spiritual truth edited by the Muses.' The *Nonconformist* regards it as 'a great poem, whose characteristic is power—power of thought, and power of language.'

As we were, on its first arrival, reading the gay cover on which some of this homage is enshrined, 'Festus,' the book itself, was taken up by a friend, who, unconscious of the awe which

ought to encircle so much genius, spoke a running commentary in hastily turning over the leaves. The words thus addressed to eye and ear encountered each other—

> 'As the rich sunbeams, and dark bursts of rain,
> Meet in one sky.'

'A great many ladies,' was the spoken criticism, 'who seem as if they were no better than they should be.'—'It looks very like one of those books which, as people say, are not fit for a drawing-room table.'—'Lucifer is one of the principal characters, and apparently one of the best of them.' We can assure our readers, if they will only trust us, that this hasty summary, this unimpassioned first impression is far the soundest, far the most rational and judicious judgment that his eyes have yet fallen upon.

We will not say that there is no genius, no poetry in Festus, but this we will say, with the fullest and heartiest conviction, that the huge impiety of the book must have increased people's estimate of these qualities an hundred-fold, on the principle on which country practitioners are always called clever if they are drunken; and that what is often called intellect and genius in this work, is simple daring profaneness. We cannot account for certain names which have given so contrary a testimony, but neither can we over-state—of this we feel certain—the impiety of the book, its evil moral, evil tendency, and insolent denial of revelation: its outrageous defiance of all modesty, its blind audacity in meddling with mysteries, its utter imperviousness to all emotions of awe, or sacredness, or majesty, its subjugation of reason and religion to sense and brute instinct. The work was originally written in 1839, twelve years ago, but lately republished in a third edition with additions. In the dedicatory sonnet to his father, the author says:—

> 'Life is at blood-heat, every page doth prove;
> Bear with it. Nature means necessity.'

Perhaps no means will more easily put the reader in possession of the nature of the plan, and help him to an idea of the execution, than a transcript of the *scenes* of Festus, as they occur, with some of the Dramatis Personæ, only omitting, as inconsistent with the character of these pages, his unscrupulous insertion of the Divine Persons of the Holy Trinity; under which names he does not scruple to give his own opinions at great length.

'SCENE. *Heaven.* * * * CHERUBIM, SERAPHIM, LUCIFER. [Who receives permission to tempt Festus.]

SCENE. *Wood and Water—Sunset.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A Country Market-place—Noon.* FESTUS, LUCIFER. [Here Lucifer preaches a sermon, asserting the eternal punishment of the wicked, and afterwards gives out a hymn of his own composition, ending with his blessing to the multitude. Festus follows with a prayer against bigotry].

SCENE. *Alcove and Garden.* FESTUS, CLARA and the spirit PNEUMASTER.

SCENE. *The Surface.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Village-Feast—Evening.* FESTUS, LUCIFER, a BALLAD SINGER, a STUDENT, a FARMER, and a PARSON.

SCENE. *The Centre.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A ruined Temple.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A Metropolis; and Public-place.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Air.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Another and a better World.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *A large Party and Entertainment.* FESTUS, LUCIFER, Ladies and others, HELEN, WILL, CHARLES, MARIAN, EMMA, FANNY, LUCY, LAWRENCE, FRANK. [Here a variety of love-songs are sung, of which Lucifer sings two, in no way different in character from the others.]

SCENE. *A Churchyard.* FESTUS and LUCIFER *beside a grave.*

SCENE. *Space.* FESTUS and LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Heaven.* * * * ARCHANGELS, LUCIFER, FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Garden Pleasure-house.* MARIAN, HELEN, EDWARD, CHARLES, SOPHIA, and others. [Here are more love-songs, and one on the comparative merits of wine, ale, and brandy.]

SCENE. *A Visit.* FESTUS, HELEN, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Home.* FESTUS, HELEN, *at her Piano—Dusk*, STUDENT.

SCENE. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.* LUCIFER, ELISSA.

SCENE. *Everywhere.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *Hell.* LUCIFER and FESTUS.

SCENE. *A Drawing-room.* FESTUS and ELISSA.

SCENE. *The Sun.* FESTUS. *A Garden by the Sea.* LUCIFER, ELISSA.

SCENE. *Colonnade and Lawn.* FESTUS and CLARA.

SCENE. *Elsewhere.* FESTUS, *the* SAINTS *from Heaven.*

SCENE. A gathering of KINGS and PEOPLES.

SCENE. *The Skies.* * * * ANGEL of EARTH, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Hades.* ARCHANGEL, FESTUS, DEATH, LUCIFER.

SCENE. *Earth.* ANGELS and SAINTS.

SCENE. *The Judgment of Earth.* The SON OF GOD, SAINTS and ANGELS.

SCENE. *The Heaven of Heavens.* The RECORDING ANGEL, LUCIFER, FESTUS, ANGELS. [Here Lucifer receives his pardon.]

> '* * * Bright child
> Of morning, once again thou shinest fair
> O'er all the stormy armaments of light.
> LUCIFER. The highest and the humblest I am.'—*Festus*, p. 108.

For the sake of the work itself we should not have thought it either worth while or desirable to give this ocular demonstration of a wild, flighty, outrageously bad book. We owe apology to our readers for doing so. We do it, however, to invalidate the testimony of high literary names. In these days, when private judgment is so much preached, we think that men are in some ways more than usually tempted to give up their own rightful judgment, and (while often exercising it against authority where they ought not,) to practise a voluntary humility, to yield a degrading subservience to genius and accredited names, in things where they would do better to be guided by their own instincts and impressions.

It cannot be denied that there is a certain novelty, which we conclude is called imagination, in placing your scenes—now in the sun,—now in a lady's drawing room,—now 'elsewhere,'—now 'everywhere,'—now in a town market-place,—now knocking at hell-gates; and in the flow of familiar talk, saying with an easy air, 'But here we are at Hell,'—now asking for a world without sin 'for a *change*.' Milton has not done it,—nor even Goethe,—nor even Byron. It may therefore be thought to imply a new and daring familiarity with grand ideas. We attribute the whole plan and execution of the poem to that total insensibility to fear which belongs to ignorance. Such a mind cannot possess the ordinary perceptions of God's attributes and Being (which are indeed distinctly denied) which men in general are gifted with. We believe the fumes of a mad and insolent speculation have obscured the image of God in the soul, so that the author plays with sacred names and things as a madman would; and plays with them for the same reason, because he has lost the power of rightly apprehending them. We can only say that we have failed to see the imagination and genius which are so much extolled. It is not possible for those divine impulses to range through the invisible world of thought, to embody the Holy or the terrible, without being penetrated with awe or fear. It is a noble cause for Milton's blindness, suggested by a poet's sense of justice and fitness, that the loss of sight was the penalty of an insight into dazzling mysteries. There is no touch of sublimity, no moment of realization, from the beginning to the end of Festus, to raise any such thoughts in his readers. Heaven's floor is no more to him than the market-place. Even where not profane, he never reaches the height of his argument. He can give no impression of grandeur or mystery to his impersonations. They all talk much like leading articles of newspapers put into blank verse. The reader would find it generally difficult to guess whether Festus or Lucifer were speaking. All are prolix to a degree which would not be credited. No real sermon was ever longer or duller, than Lucifer's in the market-place. Festus details his views to a rambling discursive length, which no listeners in any region would tolerate. The author's disbelief and bad theories are buried under a weight of heavy blank verse, which we should suppose had hid them from men's eyes—but why then praise them so much? This dulness is often relieved by a perfectly startling bathos, of which we think we can offer the reader an example from the very opening scene, in the person of the 'Angel of Earth;' the whole may be taken as an example of the poem:—

'LUCIFER. God! for thy glory only can I act,
And for thy creature's good. When creatures stray

Farthest from Thee, then warmest towards them burns
Thy love, even as yon sun beams hotliest on
The earth when distant most.
* * * The earth whereon
He dwells, this grain selected from the sands
Of life, dies with him.
LUCIFER. God, I go to do
Thy will.
* * * Thou, too, who watchest o'er the world
Whose end I fix, prepare to have it judged.
ANGEL OF EARTH. Let me not then have watch'd o'er it in vain.
From age to age, from hour to hour I still
Have hoped it would grow better—hope so now;
'Tis better than it once was, and hath more
Of mind and freedom than it ever had:
I love it more than ever. Thou didst give
It to me as a child. To me earth is
Even as the boundless universe to Thee;
Nay, more, for Thou couldst make another. It is
My world. Take it not from me, Lord! Thou, Christ!
Mad'st it the altar where Thou offeredst up
Thyself for the creation. Let it be
Immortal as Thy love. And altars are
Holy; and sister angels, sister orbs,
Hail it afar as such. O! I have heard
World question world, and answer; seen them weep
Each other, if eclipsed for one red hour.
And of all worlds most generous was mine,
The tenderest and the fairest.
LUCIFER. Know'st thou not
God's Son to be the brother and the friend
Of spirit everywhere? Or hath thy soul
Been bound for ever to thy foolish world?
ANGEL. Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the pass-word of the universe
To God; the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or heaven.

* * * Think not I lived and died for thine alone,
And that no other sphere hath hail'd me Christ.
My life is ever-suffering for love.
In judging and redeeming worlds is spent
Mine everlasting being.'—*Festus*, p. 2.

What excuse, we would ask, on the score of soaring genius, for such profaneness? What can be more miserable on every principle of taste, than the angel's plea? This same Angel of Earth is not more favoured by the lyric muse; 'tis thus he elsewhere sings:—

'Stars, Stars,
Stop your bright cars!
Stint your breath,
Repent e'er worse,
Think of the death
Of the universe;'—

and finishes after requesting Time 'to extinguish his red link in the sea,' by asking—

> 'Mother Eternity,'
> What is for me?'

'Poor angel!' says Festus, and for once all parties must be agreed in an epithet. The aim of the work seems to be a sort of frantic antinomianism, which not only allows sin in the elect, but considers it a chosen pathway to salvation. 'Sin is necessity,' 'the shadow of creation's light,' nor does anything meet with genuine reprobation from the poet but the several articles of the Christian faith: for example, 'the resurrection of the body,' where in speaking of death it is asserted:—

> 'The body and the soul cease; spirit lives:
> And gloriously falsified are all
> Earth's cavern'd prophecies of bodyhood.'

But the eternal punishment of the wicked is perhaps the point chiefly attacked, which is no matter of wonder. It will not be expected that the morals of such a work should be in advance of its faith. One old-fashioned virtue is especially combated—*constancy;* and this not by halves; even the ardent lover who, loving a fair lady ardently attached to him—

> 'Would solemnly and singularly curse
> Each minute that he thought not of her,'—

had a certain 'point of taste,' which made him fall in love, collaterally with this adored one, with every beauty he met with. 'It was a pity this inconstancy,' says Helen. To which the characteristic reply is given, 'It was his way.' But when it is asserted that 'It were better that all love were sin, than that love were not,' our readers will not exact from us further examples to prove our assertion, but willingly take it for granted. But why dwell longer on such a work? Less fortunate than 'the bard,' the '*I*,' the type of himself, of whom when Festus was asked, if he had written any work but *the* one, it is answered:—

> 'After that, like the hotly-burning peak he fell
> Into himself, and was missing ever after'—

Mr. Bailey has written another work, to give the lie to all the talk of *promise*. There is no promise in a bad book. There is a lamp which we are told shall be put out, and we witness such an extinction in his last work, 'The Angel World,' a book not really higher in faith or principles than the other, but happily redeemed by an unreadable dulness. It is a sort of allegory, in which all our received notions of heaven are reversed;

where angels are of different genders, where they have fathers and children, where they tell each other what *we* know, in long-winded complimentary strains, and also what as *intelligences* they ought to know if it were really so:—

'Mine angel sire.
Such blest relations are ye *know* in heaven?'

But it is perfectly unnecessary to go further into the merits of a work which nobody will ever read, and nobody, we must suppose, will ever think it worth while to puff—and yet in this little volume, among the minor poems, are some lines to the River Trent, the river of the poet's birthplace, which are really pleasing, have genuine feeling, and seem to show what he might have done had he not rioted away his faculties and powers in the wanton dissipation of Festus.

'Reverberations' (which has obtained some notice for the flow of its verse) is the work of a thorough-going disciple of Progress—its religion consequently is of the peculiar character of that school, being founded on a law, not of constancy, but of necessary change—not of faith, but of perpetual abandonment of creeds, not because they are bad, but because they are old. There is a great deal of religion in these two little volumes, many scriptural allusions, and a belief expressed with some fervour; but looking into them more narrowly we detect them to be really a sort of sentimental elegy on the departure of Christianity, whose fate it is, along with other 'cherished creeds,' the Grecian deities, the Scandinavian Thor and Balder, &c. &c., to yield to the inevitable laws of progress and social advancement. It is sad that it should be so. The author regrets it. But then it was also very sad and very ungrateful too in the Northmen to give up the god Thor, who had killed 'The Frost Giants,' and set up the Cross in his stead.

'"You seem minded to put Thor away!
Is it fair, king Olaf, is it fair?
All the heat and burden of the day
Fell on him whom now you put away!
Have a care, king Olaf, have a care."

* * * * *

Thus the godlike evermore decays;
Thus the ancient gods must leave the earth;
No one treads the old and sacred ways,
Old leaves fall and the old fruit decays;
Fades for ever the primæval worth.

Grieve we not for this, but rather find
A new splendour in the actual time.
Ever present is the eternal mind,
Ever shall the faithful seeker find,
Ever listen to the starry chime.

* * * * *

Out of Doubt shall Faith be born again,
From the dead the living church shall rise,
The old granite gleams above the plain,
Winter fades—the summer comes again,
Over all are the eternal skies.'

Again, in a poem entitled *Genesis*, and opening with the assertion,—

'There was never yet beginning
To the web which we behold,'—

it says, in expressing, as Schiller has done, the same regrets for the fading of creeds, comparing their decay with the longer endurance of the planetary system:—

'Ah! the fairy heaven of fable
Fades and fades for evermore,
Harp and voice alike unable
Jove's Olympus to restore.
* * * * *
Poet's song and prophet's dreaming,
Pass with all that man has done,
But abides the primal gleaming
Of the children of the sun.'

And after speculating on the inhabitants of the starry regions, and how far they have joys, and sorrows, and *railroads*, like this earth, asks:—

'Does some genius leave the fountain
When their creeds like ours expire?'

In other parts we have painful allusions to the truths and mysteries of faith travestied and perverted, yet with the assumption of a religious tone and a certain unction which makes it more unpleasing; treating them, it is evident, as *fables*, and myths to be spiritualized: as for example:—

'Revere the Church—the good and brave,
The souls that feel, and heads that plan,
And worship at the holy grave
Of the celestial man.

Columnar hills and cloistral shade,
Clouds, rainbows, sunset heavens, shall be
Cathedral, temple, colonnade,
And house of God to thee.

Yet reverence thou the ancient fane;
There *once* man's highest lore was taught.'

The author erects a sort of Pantheon of worthies, who partly constitute and partly contribute towards the new divinity of the Future which he sets up,—Lamennais—'the mysterious woman, so divine and yet so human,' whom we interpret to mean George Sand, Emerson, the American Carlyle, 'a prophet veiled in light,'

our soberer English names of Mill, and Grote, and also M. Conte, 'who half divines how men should dwell.'

> 'These are our nobles, these our kings,
> At whose behest the future springs
> From the foreworld's chaotic night,
> Gleaming and streaming into light;
> Fair child of a dark mother born,
> A joyful young and festive morn,
> Panoplied, adult, defiant,
> Self-sufficing, self-reliant;
> A champion that no might avails to quell,
> A Spirit that shall live for aye,
> A God that cannot pass away.'
>
> *Reverberations*, 2. 95.

Our readers will perhaps wonder at our bringing before them a work of so directly infidel a character. But there may be use in different worlds of opinion having occasional glimpses of each other. We hope and believe that the world of which Mr. John Chapman is the publisher, is a very small one, and one, too opposed to the practical English mind to have much influence. But this world thinks itself the only enlightened, and speaks with a confidence which is simply amazing to the uninitiated, affording a lesson, we think, against all confidence founded on a private sense of superior judgment or intellect, and deeper insight into things; in whatever school it may be found. It cannot be denied that in the world of literature there is a sympathy with this new Pantheistic school; whether a direct sympathy of aims, or only as welcoming and delighting in something new, in the relaxation of the trammels of custom, we cannot always tell. Poetry, which ought to be the very essence of truth, has always enjoyed a strange impunity, so that men generally are not half so jealous of false opinion or dangerous doctrine in verse as in prose; and many who would shrink from an infidel catechism are pleased with a poem which embodies precisely the same views. Such being the fact, it is consolatory that the poet of the new régime can only make very bad verses when he comes to lay down his Future—that his aims and wishes are not amongst those high thoughts 'that voluntary move harmonious numbers' —as witness the following apotheosis of free trade, with which we will take leave of our author:—

> 'The worn out poetry of antique times
> I fling aside, as gladly as the rock
> Throws off the flowering herb it cherish'd once,
> In favour of a new and larger growth.
> Landlords of gentle birth and noble race,
> Stars, ribands, coronets, and pedigrees,
> Have had their life-blood drain'd, and ought to die.
> Who wisely treats the land shall be to me

True landlord, holding title deeds of God.
Who makes his life a strenuous gentleness,
I own a gentleman, and he who reads
Signs in the planets, and with thoughts of God
Stands crown'd, as heaven with stars, and chronicles
The generations of the earth and sky,
True liege to me, and native nobleman,
With willing hand and joyful heart I take.
I speak as one who has been sent by God
To get a thought on Time's rough anvil forged.
I dare avow that it is my belief,
That He whose presence glorified the world
Gave us the law of progress as of love.
I therefore take my stand on either law,
And in the name of progress and of love,
Would claim the emancipation of all trade.
* * * I see
The fairest issues in enfranchised trade,—
War dispossest of the wise heart of man,
Virtue above all virtue practised now,
Law likest nature's ancient ordinance,
Art over and beyond all art now known,
And man self-balanced and by love inspired,
Reading the everlasting Gospel writ
In earth and sky, and pressing, as he reads,
His heart to Nature's—Nature's heart to his.'

Reverberations, 2. 82.

Mr. Westwood's pretty poems suffer rather from the size and dignity of the volume in which they are enshrined, which leads to expectations beyond the aim and intention of the writer, whose pretensions take no higher stand than they attain to, and who pleads the pleasure and facility of verse-making as his excuse for being a poet. He sets himself against some of the poetic vices of the age with spirit, in his lines on the mystic and oracular style which now prevails; and there is a tone of brightness and cheerfulness throughout which he is not without the power of imparting to his readers. But his ear has too readily caught the echoes of other minstrels' strains; his very facility—(that stream of easy verse which we feel has cost so little effort) is the result we fear of unconscious imitation, nor do we often meet with a new conception which would have compelled him to the labour of characteristic forcible expression. The following, however, are striking lines, and contain a clear thought vividly expressed:—

'THE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.

'There was a ripple on the water's face,
A ripple on the water of Loch Fyne;
Bright fell the sunshine, with a sportive grace;
Sweet sung the throstle from her island shrine.

"Save me, God—save me!" but a moment past,
Up rose the shriek of frienzied agony;
From the clear wave, a dying youth aghast
Glared round, and upward, as he breathed that cry;

Then sunk, slow-drifting through the unfathom'd space,
Down to dark burial, 'mid the wild weed's twine.
So came that ripple on the water's face,
That ripple on the water of Loch Fyne.'—*Wedmore's Poems.*

'Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell' are remarkable as being the first efforts of undoubted genius to find some congenial form of expression. The sisters who have equally surprised the world, and shocked their more scrupulous readers in their *debut* as novelists, came before the public first in a volume of poems, which attracted very little attention at the time; nor do we know that the fame of their writings has since brought them into notice; and yet they are not common verses, but show many of the vigorous qualities which have characterized the prose works of the same writers, while they are free, though not without kindred faults, from that unscrupling, unblushing coarseness, which made it hard, in spite of so much internal evidence, to credit that 'Jane Eyre' and above all 'Wuthering Heights' could be from a woman's pen. It is impossible to think of the author of Jane Eyre, without perhaps unjust regrets at what must have been the faults of early training or adverse circumstances, which could have warped and obscured the whole moral views of so clear, powerful, and sympathising a mind,—which could set it at permanent war with the common proprieties of life, and give her such bitter impressions of the tyranny of society over her own sex, a tyranny which she would teach them to escape from, by an abandonment of those reserves, that delicacy, which are the charm as well as the safeguard of purity of mind. We conceive, we know not how fairly, that she must have been the victim of early misconstruction, of harsh and injurious treatment, to have retained such lasting exasperation of spirit; that the experience of the three sisters must have thrown them among men more than commonly selfish, overbearing, and debased, to give them such impressions of woman's evil fate among them; and indeed their works have throughout vague hints of a certain brutal monstrous oppression, from which women have suffered and died. But we are aware that it is neither safe nor reasonable to form such imaginary excuses for positive errors. All have to bear some of this world's trials; many have borne whatever amount of disappointment, weariness, and uncongenial labour may have pressed upon these sisters, and in their resignation have profited by trials which impatient and rebellious spirits

have struggled and beat against in impotent resistance. The poems are characterized by this sense of wrong; of woman's sufferings under her tyrant, beginning in the person of Pilate's wife, who is represented, while musing on her dream, as revolting with her whole heart from her wicked lord; and carried through the book in allusions, remembrances, visions, and tales all with the same aim. There is a story called 'Gilbert' which is powerfully told. He is haunted by the woman whose love he has betrayed, and pursued by the writer (Currer) with a sort of vengeful vindictive fury, which has something almost personal in it, till he finally blows his brains out, to her evident contentment. The apparition of his victim weltering and sinking through the ocean waves, is described with a very vivid imagination. This author does not shrink from depicting the pangs of unrequited love as one of the woes of her sex; and that with so realizing a hand, that what might seem maudlin and ridiculous under other treatment, has with her the dignity at least of real sorrow. We do not know how far this is a thing to be remedied by any reconstruction of society, but we recollect that in 'Shirley' she makes her Caroline very nearly make the offer, and make all the love throughout the courtship. But throughout (the so-called) Currer Bell's verses, with a great deal of feeling, vigour, and some imagination, we see that verse is not her natural element; her thoughts do not gain much by this dress; there is a want of sweetness and harmony, and the harshness and bitterness of the thoughts too often accounts for the deficiency. We extract the following verses by Ellis Bell, as more pleasing from their subject. We know not whether our readers will enter into our feeling of real pleasure and admiration for these lines, which seem to us to possess that eloquence which is the garb of true emotion: we cannot doubt that it is a real remembrance and a true circumstance. The alliterations and repetitions, whether accidental or by design, and the apparent disregard of rules, greatly assist the impetuosity; as of a mind giving way to a rush of thought in which it was commonly forbidden to indulge, and delighting in the mere repetition of the same idea in the same words. It is written in the proper condition for composition,—the memory, that is, dwelling upon *past* emotions, and delighting to express them with fervour and vehemence, seeking the indulgence of adequate expression:—

'REMEMBRANCE.

'Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Sever'd at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold on the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills have melted into spring:
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong

No later light has lighten'd up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perish'd,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy,
Then did I learn how existence should be cherish'd,
Strengthen'd and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Wean'd my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?'—*Ellis Bell*, p. 31.

The following lines we must suppose to be descriptive of the same event—the death of the lover who is so long mourned. The opening passion of rebellious grief is in character with the writer. We do not extract it for admiration, but as a genuine transcript of a certain stage of undisciplined feeling. The reader must observe the change to the trochaic measure when the narrative begins:—

A DEATH-SCENE.

'"O Day! he cannot die
When thou so fair art shining!
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,
So tranquilly declining;

"He cannot leave thee now,
While fresh west winds are blowing,
And all around his youthful brow
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Edward, awake, awake—
The golden evening gleams
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

"Beside thee, on my knee,
My dearest friend! I pray
That thou to cross the eternal sea
Wouldst yet one hour delay:

"I hear its billows roar—
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.

"It is not death, but pain,
That struggles in thy breast—
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again,
I cannot let thee rest!"

One long look that sore reproved me
For the woe I could not bear,
One mute look of suffering moved me
To repent my useless prayer.

And with sudden check, the heaving
Of distraction pass'd away;
Not a sign of further grieving
Stirr'd my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting;
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze;
Summer dews fell softly, wetting
Glen and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,
Weigh'd beneath a mortal sleep;
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,
Never moved, and never closed;
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—
Wander'd not, nor yet reposed!

So I knew that he was dying—
Stoop'd and raised his languid head;
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,
So I knew that he was dead.'—*Ellis Bell*, p. 40.

We believe there is great truth in this description of the eyes of the dying, the fruit, no doubt, of actual observation quickened by earnest feeling and sympathy. Whatever value this volume possesses is from the impress it leaves of this actual experience as opposed to the wider range of poets by profession, whose vocation it is to *imagine,* and who, unless their imagination is in a very vivid and active state indeed, must fall into mannerism and often describe things of which we are all judges, by symbols rather than by severe truth and nature. Many of the poems

are poor, especially those by Acton Bell. There is sympathy with doubt and that form of worldliness which consists in preferring worldly to heavenly affections, which is sometimes carried to an extreme length, as in the poem called 'Apostasy,' by Currer, where the author evidently goes along with the speaker to the point of admiration, if not of positive approbation, of this very shocking sentiment.

> 'Talk not of thy Last Sacrament,
> Tell not thy beads for me;
> Both rite and prayer are vainly spent
> As dews upon the sea.
> Speak not one word of Heaven above;
> Rave not of Hell's alarms;
> Give me but back my Walter's love;
> Restore me to his arms!
>
> Then will the bliss of Heaven be won,
> Then will Hell shrink away,
> As I have seen night's terrors shun
> The conquering steps of day.
> 'Tis my religion thus to love,
> My creed thus fix'd to be,—
> Not death shall shake, nor priestcraft break
> My rock-like constancy!'—*Currer Bell*, p. 147.

The love of nature which characterises Currer Bell's prose works pervades the whole of the present volume, but we have space for no more extracts; our article has already run to a length which in these times of stirring interests, and of subjects of all-pervading importance, may be thought unreasonable.

One deduction we think may be drawn from the review we have taken of the recent minor poetry, simply as poetry, which is, that those licences in morals, those errors in belief, that absence of reverence leading to unlawful or unprofitable speculation, which should all be first viewed in their moral aspect, and reprobated on that ground mainly, have yet their mischiefs as points of mere taste, as disturbing and violating the best rules and laws of composition. They are found to disturb and pervert the imagination as much as they dull the conscience; they interfere with the proportionate development of the intellect as much as every moral failing must affect the soul and character; they mar the pleasure of the intelligent reader as much as they wound his religious sensibilities. We think it is clear that in so far as these writers had been humbler, purer, of a more submissive faith, they would have been better poets, though perhaps less showy writers; truer to nature, more open to her influences, possessed of a more genuine pathos, a more intimate sympathy; that in aiming at less they would have attained to more; that in humbling the pride of unchastened thought and intellect which has now led them astray, they

would have been exalted to heights which they can never now attain. The great law of moderation which an apostle has prescribed for our moral guidance should have equally its place in the direction of the understanding and imagination. This law cannot be outraged without lasting injury to their free growth and action. It cannot be uniformly disregarded for the sake of startling effects and ambitious displays, such as we have witnessed, without a permanent loss of real power.

ART. IV.—*England as it is, political, social, and industrial, in the middle of the nineteenth century. By* WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq., *Barrister at Law.* London: Murray. 1851.

IT is natural to pause for contemplation when we have arrived at the middle point of a journey, be it of space or of time, be we engaged in any labour or be we carried along by the stream of events. The human mind loves comparisons, and by the measure of what is passed it forms conjectures as to the future. As we pass each milestone in a walk or each station of a railway, we think of the distance already traversed, and gather thence a definite conception of what remains before we arrive at the end. There is much satisfaction in looking upon what is done, inasmuch as it gives a good assurance of ability to finish, and is itself productive of complacency. This pleasure of comparison is peculiarly taking in mid career, every faculty of reflection and prospective energy is then at its height, we have in one sense done what we have to do, we have fairly grasped the whole. The sun itself would seem to pause after ascending from the eastern horizon before it commences its descent; the same may be said of every missile that we send into the air. The comet hurries into far regions and hurries back again, perhaps after several generations of men have passed away; but midway in this long journey we can trace it almost still, resting for a time to think of what is past and what is to come. In obedience to this law of nature, man rests at noon-day from the labours of the field, and measures the work he has to do by what is already imprinted on the pages of time; and in like manner if we have reached the middle page of some literary production, which does not absorb us beyond the influence of ordinary rules, we feel a pleasurable anticipation that the end may at length arrive.

We are now in the middle of the nineteenth century, and it well behoves us seriously to contemplate the past and the future of a period that has already arrogated to itself no small share of historical importance, be it justly or unjustly. We are disposed to think the present century an eventful one, and that there is much truth in the character affixed to it in popular estimation; not but that all centuries are eventful, and that the constitution of the world is such, that one hundred years as naturally produce events and changes as any one thing produces another in terrestrial laws. Still there is a peculiar importance in our own change of habits and politics which should not be diminished, with reference to ourselves, by that distant view of history

which mingles the whole world into a busy scene the details of which concern us not. The nineteenth century is at any rate important enough to ourselves to make it an instructive employment, and full of interest, to look back upon the first half and forward to the last. A favourable symptom of our present condition is a general striving after the knowledge of oneself. There is an impartial spirit of inquiry abroad, which hesitates not to say enough things about ourselves. That smooth tongued laudation of the British constitution, with a little seasoning of the accompanying lion and the bravery of our national character, is now about as extinct as knight-errantry after Don Quixote was written, or as the Blair school of pulpit oratory that synchronized with it. We are content to see faults, and let us hope to remedy them. But still there is a boastful temperament among us, which wants a certain correction that can best be expressed by the term 'snubbing.' The commercial physical element is rather uppermost,—as much so in our hereditary house of parliament as in the Manchester school; for by it we do not mean a love of progress, the offspring of energy, mental and bodily, but we mean a love of mammon and a blindness to unseen agents. Selfishness, and a trust in physical things as containing a finality, are dominant just now, and cry aloud for a handful of dust to quash the beehive tumult that they are making. Whether this may proceed from the weapons of ridicule, or from sterner teaching, we pretend not to say; but we partly foresee a dose of the former in store for some of our national failings, though a severer chastisement may also come upon us for sins deeply implanted in us. Without using any terms that may attach our meaning to certain conventional schools, we may yet assert, that an importance is given to small, incomplete, and narrow-minded details of physical comfort which in some minds converts the monster advertising show-room, about to open in Hyde Park, into a crisis of sublunary things. A distinguished person, to whose conceptive powers the exhibition has been attributed, spoke, if we remember right, of certain great principles of the human mind converging towards a centre at our happy period of time, from whence the rays would diverge as regenerating influences to all blest with subsequent existence. We propose to ourselves a visit, to see what is to be seen at this *point*, which, as it turns out, requires the treatment of a hot-house plant; but we leave the grandiloquent theories alluded to, to be developed as best they may in profounder minds than our own. But meanwhile we are not at all unprepared for some very sensible proof that the whole affair, as the encænia of the world's regeneration, is a kind of pantomime of Babel, the consummation of which in a general dispersion will be a truly acceptable portion of the similitude.

Be this however as it may, be it wise or unwise to bring all the world together that we may commemorate some imagined pre-eminence in our policy, this seems clear, that we are inviting attention to our island throughout all parts of the inhabited earth, which will be shared in by our own countrymen with renewed interest, under the stimulus of notoriety. Many guide-books and maps will point out the physical arrangements under which we live, and the book now before us would seem to be an attempt at describing in a comprehensive form the whole condition of our moral, intellectual, and social being as a nation. On so wide a subject, or rather in treating of so many topics, we can expect nothing but a brief summary, or an imperfect sketch of each branch; and accordingly we are almost surprised now and then in reading the book, at coming to the close of a subject when we had thought the introduction to it hardly over. At other times we are rather overpowered with extracts from old Quarterly Reviews, articles from the Times newspaper, and other literature, which, however excellent, has not the charm of novelty in a book bearing the date of 1851. It would seem, however, that certain works have a run for the purposes of quotation, both in speeches and book-writing, which it is in vain to oppose; and Mr. Johnston is not singular, by way of instance, in that eternal reference to Arnold's Life, and to Sydney Smith, with which it is now thought fit to adorn all that every one has to say. This, however, together with a lengthy account of the execution of the Mannings, and a history of Sir Robert Peel, are materials for a political guide-book which it would be cruel to deny the purveyor of *exhibition* readers. It is as well, however, to understand the nature of a book, and in classifying 'England as it is,' we would not say that originality was not its charm. For instance, in discussing the manners of our aristocracy, we have all the old stories of poor Lord Melbourne's free and easy habits, with quotations from Don Juan. Notwithstanding, however, this defect, the book is full of interesting matter, and written in a good spirit. The principles elicited on secular politics, are in favour of protection; while, on religious subjects, they would come under the designation of high-church, with no *tractarian bias.* The combination of free-trade principles with a love of ecclesiastical institutions, meets with especial disapproval.

The statistical information is useful, and clearly arranged for some practical deductions, and as the author commences with this part of his multifarious subject, 'England as it is,' we will follow his example, confining ourselves to such figures only as we may select for our own remarks, bearing on the social condition of all classes.

In the first place, let us inquire how many human beings there are in the United Kingdom, whom we have to feed, to clothe, to regulate, to instruct and preach to. The present population of Great Britain is estimated at about 22,000,000; Ireland will add about 8,000,000 to this number. However exalted our view of the objects of human life may be, we must always start with the consideration of how to feed this gross and carnal body. Hooker remarks, with his accustomed accuracy of discernment, that to live righteously it is in the first place necessary to live. Now bread is called the staff of life, and at the risk of invading tender ground, we must nevertheless inquire boldly how the multitude around us are to be fed with that necessary aliment. Mr. Spackman estimates the quantity of wheat grown in the United Kingdom at 22,000,000 of quarters, which at the present price would be twice that number of pounds sterling, and afford some twenty stone of bread, or as near as may be, a penny loaf a day for every man, woman, and child. The question as to whether this is sufficient may be answered by the fact that the smallest allowance made by most parishes to children for bread is half a stone, or nine-pence a-week instead of seven-pence. It is clear then that we require importation: and this importation amounted in 1849 to 4,500,000 of quarters of wheat, beside Indian-corn: we see, therefore, curiously enough, that the amount imported about fills up the gap that was observed, the two penny loaves a-week that were deficient in a most moderate estimate of what people eat. Are we then to check this convenient influx, and thereby place in jeopardy the concluding meals of each week; or are we to rest contented with our good fortune, that as God has sent us mouths, He also sends bread to put into them? But the agricultural interest,—how are the farmers to get on? Let us see the numerical comparison of agricultural with other interests. It is commonly supposed that the landed interests in their several branches, are far more extensive than any other, but that, from being scattered, and from living in a state of innocent seclusion, these followers of the plough, and these virtuous bucolics allow a few nests of busy manufacturers to govern the world by combined action and restless agitation. In 1841 the agricultural interests, from the owner of the land to the infant child of his labourer, were reckoned at 22 per cent., the commercial being 46, and miscellaneous 32. Agricultural labourers number about 8 per cent. But justice is not to be denied because they are the minority; nevertheless, the fact thus elicited may calm any uneasiness as to a general downfall of society. All interests are blended together, so that a majority will always help up a minority; and it is only when ruin hangs over the general mass, that we need assume a tone of

despair. Is it however clear that the question concerns agricultural labourers? can it justly be said to be their injury? It is pretty well known that the labourer has been but just maintained anyhow; this he can claim under any circumstances, and it is idle after the sufferings of this class in the times of protection, to set them before the world as victims of free-trade. The real persons concerned, are then, the owners and occupiers, for whose sake the actual quantity of bread now consumed is wished to be reduced. It may be necessary to stop the supply from foreign ports, but never can this be done in order to *diminish* the quantity for consumption; for the more bread we have, the greater may we estimate our prosperity: it is only when land is actually thrown out of cultivation at home, and thereby bread is not produced, that legislative measures can be reasonable, in order to make it worth while to grow corn at home; this being done, not to protect the occupation of a few, but to feed the many. It has yet to be proved, that land will be thus thrown out of cultivation; for supposing the whole class of present tenants to give up their farms, of which we see no signs, there is abundant capital in other hands, which would soon be applied to land on the large farm system, under which it is almost granted, even now, that a farmer can make it answer who is not over rapacious.

The whole question of cheap bread, though often made the watchword of a vulgar outcry, is not to be despised. It is a question that deeply affects the many, and the quantity actually eaten we know to be greater in consequence. The sin of interfering with the allowance of bread, which constitutes the main support of so many, may be seen by the quantity of food actually devoured, in London and its neighbourhood, by those who can afford to buy a stimulating diet. Meat sold in London amounts to about 10,000,000*l.* a-year, or 5*l.* a-year for every man, woman, and child. Knowing, then, how many rarely touch animal food, or by no means in the luxuriant proportion of two shillings a-week for each member of a household, how extravagantly must some refresh the body! how awful do we see the difference to be between the food of the rich and of the poor! awful then would be the responsibility of diminishing the supply of the staff of life! Rather than do this, we must, for the sake of the poor, risk an entire change of the occupiers of land, the entire overthrow of the class of small farmers, who, with little capital, expect to live in easy competence. With many exceptions of individual worth, we do not think that the experience of the clergy will warrant their conviction that small farmers are a class for whose sake to sacrifice the daily food of millions. The agricultural labourer is indeed an object of reverential

esteem, from the hardships he can endure with patience, and the dependent position in which he is placed under what is too often the tyranny of parochial authorities. No class is more ignorant than that of small farmers, who have no place in the social world as a guarantee of good manners. These men often have some few labourers entirely at their mercy; for if they give notice to quit, the workhouse is the only alternative, and the tyranny exercised over them is often worthy of another race of mankind. We know of a labourer, and a regular communicant of unblemished character, now approaching the age of three-score and ten, who for twenty years has been working under the constant blasphemies of a most illiberal master, and who now is told by that master with a bitter scoff, 'I have had your marrow, and the devil may have your bones.' We do not mention this as being the type of a class, but as a proof of what may be done, even in this enlightened age; and as a sign that the position of a labourer is not much benefited at present by that enlightenment. The general question of the respective improvement in the physical position of master and man, or of rich and poor, is however a wide one, to consider which we will leave the now past and settled question of small farmers and free trade in corn. It is acknowledged that there has been a frightful disparity, and an increasing one in the great classes of rich and poor during the last half-century, and much of the unsoundness of our boastful talkers rests on the fact, that what they say would be all very well if their physical comforts were really extended; but that the mere addition of a few conveniences to an already comfortable class is not a national regeneration, we would distinctively assert, though a great parade may be effected thereby, if the screen is kept well over the unhappy examples of poverty that remain.

One evil which we think retards the improvement of the labouring classes is that gradual loss of their independent position, as citizens of a common country with the rich, which is always found to creep into a luxurious age. Luxury always tends to virtual slavery. That element of Christian equality which the Church has ever striven to implant has proportionably faded with other distinctive works of the kingdom of heaven visible among us. The Church would teach her members that the distinction of ranks is, in logical phrase, an accident, whereas the world makes it the substance of those who enjoy it. If it is a mere external garment to those who actually wear it, others will rejoice in it equally with the possessor, indeed they will feel it to be their own; in the same way that the clerical office with its external symbols is felt by a faithful congregation to be no invidious distinction, but a common property; all worldly elevation must, in one sense, be likewise ministerial, and

must not assume an inherent superiority as of one who claims some divine attribute; but this is exactly what covetousness, selfishness, and the love of mammon do. They rejoice in throwing off the responsibilities and badges of rank, and sink into an inward complacency, which, under the delusion that they are giving up the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, is the secret instigator of the deepest, the most wounding pride. No one ever feels hurt at the pride of official rank. The most pompous insignia of judicial or royal state are no barrier between him who wears them and him who does not,—they hinder not but rather encourage the free interchange of many common thoughts and common subjects of interest; it is a compliment to yourself that others put on their brightest show for your sake, and you feel that in part it is your own; but that which really wounds the heart's pride is, to see one who at first sight is like yourself, but whom you afterwards discover to be excluded from all common interests with yourself, by the deeper chasm, because a visible barrier is not thought necessary. You see such an one separated from you by a very coldness of heart which freezes all common sympathies. Without being liable to the supposition of a puerile longing for feudal manners, we may yet illustrate our meaning, by a comparison of modern seclusion at meals with the more public system of olden times. The baron and his friends feasting on good things in pomp, at an elevated table before all their dependents, nay, and a few stray wanderers, would not be a sight half so suggestive of envy or so productive of evil passions, as the secluded luxury of modern life, but dimly guessed at by the profane vulgar, through steaming areas, and a chance ray from an illuminated interior. The Lord Mayor in state excites not half that feeling of distance between himself and the civic outcast, as the secretly devoured turtle at the Alderman's suburban villa. But those who fare sumptuously every day, and thereby learn by habit to place great reliance on their physical comforts, do they, numerous as they are at the present day, at all estimate the peculiar privilege they enjoy; do they contrast their lot with the far greater numbers who are more like Lazarus? Surely there ought always to be some feeling of uneasiness in the quiet indulgence of luxury, as if having one thing, we might lack another; as if by thus being isolated from the common lot of hardship, we may also be isolated from many common feelings with the outer world which are essential to one who is of a family that owns for its members, with an equally loving heart, the rich and the poor, the full and the hungry. A thankful enjoyment of good things, after an offering, in some form or other, in proof of your gratitude, is the gift of God; but without this thank-offering of charity to the

poor, surely a very imperfect knowledge of the philosophy of human nature would be enough to create some lurking suspicion that we were feasting, as it were, over a mine of gunpowder, were somehow or other aggravating certain evil passions in the heart of those destitute of what we enjoy, which sooner or later would burst forth.

We would now, however, speak of a great tendency of modern times to uncitizenize (if there is such a word) the poor, through the system of taxation adopted. As the same tendency is most prejudicial to our morality as a nation, we will explain a certain theory of taxation, and without committing ourselves either to it or to the task of preparing a budget for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nevertheless suggest whether such a theory could not be more or less considered, and in fact whether some of the popular outcries of the day are not a confused expression of the evils growing upon us by its neglect.

Taxation is acknowledged to be necessary; we must have taxes. Now, if a thing is necessary, it is the part of a philosophical mind to do it or receive it with a good grace. If we respect ourselves, and have any regard for human nature, we are unwilling to stamp its primary and well-regulated necessities as odious. Taxation, therefore, ought not to be branded as an evil, for we thus add to ourselves insult to injury. The injury of emptying our pockets is essential, why then add the pang of having taxes collected, as if we were ashamed of paying them? If we do pay them, let it be in a manner to give ourselves the satisfaction of feeling that we are thereby members of a body politic, citizens of the state. Let taxes be the honest and open offerings out of the best that we have toward the maintenance of peace and order, which will be more highly prized if we feel that we have paid for them. Let all pay their share in a direct way, and consider it a privilege that they do so; let them feel that they have a good bargain,—that the return they receive is a good recompense for what they pay. This may sound ideal, but we think it may be reconciled with practicability, easier than might at first be imagined. It is a popular notion, which has an apparent justice in it, that out of nothing you can get nothing; and that if you want money, you must go to where it is, that is, to people that have it. This is more true in the abstract than in its application to our system of taxing. What is wealth? for to this we must go for money. It is not gold, or current specie, or any conventional representative of its real substance; it is *the development of nature by the labour of man.* He is the producer of wealth who labours thus to develop nature, to bring out from her those stores which are useful to man,—those things which give health, strength, comfort, and beauty, to his condi-

tion. It is fit, therefore, that we go to him for the desired object of contributions towards good order and security. Nothing can be more obvious than this in a primitive state of society, where landed property is not recognised; and accordingly we find a poll-tax on men of an age to work, to have been the original source of income to the governing powers. Under the first kings of Rome the tribute was equally on each person, and it was only on the expulsion of the kings that the poor were relieved from taxes. It is, therefore, the natural disposition of a luxurious age to deceive the poor into a belief that they do not pay tax, and thereby to deprive them of many rights, though, strange to say, the poor are always worse off where they do not pay taxes than where they do. One tendency of the principle is now developing itself in our parochial law, to which we have never seen attention drawn, but the consequences of which may, we think, some day appear to the injury of the Church. Hitherto parochial rates have been levied from the occupiers of every house; but now it is open to a parish to adopt the system of the rates being paid by the owners. This is supposed to be a relief to the poor, and they hail it as such, for they do not like being called on for frequent payment of small sums. But look to the consequence. Hitherto every cottager, as a ratepayer, had a vote at vestry meetings, and in case of a poll for church rate, could support the church; but now, where the other system is adopted, the church will be found at the mercy of a small clique of self-sufficient proprietors, in fact, to the vestry, without any appeal to a larger body outside, more under the influence of the clergy. The poor will have lost their parochial rights, and all the benefit to them will be, that what they hitherto paid to the overseer, an act often productive of an honest pride, now they will pay as an addition to their rent,—for cottage proprietors are not likely to omit this item out of their calculations.

But to return to a larger sphere of taxation; we say it is a delusion to pretend that we do not tax the poor. Labour is the thing to be taxed, for it is the production itself of wealth, and therefore must pay all liabilities for its protection. Wealth is of no use without being used through the means of labour; therefore by taxing labour we tax wealth. Those who have property must employ labourers, and those labourers must be fed and clothed. Therefore, if they have to pay tax their wages must be proportional, and they may then have certain rights as contributors to the common fund. Take the case either of a farmer or a manufacturer with capital, but of penurious habits. That man benefits by the present low and slavish system of wages, but also he escapes all taxes on luxury; therefore he does not pay his share at all. But if labour was taxed, wages

would be higher, and he could not thus avoid paying his due. The rule is so completely acted upon now of giving the common workman just enough to keep him, that so long as he must be maintained, the less employers say about oppressing the poor, the better for their own credit. How this equal taxation, from all of an age to labour, is to be managed, we are not bound to state, but we do not see that it is utterly impracticable as a principle to be aimed at. It would require an amalgamation of the poor law with the executive government, to which we see no objection, for the original independence of the poor law was on the supposition of it being connected with the Church, but now after the establishment of unions the whole system hangs like Mahomet's coffin, without any definite *locus standi*. It is, indeed, palpably a most imperfect evanescent idea, which cannot but soon fall, from want of innate stability, as soon as its founders cease to prop it up. The unions as they exist are responsible for the maintenance of all in their limits; why not then be responsible for a contribution to government in addition? But it will be said, money in the funds will thus escape all taxation. The system, however, of government loans is beside the question. They must not interfere with just modes of government, for they are agreements as it were, external to all other arrangements, and if any sweeping change of taxation was adopted which would relieve fundholders without imposing fresh burdens on them, it is an obvious way of settling the question to change 3 per cents. into a lower rate of interest corresponding with the benefit received. The same principle would apply to voluntary payments by the public to professional men. But then the difficulty of foreign trade presents itself, and much adaptation of the primitive laws of taxation would no doubt be necessary to reconcile the theory with practicability. On these conditions, however, though on no other, it might be possible to place a fixed duty on all imported articles of labour, to correspond with the labour duty of the English subject. It would then be for the purpose of revenue, and not a peculiar privilege of protection to one class of our own countrymen. If labour, as the fountain of all wealth, should pay its contributions to the commonwealth from the fountain-head, it would follow of course, that all the productions of foreign labour used by ourselves should pay their share. Labour would be surely sweetened by the political importance given to it, in its acknowledgment as the basis of all wealth. The civil rights of all who labour would thus be recognised, whereas now the fruits of their labour are given to another who claims all the benefits of it as if they were his own.

The enormous convulsion which the adoption of such a sys-

tem as we have been speaking of would produce, and the impossibility of its being carried out in its completeness, must be our excuse for a certain rashness in promulgating them, for the responsibility we do not feel to be great nor the necessity very urgent to reconcile all difficulties; but the evils of the present system we would call to the attention of all who think we are floating on an easy and prosperous course in the history of the world's nations. The great ruling principle of taxation is to tax luxury, the evil of which is that we depend on luxury for our existence as a nation; we are hindered from any attempt to check luxury, we receive ill-gotten gains into the national treasury, and we undermine the fountain of all wealth by the encouragement of an enervating course of life. We draw from a bank supported by luxury and extravagance rather than by honest labour. But what are the facts in confirmation of this statement; the total revenue of the State for the year 1849 was 52,000,000*l.*; of this sum, the malt-tax was five millions, (we omit the odd numbers,) the tax on home and foreign spirits, seven and a half millions; on tobacco four and a half millions; on tea, five and a half millions: these sums, with two millions on foreign wine and the amount paid in licences for public-houses, make full one-half of the fifty-two millions to be taxes derived from stimulants; we condemn not the use of stimulants, but we think it unchristian to profit as a nation by the excessive use of them. Drunkenness is the besetting sin of the English people, why then make the drunkard his country's benefactor in every glass of gin which he consumes? Would it not be better to collect the necessary taxes in an honest and open manner, rather than lie in wait for the tipsy moments of our victim, and drug him with vile stimulants that he may be unconscious we are picking his pocket. Did the Mosaic Law thus collect tribute, or is such the church's ideal source of revenue? Tithes and offerings are of the fairest fruits of the earth, given with thankfulness, and often at the moment of greatest religious solemnity. Why then should the state be dependent on the weakness and frailty of its members for its necessary revenue, rather than on the best energies of labour or of fortune?

But it may be said that taxing luxuries is a means of suppressing their excessive use. These means of accomplishing two ends at the same time are often unsound in principle, and we suspect such is the case here. Apply the rule to a smaller sphere than a nation's coffers; suppose a club to pay its ordinary expenses, not by a fair contribution from each member according to the benefits received, but by a system of fines on irregularity. The virtuous in this case would be justly suspected of any hearty desire to improve the character of the club, for

their interest would be too much imperilled: they would not be independent to pass rules of good order, for the primary object of preserving good order. With regard to stimulants, as far as they are necessary and allowable, why make them expensive? why embitter the moments of honest recreation or refreshment by the thought that, owing to some puritanical law, he is fined for every offence of unbending the sternest severity of manners? Would it not be gracious to let a man pay his tax as an immediate reduction from the profits of labour, and as part of the business of the day, that in his seasons of amusement he may enjoy earth's bounty untaxed, with an open and free hand? With regard, however, to the danger of an intemperate use of stimulants, and the necessity of high prices on this account, the effect we cannot but think more than counterbalanced by the utter impossibility under the present system, of really discouraging energetically the excessive use of stimulants. We are dependent on drunkenness and cannot afford to be sober, yet drunkenness is the mother of want, while sobriety conduces to wealth. A rottenness surely is apparent in this statement, which, in spite of all specious arguments, must show itself in the practical working of the law. The evil of beer-houses is beyond all estimation; they are the centre of all that is wicked in every locality, especially in seaport towns. The Magistrates, however, in such places are, according to evidence given before a committee of the House of Lords, often too much under the brewery influence to take any measures for their good order. We will not offend our readers with the details of Gosport, given by Mr. Johnston, but we would ask whether the omnipotence of vice may not tie the arms of a nation's law as well as the interests of one town. We shall never be free to meet the vice of drunkenness till we can shake off the trammels of its bribery: we make it a coveted and an honoured pleasure by accepting with greedy hands all that is offered at the shrine of Bacchus. Let us be in a position really to make drunkenness, and a selfish indulgence in all stimulants, odious, and then we may hope to check their influence, then we may punish those who exceed, by exposure to universal contempt, instead of investing the whole publican interest, brewer, landlord, bar, and all, with almost an official importance, from the necessity of their contributions to the public revenue. The system of direct taxation by some modification of a poll-tax, we have suggested as a substitute for the taxation of stimulants, only on the supposition that such a plan would ultimately be the surest means of getting at property; but of course, as far as the principal object of shaking off our dependence on luxurious and intemperate habits is concerned, any other mode of taxing property

would be efficacious; but again we would express our conviction, before closing this fiscal dissertation, that if, in real truth, labour must pay taxes, as no one can deny is the case, let those who thus labour enjoy the social and civic dignity of feeling that they contribute towards the commonwealth, and are therefore true members of it.

But whether or not the evils of our social condition are partly attributable to our system of taxation, as being that of a declining and luxurious age, those evils nevertheless demand the most serious attention of all who wish well to their country. It is universally acknowledged that the difference between rich and poor has widened of late years; that while enormous fortunes have accumulated to individuals beyond all former experience, the condition of the labourer is not benefited; he still lives, and no more can be said of him. The English labourer is accused of want of ambition, of low views and extravagant habits. This is true; he has not generally a sufficient desire to acquire some property; he is content to leave the future to chance, and spends whatever little he has to spare on sensual gratifications. This may often be seen to the distressing neglect of home necessities, but also in a more deliberate manner among those who provide all that is needful for their family, and then with the consciousness of a surplus in their pockets, to be expended according to their own will and pleasure, use it week after week in a regular debauch. A comparison in this respect between English and French workmen is afforded us by Mr. Chance, of the large glass-works near Birmingham, who unites extensive mercantile experience with talents and powers of a more general nature:—

'"A few years ago we brought over 40 Frenchmen to teach our men a particular process in our manufacture. They have now nearly all returned. We found them very steady, quiet, temperate men. They earned good wages, and saved while they were with us a good deal of money. We have had as much as 1,500*l.* at a time in our hands belonging to these men, which we transmitted to France for them. One of them, who sometimes earns as much as 7*l.* a-week, has saved in our service not much short of 4,000*l.*[1] He is with us now. He is a glass-blower. We have about 1,400 men in our employ (in the glass-blowing and alkali works) when trade is in a good state. I am sorry to say that the contrast between them and the Frenchmen was very marked in many respects, *especially in that of forethought and economy.* I do not think that, while we had in our hands the large sum mentioned above as the savings of the Frenchmen at one time, we have had at the same time 5*l.* belonging to our own people. They generally spend their money as fast as they get it."

'I should hope it would be scarcely possible for any one in any rank of life connected with South Staffordshire to read this statement without a feeling of humiliation. Forty French labourers come over, and by honest

[1] 'This seems rather an incredible sum: perhaps it should be four hundred.'

industry, reasonable economy, and conduct becoming them as men and as Christians, save in a few years what may place them in circumstances of comfort for the rest of their lives. During the same time 1,400 Englishmen by their side, earning high wages, live a life of sensuality, and are as poor and discontented at the end of that period as at the beginning. I conversed with a few of the Frenchmen remaining, whom I saw at their work; their manner and mode of expressing themselves formed a contrast with those of the generality of English labourers, and, judging from the expressions of one of them, their appreciation of the state of society around them in their own class was such as might be expected from men who felt themselves above it.'—Vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

Mr. Johnston appends to this the following remarks:—

'These are very striking facts; and though I cannot help feeling a little incredulous about the extent of the Frenchmen's savings, yet I have no doubt that in general they are more thrifty, more sober, and more provident than English workmen are. Whether the legal provision for the poor have, or have not, anything to do with this absence of saving habits on the part of English workpeople, it is certain that it interposes a shield between these spendthrifts and that absolute destitution, the dread of which would perhaps make them more careful. A recent writer on the comparative state of the working people abroad and at home, has put forward the theory that the British workman is improvident from want of opportunity to become an independent proprietor by means of his savings. I do not think the effect is produced so much by want of opportunity as want of ambition or taste for proprietorship. The Frenchman or German certainly has that ambition, and practises great self-denial (for which he deserves great praise) to attain his object. What might be the result of making land more easily purchaseable in small quantities, I cannot pretend to determine; but at present not one English labourer in a thousand, or one skilled handicraftsman in fifty, ever dreams of proprietorship. To live on wages, and to eat and drink of the best these wages will afford, is all the personal independence to which he aspires. He is so accustomed to look up to proprietorship upon a grand scale, that his feeling with regard to small proprietorship is not that of envy, but of contempt. This is fortunate for employers; and perhaps among the many causes which conspire to make England so great in manufactures and commerce, not one of the least is the patience and willingness with which multitudes of men, from their early years to their old age, go on working for various masters, without the ambition to be proprietors, or to work only for themselves.'—Vol. ii. pp. 336, 337.

If such, however, is the case of our workmen, are we to rest satisfied that it is a healthy moral state, and therefore a sound political one? Let us look into the progressive stages of thought and opinion that are all this time making their way in the English workman's mind, chiefly in manufacturing towns, but as surely, though more slowly, in the younger generations of agricultural labourers. Week after week there are newspapers distilling into the workman's mind one confused idea that he is an injured creature, confused in detail, but clear and definite in its final result. The beer-shop organization pours a discontented thought into every pot of beer, and each man who drinks it, does so, like Eve with regard to the forbidden fruit, because together with the carnal pleasure there is an idea that he is

imbibing some knowledge of good and evil in the science of political economy. The effect of all this is not sudden—it does not burst out as among the *ouvriers* of Paris, in slaughter and barricades—but we think no less of it for this reason. Men will talk sensibly and reasonably, but the conviction that they are oppressed still remains, the effect of which general feeling is almost more painful in those who say nothing about it, than in those who do. To these minds it is an awfully practical argument against religion; they will identify social rights with religion. There are gloomy men who work hard, eat bread and sleep, but the only idea which can be drawn from them is, that having nothing but bread to eat, they are excluded from all high tastes and feelings, which they identify with animal food, and among others from religion. There are saint-like tempers in their class who rise far above all such temptations, but the admirable beauty of the characters who do this, is only the preater proof of the absorbing power of discontent, thus only to be overcome by great perfection in goodness. The deceptive notions which some gather of the condition of the poor is well described by Mr. Bennett, in the following extract from his pamphlet on 'Crime and Education:' would that he remained to act accordingly, in that field of labour he had marked out to himself for life:—

'"The wealthy and the great see no danger. Men walk in Grosvenor-square, and cannot believe there is poverty—converse with shopmen in Bond-street, and cannot understand how the lower orders can be ignorant—cherish little dame schools as pet amusemets on their estates in the country, and smile with incredulity when, in remembrance of the innocence which dwells around their own doors, they are told of vice, profaneness, and heathenism in happy England. Alas! it is the superficial acquaintance with the things that are going on around them that will prove their ruin. The complacent and self-satisfied air with which they look upon the little good that they do in a contracted sphere, cheats them into a belief that therein is to be found a representation of the whole country. The hereditary landlord of vast territorial possessions, as well as the wealthy capitalists in the funds; the fox-hunting squire, and the city merchant; the noble lord of the House of Peers, and the little shopkeeper in the country town turning his honest penny at the counter—all of them are equally asleep, in a self-satisfied idea that the education of the people is abundant, that we have done all that is necessary, and that he who attempts to do more in the way of teaching than is now done will only do injury, not benefit, by raising the lower orders to their own level, and so destroy the necessary variations of society. Thus many might be mentioned, if it were decorous to give names, who, having once made a standing order to their banker to pay a certain sum for the support of schools, wash their hands for ever of the subject of education. They treat it as a thing of a guinea subscription, rather than as a principle affecting the well-being of the country. Their vision is bounded by the local wants of their parish or their estate, and they cannot imagine that there is a national want which must be met by a national supply. Such persons we meet daily in society. Their narrow minds seem to have no idea of the grasp of this great subject.

They smile at the comments which the clergy make when speaking in sermons of the spiritual destitution of the people; they turn aside with loathing and vexation at the very sound of a school for the poor. And yet these are the men who serve upon grand juries at the assizes, and bring in true bills against poachers, felons, and murderers; or, as magistrates, levy a county-rate for the lunatic asylum or the gaol, or as legislators sit in the House of Commons and vote away thousands of the nation's money for poor-law commissioners, not seeing that half such expenditure bestowed upon education would save their labour and their time, and produce a happier and a better people.'"—Vol. i. pp. 139—141.

The means of elevating the moral condition of the poor is made the cry of every one who has a hobby to please; perhaps there is truth in all, but the question is so intermingled with every part of our constitution, both in church and state, that it may be considered rather the thermometer of our general healthiness, than a subject in any way distinct from our whole existence as a people. To every particular means suggested there are the usual *pros* and *cons*, the usual advantages and disadvantages, uses and abuses that pertain to all practical things. Education, for instance, is undoubtedly an abstract good; moreover, all who bring children to the church's baptism take a solemn vow to see that that child has a certain amount of education given to it; but if we were fairly asked, as a political question, whether education had done most good or harm, we should find it difficult to answer on ordinary grounds. In a religious point of view, the fact that education is a primary duty, and a conviction that the spiritual advantage of a few is to be preferred before any system which endangers it, would not allow us to hesitate a moment as to the incalculable benefit of education. But that much civil disorder is the consequence of it, and will be more so, we can hardly blind ourselves to disbelieve. Analogy however from Scripture, and from nature too, would teach us to run all hazards of injury to the many in promoting the good of the few. What terrible destructions have ever formed a margin round the historical picture of God's chosen people. One family was developed and protected at the cost of wholesale annihilation to all around, and terrible pruning of the unworthy branches of the chosen. The Christian church in like manner has ever shone forth as a bright star is a darkened heaven. Again, what is the ordinary system of nature in the reproduction of created things? Is every seed or every spawn reared up according to a certain equal share of happiness? On the contrary, the necessary evil of decay that mingles with the earth's condition and prevents the full development of all her powers, is met as a general rule by the wholesale sacrifice of swarms and millions, that a few may come to the greater perfection. It is to defeat the waste of nature that all man's

labour is devoted in the care of some few herbs and other things necessary for his support. As a means, therefore, of bringing forth a divine blessing through those few who, having received education as their Christian right, are thereby enabled to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants in a higher calling than, without such knowledge as in different spheres can meet the world, they could be,—as a means of doing this we would accept education to its greatest perfection and its widest extent even at the risk of untold harm in its abuse. We are confident that in the end good will prevail, but according to the arguments often produced of its immediate civilizing effect on all, we have more than doubts of any direct influence to the bettering of our social state. Everything that improves our condition brings in new temptations; every development of natural powers increases our opportunity either for good or harm. Much disappointment, therefore, will be experienced by those who imagine we have only to educate children in order to find ourselves surrounded by good citizens.

The relative condition of rich and poor depends on many items of our policy, social and political; two things, however, may be taken as sure axioms,—first, that moral improvement is as closely linked with physical, as the soul with the body; and secondly, that improvement in both these is to be looked for according to the ordinary laws, whereby from the beginning of the world, influence has spread from man to man.

Let us illustrate these truths as they apply to our present purpose. As to the connexion between moral and physical improvement, we see plainly that the middle classes, inasmuch as they live better, and have more social responsibilities upon them, are better conducted in morals, and take more interest in the stability of their country than the poorest. In some respects the middle classes are lamentably deficient, but this is the fault of wider influence, which has rather to do with the standard itself of moral excellence that practically is acknowledged, than with the general obedience of a class to it. According to the acknowledged standard of faith and morals (deficient as that is), the middle classes are better ordered than the lowest; though, for the highest development of some Christian virtues, we would look rather for instances among the poor. From this we would conclude that, as a political question of advancing the general improvement of the poorer classes, a certain civil responsibility, with better diet, would much promote decency of manners. In a metaphysical point of view, we are inclined to think that meat and drink are too much omitted in the theory of philosophers. Practically we give this subject its full importance in the management of ourselves, but when we come to theorize about

human nature, we are not consistent in the conclusions we draw from experience; we then have sentimental views of mind, as being more excellent than matter. Now the body itself perhaps we do not despise, but we refer to a further realization of our material nature, than the structure of our animal frame, as it exists at any given time. The change of our bodily substance is so rapid, from its constant need of refreshment, that we cannot look on a man as in any sense *a finality*, unless we include in the very idea of his existence a supply, at any rate for some short time, of meat and drink. The transition between the substances that are about to form a man's body, and those that actually do so at any precise time, is so gradual,—and again, the short abiding of those substances in our frame, so obvious,—that we can draw no exact line of division, but must allow some portion of man's glory, whatever that be, to overshadow the chosen viands that are on their road to form his very flesh and blood. Thus we bless and sanctify our meat and drink, and the most awful symbol of our eternal welfare, is that of a feast. It is this truth that casts a sacred character on corn and wine; may we not also perceive a like idea in the selection of those animals for the holy rite of typical sacrifice, which are commonly used for food? How forcibly, again, does the imagery of water throughout Scripture, remind us of the holiness belonging to so necessary an article of common use. The very importance of meat and drink as being part of ourselves by anticipation, and therefore sharing our graces, is strongly brought in through the Christian observance of fasting. If we place ourselves under a voluntary sadness for purposes of repentance, a like cloud hangs over our table as if in natural sympathy: as the body is subdued by the voluntary exertion of mind, so is that which is to become body both scant and sad; 'with bitter herbs shall ye eat it.'

But it is in the pages of Holy Writ that we see more strongly brought out than in any human writers, a certain connexion between our moral state in the sight of God, and meat and drink. In the Old Testament this identity is shown in the abundance of all good things showered down upon the favourites of heaven. The patriarchs had sheep and oxen in numbers proportioned to their greatness before God. The catalogue of wealth in articles of food is often given, as we would rehearse a list of hereditary honours, for the purpose of making the owner of them a great man in sacred history. In Job we see the extremes of abundance and want to contrast the undisturbed will of God on his servants, with the interference of the devil to our hurt. He was great whilst he had plenty to eat, but he suffered want when God allowed him to be under a temporary withdrawal of the true purposes of his life. Solomon is a

striking instance of the abundance of a man's table being one great token of God's favour. The king's meat is described at length for each day, as if it shared in the overflowings of heaven's grace. The same idea is equally apparent in the New Testament, though transferred in part from things temporal to things eternal. In the very duty of self-denial we have an acknowledgment of the principle, applied however to a dispensation of present poverty, for the sake of future abundance after a spiritual manner.

Profane writers develop the sacredness of meat and drink, much, we think, in proportion to the soundness of their philosophy. Sentimental novelists make human nature beautiful, but the heroes and heroines are too much of finalities as there pictured; they change not by eating and drinking,—they cast no hallowed light before them on the gifts of nature about to be incorporated with themselves,—they are not identified with their victuals; but look to Homer for heroes that eat and drink as an essential part of an heroic character. There is a gleam of philosophy in the sensuality of Falstaff. He identifies the powers of nature in meat and drink (individually he dwells most on the latter) with the whole being of man. 'A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.' The second property of excellent sherris is to warm the blood, and 'make it course from the inwards to the part extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, giveth warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris.' We have heard of an artist who so far from not sufficiently identifying his physical structure with meat and drink, went into the other extreme of forgetting himself, and would write under some fruits of his labour, 'Sherry fecit.'

It may be said that such praises of carnal things consist not with the teaching that a man's life and happiness consist not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; but the point we now argue for, has no connexion with the duty of self-denial, —it is only to place as it were our bodily nature in a certain physical relation with external things that supply its necessities. All the gospel precepts against worldly things are as much against the present life of man as against his natural support. This argument, therefore, can avail nothing in our present

question, unless we interpret such words as, 'Blessed are ye poor,' to mean that we ought not to help any one out of that distress which we are told is so profitable for him.

Practically, however, we all hold most strong views of the importance of victuals to place a man in his glory and make him complete. What is considered by the world to be the domestic throne, the seat of honour in every house? Is it not the head of the dinner table? Is it not an object of ambition to give dinner parties, and to sit with good things before us? It is thus that social meetings are convened, and that proud moments reward much toil and care. Nothing in England can be done without it, from an idea that, at any other time, a man is acting a character, acting a part in business or in pleasure, but that under the genial presence and influences of meat and drink he develops his whole nature in a far more complete manner. If you want to probe deeper into a man than you are able to manage in the intercourse of business or professional life, you endeavour to place him in the natural attitude of eating and drinking.

To benefit the poor, then, in their moral state, we cannot omit the consideration of diet. To say that a man cannot have Christian feelings without much food, is untrue; but only in that sense in which we acknowledge the virtue of abstinence. Poverty of diet, when compulsory on large classes, is lowering to any complete development of the animal man, and hinders the performance of his best offices in life; it also deadens devotion,—it makes faith shallow, and clips the wings of praise. Voluntary abstinence, from its very nature, is always an exception, whether found in the life of the ascetic, or in temporary deprivations of those living in the world. To improve, therefore, the moral condition of the poor, and to quicken their intellectual or religious sensibilities, it is necessary that we provide for their physical wants. Without this, education will be most imperfect, whatever learning may seem to be instilled into the mind; for the mental powers will not have that bracing faculty which gives method, discipline, and practical effect, to exertions purely intellectual.

The second axiom we laid down, with reference to the improvement of the poorer classes, was that it must be looked for according to ordinary rules of influence. The material we suppose to be now provided; the measures of meal are before us,—and what is the leaven which we are to hide in it? How is the work to be done? To say in the abstract that Christian principles, or the preaching of the Gospel, are that leaven, would of course be true; but this solution only throws us back upon the question of what is implied by preaching. General assurances of a pious confidence in revealed truth must not be excuses for

dispensing with human means, for sparing ourselves trouble, or for easing our responsibilities. Christian principles spread through the influence which one man has over another in the example of his life. Constituted as men are, there is no influence so telling to the poor as that of their employers or their superiors in fortune, who are constantly before their eyes, without being so isolated from them by rank or habits, as to exclude sympathy.

The middle classes are now felt to be the great channels of influence for good or for ill on the poor. For the sake, indeed, of themselves, all efforts must be made to work a favourable change in the large classes thus designated; they possess some good qualities of natural religion, though even as to their moral code we would not be unbounded in our praise; their religious faith, however, is vague,—a certain acknowledgment of the Church, and a certain regularity of attendance once a-week, is a common feature of the middle classes, but the very impetus of their varied occupations and busy lives keeps them from any new influence on matters of religion, as a tributary joining a swift-flowing river is the longer mingling in proportion to its rapidity of motion. Be the river turbid and the tributary pure, or *vice versâ*, they will both flow on side by side, and the mixture will be gradual though sure. Often one stream will hardly have mingled before another is poured in, so that the former no sooner fancies that its day is won, that its influence is fully working, than it is in the way to oblivion, for another influence is there at work. The lax school of Church theology has been duly mingling its stream with the busy classes of our social river; whether it came from the drainings of a turbid marsh, or what other kind of low country, it is unnecessary to our argument that we should decide, but another torrent is now rushing in, sadly perturbing that great suffusion of the former influences. This latter might in the allegory be supposed to descend from some mountainous district, some ancient peaks of granite,—from pure fountains, though mixt with the somewhat rigid teaching of a few mineral springs. The speed of the mountain torrent itself still further delays its appropriation by the flowing river; still, however, every thing tells at last. The feelings of the public (to drop allegorical language) may rebel against Church principles, but let us remember, that in the first place churchmen, even while isolated, are really a component part of the public, and in the second place, that the whole mass of public opinion is made up of such influences, one after another, joining it.

Some theologians vaguely set their confidence on what they term reasonable and sensible people, as opposed to particular influences; but to expect theological questions to be settled on

such abstract ground of common sense, implies either far too much, or far too little, as the meaning of these terms. The average amount of common sense is too indefinite and confused to judge of theological points, while that real common sense, that plain insight into what is just and reasonable, is the most rare quality of man, and itself meets with more tremendous opposition than any other controlling power. It is a supernatural gift, and shares the earthly opposition to things unseen. We require no other proof of this than is afforded by Socrates, as a writer in last Quarterly Review has ably discussed.

The work then to be done is to mingle with the busy world, and let the truth take its chance of gathering unto itself all congenial qualities. To get into the midst of this busy scene, all efforts must be made to influence the middle classes; the fact that this is the hardest thing to do, shows it is the great barrier, which, once overcome, admits us by an easier process to the city. The fault of the middle classes we think, is stated in a very illiberal and narrow-minded way, in the following extract, which quotes from 'Doubleday's Financial History of England,' though it cannot but contain much that is true:—

'It is difficult to say which side has been most to blame for the change which has taken place in English society in regard to the social position of rich and poor; but now that the change *has* taken place, and that a reform has become needful, there can be little question that the rich have more in their power than the poor have, to bring about the better understanding which is so desirable. But the difficulty is to persuade the rich to take the necessary trouble for such an object. The mischief has been in progress for a long time, being indeed an ordinary incident of advancing civilization, but it proceeded with extravagantly accelerated pace at the time that riches were so rapidly accumulated in this country, under the stimulus of abundant paper money, aided by a large government expenditure. A description of this has been given by a writer of more vigour than refinement of style, who, notwithstanding the occasional exhibition of frantic political animosities, has made some useful contributions to contemporary history. "Amidst the artificial rise in all commodities," he says, "and the expenditure of the money borrowed by the Government, fortunes were rapidly accumulated, and an appearance of prosperity created among the middle classes totally unlike anything that had appeared before. One of the worst effects of this was a total change of manners among these classes—a reckless profusion—a disdain of homely and prudential living—and a disgusting and soul-degrading aping of aristocratical manners and ways of life, pernicious in the highest degree. At former periods the abundance of diffused wealth had caused symptoms of this malady to appear in England; but it now spread like a pestilence, and changed all the wholesome usages of society. Education was totally changed. Forgetting that the business of life must be carried on by men and women, with the partial exception of a very few indeed of the very highest rank, a rage for showy and superficial accomplishments seized upon the middling classes of society. All the useful arts of life were to be despised and thrown aside as vulgar and degrading. Common sense seemed to have fled the land. Quackery and affectation spoiled everything. All young men were to be linguists and fine gentlemen; and

all young women, musicians, painters, and heroines of novels. The pianoforte and the pencil and colours found their way into the farm-house and the back shop; and from that hour the really useful domestic sciences became obsolete. What the middle classes had ceased to learn, they could not teach, and a domestic revolution was effected, the uncomfortable effects of which we are feeling at this hour. The manufacturing system, by taking thousands of young females from their homes, and shutting them up amidst the heat, ignorance, and vice of those demoralised dens called 'factories,' completed the work; and domestic comfort, as it formerly existed in England, is unknown. The parlour tables are loaded with degraded and silly novels and albums, and still more contemptible music-books; whilst ignorance of the real arts of life, affectation, recklessness, vice, and dishonesty, too often occupy the rest of the house. Such are the effects of essentially vicious systems. Their diseased ramifications reach every class. They afflict society as the 'dry rot' does the mansion—sparing nothing, and affecting everything, from the garret down to the cellar, until a nation becomes one corrupt and crawling mass of degradation, vice, affectation, ignorance, misery, and mischief."'—Vol. i. pp. 132—134.

It is a great mistake politically, and an insult socially, to tell the middle classes that the polite refinements of life are things they have no business to meddle with. We do not think that idleness and inattention to secular employment is the vice of our countrymen, that there is occasion for a homily against waste of time on the elegances of life; moreover, we do not see why a farmer's or shopkeeper's daughter has not as much right to dress herself according to her taste, or to play on what instrument she thinks proper, and can afford to pay for, as the family of him who has the title-deeds in his chest, or who sells his goods on a larger scale. Good taste should rule whatever is undertaken by any one, but we do not see that nature has confined the power of appreciating her beauties to an hereditary descent, nor do we think it beneficial to society to restrict the love of art, as if refinement of manners, with music, drawing, &c. were heraldic decorations which depend on exclusiveness for their value. May the fine arts themselves be preserved from such protection; they would fare better under free-trade. Attempt not then to check the arts in the middle classes, but to guide their judgment in them. The Church of old was the patron of art, but she confined it not to drawing-rooms and aristocratic society,—she made it *common,* in the true meaning of the word. Her common worship, her houses, where all rich and poor met together, were adorned with the highest gifts of art. It was not beauty at home, and at the most, a cold *decency* in church. Her people were taught by the language of beauty, and thereby both the knowledge of Christian truth and general good taste were advanced.

What the middle classes want, both for their own improvement and the social improvement of the poor, is, first, of course, a sound education as churchmen, (a subject far too important to be

treated incidentally,) and then, greater facilities for the elegant recreations of life. They want leisure, means of associating together in a cheerful manner, and amusement by such mutual co-operation as will avoid expense. It is a sad mistake in English morals to suppose that solitude and gloominess ought to be the general aspect of all society but such as can afford to live with considerable show. There is surely no reason why the gregarious propensity of man should be more indulged in by one class than another, or why it is wicked for men to dine together, unless they can have silver forks, and be waited on by accomplished servants. Such things are very pleasant, but if people have been accustomed to rougher ways, we see no reason why on that account they should be debarred from those social feelings which are common to all classes. Another puritanical cause of alarm in the society of classes not styled polite, is any mixture of sexes. Now we cannot but think that there is much truth in the following remarks on this subject, by the commissioners for Kent, Surrey, and Sussex :—

'Along with this close domestic intimacy, it must be mentioned too, as a circumstance prejudicial to the purity of relations between the sexes, that they have no public and social intercourse. They meet, indeed, at church and chapel, and at the fairs; but distinctions of sex are lost at divine service, and the crowd and confusion at fairs produce a privacy which is not beneficial, and is spoken of in some instances as ruinous. Whatever may be the cause of this—whether or not it be inseparable from poverty, which can afford no convivialities—it must be unfavourable to the general purity of manners that such rare opportunities exist for intercourse under circumstances where the natural instincts of the sexes would at once be gratified and controlled. In this point of view the occasional meeting of men and women at the gayer seasons, and lighter kinds of field-labour, is not, perhaps, without some utility. Their demeanour is open to public view, the intercourse is general, and the mind is pre-occupied by labour from very criminal or dangerous indulgences. Entire seclusion fosters sensuality; and it must not be forgotten that there are other immoral, cruel, and inhuman habits of mind to which it is known to contribute.'—Vol. ii. p. 193.

Village wakes would here then seem to be missed even in the stern eye of a commissioner. Sadly banished however are all these things; an occasional impropriety arising from them has but too often been made the excuse of putting down or discouraging much innocent mirth, the real objection to which has been a little interference for a day or so with the habits of those who can keep wakes and holidays all the year round. It is an awful sin to stifle that small share of mirth which the poor inherit, to rob the poor man's one ewe lamb, in order to spare the flocks and herds of his rich neighbours. No one can tell how a few cheerful hours, a few words of friendly intercourse, may remove from the heart a gathering crust of murmuring discontent, which otherwise accumulates to the hurt of society

at large. We may drive the poor out of sight, we may succeed in burying them through means of tall policemen, but it will only be for their evil passions to rankle and ferment till a crisis comes.

But we have passed on, unconsciously, from the middle classes, as the medium of influence, to the poor on whom they are to operate. The transition is natural; for the working of kind and cheering Christian principles is by no rigid outlines, no cold and precise rules. If the middle classes can forsake their engrossing love of mammon, and present the spectacle of happy cheerful mortals, who do their appointed tasks, but rely also on a kind Providence, the example will naturally spread to their poorer neighbours, and many opportunities will soon arise for promoting each other's advancement in life and comfort of mind. This need not be connected with the coarseness of mediæval amusements, any more than the exercise of Christian virtues in general need be with their outward manifestations in the many phases of society that have called themselves Christian, through times of persecution and triumph, of poverty and wealth alike. Let the rise of taste, the talk about fine art, the writing of political and social economists, the profession of religious schemes for the benefit of the poor,—let the spread of education and the general enlightenment of the age in which we make it our boast to live,—let all these things unite together to solve the enigma, how best in this present world we may fulfil our destined lot, live happily and cheerfully together, provide good and cheering food for all who honestly work for it, use charity toward those on whom misfortune presses, and develop the secret fountain of man's better nature on the wide and extended ground of all shades in the social world; and, as a means to this end, make the fine arts real and practical helpmates to life's pleasure and the soul's improvement. There is, we feel sure, good material in our national character through all its faults. The rich are proud, but a spirit of Christian equality is finding its way into the hearts of many, and it is not now considered the only method of propitiating the poor, to make a few wretched men devour an ox whole, and then stultify them with beer, before the wondering gaze of gentlemen and ladies for whose delicate palates Parisian art is at the same time preparing viands. The middle classes also are much yielding in many desperate claims, which hinder the Church's system from presenting itself to any fair advantage in the eyes of the poor. The poor also are not unreasonable, though at present rather discontented. If taken in time we see good hope that all may be reconciled, provided all will acknowledge their faults, and all agree in the best solution of their difficulties.

The remedy by which to improve their life must be the same

as that by which the whole estate of man receives its new birth. Politics cannot be separated from religion, or the things of our present life from the fruit it may hereafter bear. The seed must put forth its rooty fibres downwards and its green leaves upwards, or it will not fulfil the object of its creation in producing good and useful corn. In like manner, if the Church is our future home, it must now also be our remedial system; she must supply the ministry of reconciliation in earthly charity as the trial and test of a higher love. The Church is either a fallacy altogether, or it is worthy of unbounded love as our spiritual mother, who best knows our temporal and eternal wants; she is not an institution to be only tolerated as the persuasion of a few, but she is to be courted as the solution of universal discord, the harbour amid adverse winds, the voice that calms all dark and troubled waves. Whether the ecclesiological idea in all its mediæval details is to be the outward manifestation of the visible Church in these latter days, we consider another question; but we feel confident that churchmen may well accept the ground of revelation, and are not dependent upon what is called tradition for those truths which they prize dearly, and which are the real objects of the world's opposition.

The testimony of the Church in all its history is but a commentary of Scripture, and if the Bible is held really and truly to be our guide,—if reverence is to be given to its sacred words,—we can only say that the *onus probandi* lies with the latitudinarian party, of framing another system as expressive of scriptural teaching as that which we understand by the teaching of the Catholic Church. We freely accept their ground, as a matter of controversy, though in our own hearts we feel an additional strength from our convictions of a Divine guidance in the Church. All the great developments of doctrine have arisen from working out some point of Scripture, which had not hitherto been attended to. It was thus that S. Augustine, taking his stand on Scripture, brought out the whole doctrine of predestination. In like manner we are willing even now to receive teaching that can fairly be proved from the sacred writings, even if it seems adverse to the Church's dogmas; but as the matter at present stands, we see plainly enough that the opposition to Church principles is altogether grounded on the dislike to the facts themselves of revelation, and that the notion of human tradition is only made a pretext for the sake of argument: not that individuals do this wilfully or knowingly, but such is our view of the case if laid bare, without any ignorance or prejudice on either side.

An overwhelming testimony of the truth of our Church's idea

is the wonderful manner in which her theory rectifies many just grievances which malcontents loudly make. The separation of classes we see to have grown up in its offensive character with the neglect of Church principles, for the Church is the constant daily reminder of our essential equality. The denial of this equality, for instance, in the appropriation of our churches into secular property, with the whole corrupt system of pews in our parish churches, have chiefly led to the evils of dissent, and the confusion of all arrangements between Church and State, which is the consequence thereof. Again, the absence of Church discipline has borne fruits in grievous negligence as to any true realization of morality. These are truths which it is no use stating before the world, for they only excite ridicule, but many believe them, and see the confusion now coming on us, as the natural fruits of their neglect. They must, however, be found out, and certain we are that the evils will be apparent enough, though we have not confidence in the Church's *earthly* triumph in making the cause to be confessed by all. It is nevertheless with a grateful confidence in the success of what we mean by Church principles, that we read in the pages of an impartial writer like Mr. Johnston, the following sentiments, remembering, however, that he is not a judge but only a witness in the case.

'Though it must be confessed that the movement which began in 1833 and produced so much sensation in the Church of England, and such important practical effects, through the "Tracts for the Times," ran eventually into dangerous extravagance, yet I suppose that few who are not "Low Church" partisans will deny, that, upon the whole, the effect has been very beneficial. There is a lively interest now taken in Church principles and Church practices, and a diffusion of knowledge upon those subjects among the educated classes, which are equally remarkable and gratifying. It has been maintained by an American ecclesiastic that the benefit of the Church movement could not have been obtained without that excess which, considered by itself, cannot but be lamented. "Had not," he says, "the recent Catholicism run into a passion in England, it is very possible that the Oxford Tracts would have produced little of their good effect. Similar opinions, or many nearly such, had been held all along by no small body of English divines, but without having much influence on the clergy generally; and hence the sad condition of that Church in many respects, a century or two ago. Erastianism prevailing widely; High Churchmanship consisting more of Toryism than of ecclesiastical principles; and Low Churchmanship sympathizing more with non-episcopacy than with episcopacy. From this unhappy state of things the Oxford Tracts have roused the Church of England: and I see not how, humanly speaking, they could have done so, when the divines mentioned had so long failed, had they not overshot the mark, and not only gone for Catholicism as a principle, but carried it beyond matters of principle, and so fanned the reverence for it into a passion. This done, however, the evil must be taken with the good. The good is, that the Churchmanship of England is regenerated; and even in many quarters of that country, and not a few in ours also, where Church principles were lean as a skeleton ten or twelve years ago, we now find sinews and flesh at least, though not yet the fulness and beauty of their perfection.

The evil is, that some of the weak-minded not only, like many of hardier intellect, run into a wild ardour on the whole subject, and defer to Catholic tradition, and to other traditions not Catholic, as they defer to Scripture, though not always as much; they not only do this, but get beyond all control of their understanding, long for some deeper indulgence of their passion, surrender their own judgment, and so find themselves in Rome, or not a Sabbath-day's journey from it."

'This appears to be, so far as it goes, a fair account of the general effect of that awakened zeal for Church principles which has been viewed so differently by different parties; some regarding it as nothing else than retrogression to Popery, while others find in it a new religious fashion of which they are enamoured, because it is to them a fascinating novelty and a profound excitement. Again, there are the sober-minded, who, while they regret the tendency to extravagance in shows, and forms, and observances, which has grown out of the Tractarian movement, yet thank God for the real and sincere revival which has taken place, of old reverences, and Prayer-Book ordinances, and more frequent attendances at church, together with many other noble, and yet meek, manifestations of respect, not only for religion, but for that methodical practice of it which, hundreds of years ago, was ordained and settled by the Church of England.

'Every one, familiar with libraries and the priced catalogues of booksellers, must be aware how much more extended the study of divinity has become in the last twenty years than it had previously been. The old sterling works that hung heavily on hand have mounted to double the price, and are of comparatively easy sale. True, these books may be bought in some instances, as many other kinds of books are, rather for the sake of possessing them than of studying them; but in the greater number of instances they are bought to be studied, and this appears both in the conversation and the conduct of men of education, whether divinity be or be not the profession to which they have devoted themselves. I have some reason to believe that even the medical and surgical students of London, of whom by far the greater number some years ago knew no more than Falstaff did "what the inside of a church was made of," are now found generally to attend church, because it is a shame for a man of sense and education not to do so.

'And as to preaching, every one will admit that the tone of it is much changed; and certainly much for the better in some respects, though not in all. For the better, as regards more frequent introduction of Church topics, and the greater prominence given to the distinctive articles of Christian creeds, as held and interpreted from the first days. Better also, as having escaped from, and even put to flight, the laboured frigidities of the Blair school, and the whole tribe of "lean and flashy" compounds of the pompous and the commonplace. The improvement, however, is not without serious drawbacks in respect of dogmatism and mysticism, and perhaps an over-adoption and assertion of High Church views, going beyond the proper *via media* of the English Church. On the favourable side, again, we are to remember that the change has lowered the crest of *Evangelicism*, and raised the courage and strength of Catholicity. It has drawn away many from those ministers whose disposition unfortunately led them to turn parish churches into something like conventicles, and to erect little popedoms for themselves within the districts where they preached. In this point a change, and a very salutary one, has come over the spirit, both of the pulpit and the press. There has also been in recent years a greatly increased attention to the fabrics of churches. When we look at the unsightly church buildings, without the slightest ecclesiastical character, either externally or internally, which even but thirty years ago were erected at a great expense in London and its neighbourhood, and compare them with the really churchlike structures which are now provided at a much lower charge, we cannot but admit that in the judgment, taste and feeling applicable to such

matters, there has been a great improvement. Still there has been, even in this matter, such an over-doing, and such an excess of imitative activity, as borders upon vulgarity. The Gothic or the Tudor style of architecture must always be grand or pleasing when there is no overlaying with ornament, and when a suitable material is used; but there is nothing either grand or impressive in the red-letter mediævality which in many instances fantastically figures upon walls that ought to be consecrated to dignity and sobriety.'—Vol. ii. pp. 16-20.

But we must now conclude our somewhat rambling and partial review of 'England as it is,' whether we use those words as the title of the book before us, or as an integral part of our sentence. There is, indeed, much to think of in England as it is: there are signs of evil and signs of good. There is much ignorance, however, on which to lay the evil; but still we may not be too confident that such mists of ignorance are to be dispelled; many hopes of a bright day, many struggles of the sun to show his power, end in gloom and storm. But again, referring to the mode in which we are to celebrate the middle point of our century, we miss two essential principles which might have given hope that our jubilee was to be kept aright. We see much in the preparation to magnify the advantages of wealth, but little assurance that poverty will be thereby relieved. We miss any recognition of the Church, or any religious consecration of our pride and wealth. The Church and the poor will have little to do with a pretended centre of universal reconciliation. But maybe we shall be forcibly reminded that such union without the Church's consecration is most fallacious; it seems not unlikely that while this jubilee of worldly friendship is being kept, the Church's struggles will enforce attention, and will show that religion, after all, is at the bottom of our hearts, either for its love or its hate; and that no philosophy, no contrivances of men, can smooth over the *pars divinæ mentis*, when Providence wills that religious discord should reign as the means of stirring up the Church to do its appointed work. The world may ignore the reality of the visible Church, and erect in its place a new system of ideal Christianity, but 'the truth will out;' the Church has a fast hold on the politics of the world, and John Bull himself may foam and roar, and kick and toss, but (if we may use the simile, with all reverence,) he is fairly pinned, his worldly self-sufficiency, his pride will be humbled by something which he was just about to scatter to the winds. A mysterious power which at a distance seemed no formidable opponent, yet has a pertinacity and grasp which death alone can shake off. Happy would he be, happy might England be, if morally, socially and politically she would accept the Church's genial influence without unsheathing the Christian sword.

ART. V.—*Agricultural Colleges and their Working. A Letter to A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P. from the* REV. E. MONRO, M. A. *Incumbent of Harrow Weald, Middlesex.* J. H. Parker, Oxford and London. 1850.

THE name of Mr. Monro is already familiar to our readers in connexion with the office and duties of a parish priest. His treatise, entitled 'Parochial work,' recently reviewed in these pages, has justly earned for its author a claim upon our attention and deference, such as few other writers possess, on all matters touching the relation between pastor and people, and the many important and interesting topics subordinate thereto, or arising therefrom. The letter which we bring to the notice of our readers in the present article, treats of a kindred subject, or perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, only of a branch or offshoot of the same great question. Its object is to recommend the adoption of one particular means of raising and improving the social condition, mind, aims, and life, of the poor:—that means being the institution of parochial 'colleges,' or lodging-houses, by clergymen who have the care of parishes. And Mr. Monro, therefore, is here again quite on his own ground. The aspect, indeed, in which he has ever viewed the relations of a pastor to his flock, has been pre-eminently a social one. The whole tone and mind and condition of his people,—physical, moral, and spiritual, have ever been regarded by him as coming within the sphere of the pastoral care. And when, therefore, he makes these relations at once the basis and the instrument of a great and most beneficial social reform, he is, in fact, hardly departing from the province which he has all along occupied with so much experience and success; though he brings within the range of interest a much larger and more miscellaneous class of readers and hearers. His proposal is to establish in every (or any) parish, whether in town or in country,—and he has himself established in his own parish,—what he has called an 'Agricultural College,' in other words, a lodging-house for the reception of labouring youths between the ages of fourteen and twenty, or school-time and marriage, in which the corporate or collegiate life is preserved,—the members taking their meals together, and in common, and observing certain not very onerous rules. And with this, as with an instrument, he hopes to work a great and real elevation in the tone and character and whole social being of that most important section of the population which will come directly under its influence; and through them, on the whole population of the place. That is the short statement of

the plan. The term 'Agricultural College' gives to it, perhaps rather too prominently, the idea of instruction in agriculture, than which nothing is less intended, and the name is not, we therefore venture to think, very happily chosen. It has been adopted, we believe, in Mr. Monro's own case, merely from the circumstance of the boys who tenant the 'college' being in fact engaged in agricultural labour,—but as the scheme is obviously as good for town as for country, and is perhaps, as Mr. Monro in the first page of his letter himself recognises, even more needed in the first than the last, the term 'agricultural' cannot in any sense be considered felicitous. The 'colleges' in question are meant to be simply houses where the youth of the labouring poor, whether agricultural or town-pent, may (subject to the rules necessary to give order and system to the college or family) lead their ordinary lives, going out to work as usual, and using the college as their home. That is all. And the term 'college,' again, though it is more appropriate than perhaps any other which could be suggested, may, also, in some respects mislead. The object of these houses is, of course, not *directly* educational; but it is of the essence of the plan to embody and attain the collegiate or common life,—and to use that life as an instrument of discipline,—as ancillary to the continuance of the *spiritual* education of the members of the college, by the pastor who is responsible for them. Although, therefore, the word college may not be altogether appropriate, yet to call the house only a lodging-house would be still more inaccurate. It is intended to be very much more than a lodging-house; and, at least in Mr. Monro's hands, so in fact it is,—and unless it so be, it is, in our humble opinion, idle to expect the plan to work any regeneration in the social condition of those for whose benefit it is intended. Lodging-houses there are, in London and elsewhere,—model lodging-houses,—and great additions, no doubt, they make to the physical comfort and health and economy of those who make use of them. But they will never permanently raise any one individual a single step in the social scale;—they will never permanently improve his character, his views, his aims,—*himself*. They are not intended to do so; and they do not take the means of so doing. But Mr. Monro's colleges *are* so intended,—and their direction to this end is the very ground on which they stand,—the one great reason of their institution. The difference between these labourers' colleges, or whatever they may be most fitly called, and the ordinary model lodging-houses, is, in short, precisely *the* point on which the whole utility of the proposal before us appears to us to turn,—the point, namely, that the ordinary model lodging-house is not, while Mr. Monro's house is, to be engrafted into, and made an integral part of, the parish system,—an instrument in the hands of the clergyman,

entirely and absolutely animated by him;—impregnated with the life which he is seeking to infuse into every soul in his parish;—set a-going and carried on simply by the love which he bears to his people, and instituted for the one single purpose of raising and improving them, adding to their comforts, cultivating and elevating their minds, tastes, views, and aims, and, finally, *saving their souls.*

This, in brief, is Mr. Monro's design; and many persons probably will deem such a scheme as this, with such aims, to be merely Utopian. We can only ask such persons to wait till they have read Mr. Monro's letter, and seen his work in actual operation; or, at all events, to pause till they have fully understood the explanation, which we propose in this article to attempt, of what these colleges may be made. Utopian most certainly it would be, or rather it is, to endeavour, as some have done, through the mere force of association, or socialism, whether by way of model houses, or unions, or fraternization in labour, or what not else, —isolated and disconnected from the pastoral spirit and system, to effect any real impression for good upon the habits or lives of the people. There is no necessary virtue in mere herding together. Men come together for evil as well as for good,—and their collegiate, or co-operative, or associated life is only instrumental;—instrumental either for good or for evil, according to the direction which is imparted to it. And unless this fact be recognised, and rightly acted upon, association becomes, so far as concerns its influence upon the character and condition of those who associate, either powerless or mischievous;—powerless, as in the case of the many ordinary clubs which everywhere exist among rich and poor, without making people either very much better or very much worse; or mischievous, as in the cabal, the conspiracy, the mob. Our present object is to consider this associated life when wielded by the hands and directed by the influence in and under which Mr. Monro has proposed to place it,—those, namely, of the clergyman ministering to his parishioners; and to estimate its effect when thus used in raising and improving the social condition of the people.

We would observe, then, that the work of a parish priest is, in any case, a dealing with human nature. It is one among many such dealings. Its object is to improve and elevate that nature, in the persons of the particular individuals which come within its range;—so that, in any case, it is within the province of the pastor to deal with men. Social improvement lies, as it were, near to his hand. He is clearly *one* of the men who ought to try it. This is a view of the matter which lies on the surface, and which the most superficial or worldly person would not fail to recognise. He would admit, probably, at once, that among other social reformers, a good parish priest might naturally find

place. But what we would here further impress upon our readers,—and what we think Mr. Monro's work, and the letter which relates to it, so prominently manifest, is that the pastoral agency is one indispensable prerequisite to *perfect* success in the work of effectual social reform. Or, to put the same thing in other words, there is no other principle under the sun, except or short of a love of Christ's poor for Christ's sake, which is strong enough to animate and carry forward to complete and perfect success any efforts whatever, for the permanent and real amelioration of the condition of any child of man;—by which we mean, of course, the *whole* condition, temporal as well as spiritual. You may try with societies, and theories, and subscriptions,—model and other lodging-houses, model towns, fraternization of labour, and the like,—but you will make no permanent impression, and if you do, your *only* aim is to give a little present comfort. You go no further. But the man who labours to raise others for Christ's sake, as well as their own, aims at both that and a great deal more. He wishes to make them *in everything* like himself. There is generally, indeed, but one means of mending the condition of men whose condition wants mending. That means is the personal labour, influence, and exertion, of some one other man, bent upon the task of improving them. A *man* can improve the condition of those about him, if he sets about it in the right spirit, with the right motive, with the right aim, and with the right means. Man can work on man. Nothing else can make an impression. Nothing else can permanently raise his condition. But in the really devoted parish priest we have, to begin with, this first great condition,—the *man* who is to do the work. And the difference between the priest who is moved by love for his people to attempt social improvements, and any other man with like benevolent motives and benevolent spirit, is that whereas the priest stands bound in a deep and strong relation to the people whom he is to impress, the other person is not. We have then in his case, at least, the conditions and materials of success in greater degree than in any other. True it is, indeed, that many, not priests, have done great things for their fellows. And many parish clergymen, on the other hand, do miserably neglect those who are their charge. But this does not in the least touch our position, which is, that the principle embodied by the pastoral relation, is that which alone can *truly and perfectly* animate the work of social improvement,—and that apart from it any *permanent* social elevation is, generally speaking, impracticable.

We proceed to remark, that the case now before us is one in point. The whole efficacy of these 'colleges' in working social reformation, their absolute uselessness or their saving power, depends entirely upon whether they are mere

isolated associations, or part of a great system. They want *e. g.* first of all, the man to work them. Without somebody at hand to maintain their systematic life and almost unfelt discipline among the boys who compose them, they degenerate into mere clubs, where the natural independence of youth may even more quickly be fostered than elsewhere into licence and self-will. With that person at hand, but without the spirit and motive prompting and inspiring him, which is to be found, and found only, in the love (where that love exists) of a pastor for his people,—we desiderate that *application* of the discipline and life of the college to the permanent amelioration of the boy,—to the refining, elevating, subduing, controlling him,—the winning him over to good, which nothing but a direct and positive interest in him can render possible, and which alone can effect what we are supposed to have in contemplation from the first,—namely, the raising him in the social scale. Daily and familiar intercourse, in short, is wanted with the people whose condition you are going to raise, before you can care enough about them to wish, or know enough about them to be able, really to improve them and their condition in a single point. And here it is that, as it seems to us, the presupposition of some relation, equal, at least, in intensity of interest to the pastoral one, necessitating an equally close and constant intercourse between the reformer and the reformed,—becomes so completely indispensable. What intercourse and what knowledge but that resulting from the pastoral relations, could possibly have prompted, for instance, such real and vivid sympathies, or such strength of will for the task of social reformation, as those which are disclosed in the following passages from the letter we are reviewing?—

'There is no use in beginning at the surface to remedy social evils; we must begin at the root; there is no use in pitying the misery which is really resulting from ill management, and in giving a temporary relief to allay the pressing evil, which only, like food to a disease, increases it, and at the same time shrinking with disgust from the table and cottage of the poor, as the place where we would not for worlds taste food, and show by manner that we would prefer to it a well-kept kennel; a line of conduct but too painfully prevalent even among the most humane and benevolent persons whose lives are devoted to their good. Let us begin at the root of the matter; purify the fountain, and form the taste and habits of a coming generation on a purer and higher mould, *and not rest till we have so altered the domestic life of the poor man's home, that we could really sit down with ease and comfort at his table ourselves;* then, and not till then, he will love and respect the orders above him, for he sees through condescension, and hates being made a machine. He cannot endure being made a show on which to vent the mawkish sentimentality or ill-timed pity of a rich man, who all the while would not deign to mix up with his daily life. Of course this latter is the easy course; but we have arrived at days which compel a deeper, truer treatment, and a more real and less artistic view of the poor. But this is what we want, and in their elevation of manners and condition, combined with religion, will be found the only remedy which can save us ere

long from some frightful severance of the orders of English society.'—Pp. 22—24.

Again:—

'The true friend (of the poor) is the man who will not rest till the term poor simply refers to the lack of means and money; nor will be satisfied *till there is no other difference between himself and his poorer neighbour, and till he has made him actually a suitable companion to himself.* The world is full of false feelings on these subjects; of men who prefer having a class of beings to pity, condescend to, gaze at as a picturesque object in creation, from whom they are to receive adulation, and yet shrink from contact, and dread their real elevation, lest it might destroy the conscious distance between the two orders, and lest the poor should no longer have to thank their richer neighbours for benefits they could then confer upon themselves, by a more enlarged knowledge and elevated soul. The whole process of the present day is remedial rather than preventive, but what we cannot remedy in an existing generation we can at least prevent in the rising one. Real education will cultivate the soul and the taste as well as the mind, and real benevolence will rather aim at elevating the moral condition than at alleviating the sorrows of the poor. If poverty must be, degradation need not be; they are not of necessity mated to each other; *if difference of station must be, difference of manners* and caste *need not exist;* condescension can never be as high a duty as sympathy; and the feeling which would keep the poor where they are, merely that kindness may be felt and recognised by them, is but a sorry service done to them. It is true, that with the elevation of tone will immediately follow the lessening to a large amount of the chasm which now exists between the two orders; men may dread this; but let them remember that that chasm must be lessened, and if we do not aid to lessen it, by holding out the right hand of fellowship to the poor, they will soon lessen it for themselves with a power that would shiver society to its foundation.' —Pp. 24—26.

On this last extract we must, however, interpose the remark, that 'the feeling which would keep the poor where they are, merely that kindness may be felt and recognised by them,' is a feeling which we (for our part) do not believe to exist. As a matter of fact, the poor 'shall never cease from the land;' so of course it is wrong to wish it otherwise; but if it were not so, we cannot think that there is anybody who would wish that things might be still as they are, merely in order to exercise a maudlin sentimentality. We make this remark, which does not in the least affect the purpose for which we have quoted Mr. Monro's words, because we have seen the same reflection, on which we are now commenting, made in certain rather less trustworthy quarters than in Mr. Monro's pages, somewhat at the expense, as it appeared to us, of Christian charity in general,—and on the part of those who would have substituted for that charity some 'socialism,' or other dream, of their own. Mr. Monro need hardly be warned against anything of that kind. But to return;—we have quoted the above passages, as showing how the intercourse and sympathy springing up between a clergyman and his poor, lead him, almost of necessity, to the task of social improvement;—the following extracts go further, and intimately

and inseparably connect the work of social elevation and improvement, as exemplified in the means now proposed for our adoption, with motives and principles peculiar exclusively to the parish pastor.

'The leading and prominent principle in the view of the master (or clergyman) must be that of LOVE *towards the youths he governs; he must be possessed with the feeling that he is attempting to rescue from destruction many a child of God*, and that he is determined in every possible way to thwart Satan in his effort to gain their souls.'—P. 42.

Again :—

'*A strong desire to save souls from ruin* must be the spirit of the master. The work must be carried out on a principle of love, and the aim must be, by gaining the affections and confidence of the youths, to induce them to delight in their new home.'—P. 43.

Again :—

'Of course it [the work] presupposes self-devotion, as every work must do which is worth any thing. It is only the man who has his heart in a work, who can carry it successfully through. Failure must attend a lukewarm effort; and equally to be deprecated with lukewarmness is the deputation altogether of the work to another. It must be very mainly carried through by the creative spirit, or it will be poor and meagre. It must be a work, not a scheme, and before this energy and reality many difficulties will fade away. *If a man once realizes that he is working for youths whom he loves as his own children, and whose spiritual condition he feels is tied up with his position at the final Judgment, he will find very few difficulties in the way.* It is men who have not their heart in the matter who see insurmountable difficulties. The man who starts a difficulty in the front of the battle is sure to be but a heartless supporter of it: who sees difficulties who is ardently bent on any earthly gain?' —Pp. 56, 57.

We feel almost to shrink from comment before the reality of such passages as these. Can it be for an instant doubted that any work founded on such convictions, *must* win its way to the hearts and minds of those to whom it directs itself, and must impress itself upon them for ever, in a lasting and ineffaceable improvement? Or can it, on the other hand, be believed, for an instant, that anything short of these motives or these convictions can give the same strength or power which they give for the social renovation or regeneration of those who need it?

But in dwelling on the motive which must animate, and the principle which must govern, the work of social improvement recommended in the pages before us, we have kept our readers perhaps too long from the details of the plan or work itself, which is to be the instrument by which our object is in this case proposed to be effected; that instrument being the introduction of collegiate or associated life among the youth of the labouring poor, as a part of the pastoral system. On the specific evil therefore which first suggested the adoption of this

plan, we will now let Mr. Monro speak for himself; and then proceed at once to consider in detail, and in its connexion with the work of social improvement in the hands of the parish priest, the system itself of collegiate life which forms the subject of this article. On the first point Mr. Monro says:—

'It is the experience of clergymen in every part of the kingdom, that the chief hindrance which they find to the effective working of their parishes, is the ill condition of boys from fifteen to twenty: it is a permanent eye-sore in many districts, and operates with a withering influence on parochial operations. The education of the parish school is to a great degree paralysed by it, from the discouragement created at seeing the very children who were the object of the active interest of years, now forming the strength of the public-house, or in scenes of more dark and deadly vice: irreverent and noisy in church, they are disturbers of the sacred stillness of Sunday, and the ready corruptors of every weak-minded boy who may be cast in the companionship of their labour.'—Pp. 1, 2.

And among the causes of this are enumerated very truly—

'the narrow limits of the poor man's cottage, which ill affords room for one third of its inmates; we often see youths of seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, still living at home, and in such manner as must of necessity violate every rule and feeling of modesty and decency; in fact, to such a degree that it is a cause of wonder that a still larger amount of sin is not the consequence: by this the whole moral sense of delicacy must be broken down, for nothing so tends to form a low habit of mind and feeling on these points as the constantly dwelling amid low scenes and acts. This is a fruitful source of evil, and another immediately hinges on it; many youths finding the limits of the parents' home too narrow for comfort, are compelled to leave it, yet, having no place to which to turn, are driven to take up their abode in the tavern or public-house, where they find every kind of evil example ready to decoy and ruin them; or if their home for the night is not cast in some such scene of vice, the evening is spent amid it, and the late hour of return is but lightly looked upon by a parent who either does not see the necessity, or has not the power, to exert the authority to prevent it.'—Pp. 3, 4.

The consequence of this state of things is thus vividly, and we fear only too accurately, described:—

'The adults are thrown in his [the clergyman's] way by coming to him for spiritual advice, by the cottage visit, and by the many circumstances of daily parochial life. But the youths from the time they leave school to the time they settle in life will be his difficulty. They will be the portion of his population who will most painfully elude his grasp; whatever has been the routine of school life, and whatever has been the amount of personal work done in his school-room, he will find that some of his most docile and obedient boys, will within a short time after leaving school become independent, *assume a manner which has a strong tinge of impertinence*, shrink from the memory of the restraints of school life and those who were in any way connected with it, with something like a vindictive feeling; the attendance at church becomes unfrequent, and more to meet companions or display dress than aught else, and will be marked by irreverence and indifference. The result will be that the clergyman feels that in the most important and critical moment of life he is likely to drop a link in his

continued intercourse, which will snap irrevocably the whole chain of his connexion with the individuals of a large portion of his people; and while he effectually influences seven-eighths of his population, one-eighth, the most critical and important, are not only being lost themselves, but tending to injure his effectual operation on the rest, and to create distrust in his work from the apparent ill result on that portion.'—Pp. 9, 10.

The remedy then for this which Mr. Monro proposes, and which he has tried himself with singular success, is, as we have before intimated, to open a voluntary 'college' or lodging-house for these youths, where by a moderate weekly payment, less than in most cases would be required for their support at home, they may have the means of living a decent and regular life, within the reach of the instruction of the clergyman, with the comforts of food, shelter, and cleanliness to a far greater degree than they could have enjoyed them at their own homes; and finally, living as members of one common family, which from its very numbers requires and enforces *some* few fixed rules for its government, and thus imposes a discipline on its members not the less wholesome from being but little seen or felt. The writer of these pages has himself had frequent opportunities of witnessing the practical working of the 'college' of this kind, which Mr. Monro has opened at Harrow Weald, and he gladly takes this opportunity of appealing to its actual operations more pointedly than Mr. Monro has in his letter felt himself at liberty to do, as a proof of the undoubted utility and success of the plan, and its universal application, *provided only that the man to work it, and the parish system which is the soul of it all,* be not found wanting.

A small farm-house, withdrawn a few paces from the road, and approached by a lane and footpath conducting through a small piece of well-cultivated garden ground attached to the premises, has been selected by Mr. Monro for the habitat of his 'college.' The spot is naturally picturesque and pleasing, for the county in which it lies,—Middlesex; the ground gently undulates, rising in the back towards the woods of Lord Abercorn's demesne at Stanmore; and there is not wanting either the shelter of the tall tree, or the graceful ornament of the creeping honeysuckle and woodbine, to the house itself. At a very small cost each of the upstairs rooms of the house has been partitioned off by plain deal boards into three or four little rooms, each about as big as an average sized freshman's bedroom in most of the older colleges at Oxford. These little rooms, fifteen in number, are the bedrooms of the youths. Each room has a plain iron bedstead, with a box, table, and chair, of the simplest and most inexpensive kind; indeed, we infer from Mr. Monro's Letter, that the cost of thus fitting up and furnishing the whole house (which is of course an outlay

that will *not* be recovered,) did not exceed 150*l.*, including 10*l.* for a small library. The lower rooms consist of a hall or common dining-room, a kitchen, and the two apartments of the keeper or master of the house, who in Mr. Monro's case is a trustworthy person of precisely the same rank as the boys themselves. Each youth pays 5*s.* 6*d.* a-week while in work, which we believe has been found to do more than cover the expense of provisions, including meat at dinner *daily*. The rent of the house, coals, candles, and the other general expenses of the institution will, it is hoped, be made up by the produce of the piece of garden ground attached to the house. If the boys are out of work, they are employed on this piece of ground, which is otherwise cultivated by them out of working hours, with the aid, if necessary, of extra labour hired for the purpose. But we understand that since the institution has become known, the boys have never in any case been out of work, the farmers and gentry in the neighbourhood being anxious to get them, on account of the guarantee afforded to their character by their membership in such an institution. With a very little management therefore, it seems clear that such a college may be made to support itself; though until Mr. Monro's house shall have been opened a whole year, which will not be the case until next May, it cannot certainly be affirmed that the thing has been proved.

The following passage from the 'Letter' describes, we believe accurately, the actual mode of life in Mr. Monro's college, and in no case, as far as we know, has it been objected to, or led any boy to leave the house:—

'The rules of the college might be at first as simple and as few as possible. Attendance at prayers in the prayer-room morning and evening, the former at such an hour as to suit the work of the boys, the latter at some fixed hour, say nine; and these prayers drawn up with reference to agricultural labourers. The hour of return from work would be that beyond which each member is expected to be, and to remain within the precincts; *attendance at church might be expected at the evening service three times in the week and twice on Sunday;* the character of sobriety and honesty being considered requisite for retaining membership. Silence should be enjoined in bed-rooms, after a certain hour in the evening. A few such simple rules as these would at first be enough; in fact, the fewer and simpler the better. *They would come together to evening service, and occupy some one part of the church in a body.* Something like similarity of dress may be achieved by the gift of some external garment, as a white smock or flannel jacket, which, always true to the agricultural costume of the neighbourhood, would avoid any affectation or undue regularity, and yet realize a certain notion of exclusiveness and brotherhood, since nothing so creates these feelings as something like a general costume or similar dress.'—P. 14.

To this we believe may be added, that many of the youths voluntarily attend the holy communion, which is celebrated every Sunday in the parish church, at an early hour;—some attending regularly, others frequently, or occasionally.

Now when all this is contrasted with the life which is unhappily too common among youths of this age, in the rank of agricultural labourers, or working artisans, it is impossible not to see how great an instrument of social advancement must be the presence of such an establishment as this.

We will instance a single case, related to us shortly after the Harrow Weald College was opened, by Mr. Monro. A lad who left the parish school, and at the time of his leaving it was one of the best boys and most promising scholars there, went immediately into field work three or four miles from his home, at which he earned five shillings or five shillings and sixpence a-week. In consequence of the distance of his work from home, he was unable to return there every night, and he therefore paid his five shillings a-week for board and lodging, the last of which consisted of a hay-loft, which he shared with the head-carter of the farm on which he worked, he himself being carters' boy. Once a-week, namely, every Sunday, and on that occasion only, he came home to wash his face and change his clothes, and see his relations; and that day being *always* thus occupied, of course he never went to church. For the same reason he hardly so much as saw the clergyman, who had befriended him from a child, and in whose school he had but recently been a favourite pupil. Now this lad, on the college being opened, was one of the first admitted. It happened to be nearer his work than his own home, and in consequence he was enabled to return there daily; and instead of leading the life (which he had begun) of one of the inferior order of animals, for it had been really little better than eating, drinking, working in the fields, and sleeping, he is now raised, or rather brought back again into all the fulness of the Christian life. He has the privileges of daily prayer, living by rule, the constant intercourse of his pastor, and cultivation of mind and spirit thence resulting; the use of the few 'college' books, with time to read them; a more full and wholesome diet than he had before; and last, though not least, the comfort of a separate bedroom as clean and nice as any Christian could wish to see it, with the regular order and discipline of a well constituted family. In each such case as this,—and how many would there be,—it is surely quite impossible to estimate the value of such an institution as this, well and efficiently worked. But it is not only on the boys themselves that a good effect is produced:—

'To those who still remain out of the college, if the selection has been well made of those who have entered the college, the effect of example will be strong; they will see before their eyes daily the fact of youth elevated in position, respectability, and estimation, by the mere fact of a more disciplined and orderly life, *and membership with a body which requires goodness as its requisite condition.* They will respect and attempt to imitate, although

they may pretend to laugh at it; and the effect will of necessity be an amelioration of their own condition. Goodness will appear practicable for youth; and the example of boys leading, to a certain degree, a moral life, will act powerfully on the minds of others, and influence them far more than any sermon or exhortation could do. A nucleus will have been formed by a united body, which, though composed of but fifteen, will have a hundredfold more force than the individual efforts of sixty in apparent opposition. Attendance at church will appear possible, decent conduct will appear advantageous; old companions reformed will tell on those left, and the clergyman will have the power to appeal to a living example of well-conducted youth. Parties and coteries will be broken up, which had been found to disturb the peace of Sunday, or the stillness of the evening hours by drunkenness and gambling, and this will all influence the remaining adult population, and aid with no small weight the efforts of the minister at the work of reformation and religious teaching.'—Pp. 15, 16.

But the principal effect of these colleges, and the one on which we wish more particularly to dwell, is the probable elevation of these youths by their means in the social scale. On this point Mr. Monro speaks very justly:—

'A further advantage of this collegiate life will be the acquisition of *self-respect* gained by the youths themselves. Self-respect lies at the root of a large amount of social and moral good, and the absence of it is the cause and root of very much of our social and moral disorder; and yet it seems among the very last qualities which most men cultivate in the poor; *a fear of raising them above their station, and some untrue impressions about the impossibility of any good in human nature, especially in the case of the poor and the young*, have led to this error. Of course, vanity and conceit, and a hundred attendant and consequent accompaniments, are the results of an excess of self-respect; but we must remember that there may in some characters be a fault in defect as well as in excess in this particular. Virtue is a mean, and the absence of self-respect is a fault as much on one side as vanity is on the other of that mean. When a man, and especially a youth, has no recognition of his importance and influence, (and every one has much of both;) when they are unconscious of being able to aim at or reach anything beyond merely animal gratifications; they will soon sink into dogged indifference, and pursue the instincts of an inferior nature, because they have no perception of a superior one. We must follow the natural guidings of our being, and if the approbation of others, the respeet of the good, and the love of a due and wholesome influence over our fellows, be instincts of our nature, we cannot place them aside, or must expect, if we do, to create some great deficiency in character. *If a man is made to feel that he is considered to be wicked and uncivilized, and that his condition is a settled and wicked one, he will soon become what he knows he is expected to be.* Sin is so much the easier course of the two, that it needs few excuses to follow the line of evil, and to yield without a struggle to it; and this is just the position of the youth of our poor; they are led to feel that, do what they will, they are viewed as profligate, rough, rude, and undisciplined; they see that this is the impression of men about them, and they soon enclose themselves within the limits which society has assigned to them. This is the case not only with the young, but with the greater part of our poor; so few have been the efforts to really elevate the condition of our people, and give them a higher aim, a higher purpose, and a holier influence in life. We must give our youth self-respect; show them that much is expected of them; show them that they have a vocation, and an important one, in the great moral movement of society; show them that we trust them, and that we take for granted they will do right. They will

gain their true position, and on that will follow a greater delicacy and refinement of character, a kindlier influence, and a higher aspiration than they have hitherto experienced. Collegiate life will achieve this; the mere fact of life in brotherhood is a step above the isolated life; discipline and rule, however restraining, are really elevating in the eyes of others, and of the person who lives under them. The closer connexion they have with men above them, the greater attention to dress and appearance, the respect they gain from their employers, will all create self-respect, and with that the desire and aim to do right. However much they may at first be the objects of ridicule, and a momentary scoff, they will know that this arises more from a feeling of jealousy than contempt, and they will soon discover that their position is a decidedly elevated one in the parish where they live. —Pp. 26—28.

This, to our minds, is *true* social reform. It is impossible but that those who come within the sphere of such influences as these, *must* be raised by them — raised in every way, made more refined, more civilized, more cultivated, better livers, better members of society, more useful citizens, and more honest, more intelligent and more well-disposed men. And how is this brought about? By the mere force of association? Certainly not. But by personal kindness and influence, using that association as its instrument. In brief, we want the *man* and the pastor in all this work; and feel that without him it is nothing. We have already trespassed too long on the attention of our readers, but we cannot refuse room for Mr. Monro's admirable remarks on the spirit in which the system must, if it is to succeed, *necessarily* be worked; and the motives which alone must animate him who is to work it:—

'The fact of the whole position being voluntary on the part of the youths, of course makes tact and elasticity of rule of the first importance. It must, of course, be remembered, that at any moment any member of the college may go away, and the influence over him be thus destroyed. This point must be kept in view, and though it is of course needful to retain a very firm and decided discipline, or the whole must fail, and offer but a sorry example to the neighbourhood; still anything like undue severity will destroy the aim it has in view.

'The leading and prominent principle in the view of the master (or clergyman) must be that of *love towards the youths he governs; he must be possessed with the feeling that he is attempting to rescue from destruction many a child of God*, and that he is determined in every possible way to thwart Satan in his effort to gain their souls.

'While it is quite true that rule must be kept up, and obedience demanded, still in any case when a youth transgresses bounds, or breaks through discipline, the feeling of an efficient head must be; "if I cast him off I send him back to all the vice from which he came, only seven times worse by recoil from the effort at reformation. I must do all in my power to retain him, though bearing quietly with faults may have the possible appearance of laxity." There is no need it should partake of such infirmity in reality, and the amount of moral harm done both to the youth himself, and God's work on earth, by rejecting the offender, will be far greater in the end, than what would ensue from leaning overmuch to the side of mercy. I dwell thus strongly on this, because any attempt to exercise the usual cut and dried system of magisterial despotism in

the case of the college I am advocating, will destroy the whole plan. Any notion of introducing the system of *distance*, so miserably and ruinously at work in many places of education among us, will at once mar the whole prospect. In fact, in a case such as I am describing, it would be a palpable absurdity, *as the whole body might disband at a moment's notice, and the whole which retains and keeps them together become violated.* A strong desire to save souls from ruin must be the spirit of the master. The work must be carried out on a principle of love, and the aim must be by the gaining the affections and confidence of the youths to induce them to delight in their new home. Discipline and the restraint of evil passions is at no time easy or agreeable, and it needs no small weight of attraction on the other side to induce a youth willingly to forego his unrestrained liberty. Our existing system of distance between the two parties, as seen in many of our most important places of education, is countermining its one proposed aim, and men recoil from and despise a scheme which is too apparently devised to hide the real deficiencies, moral or intellectual, of those in authority. In such cases it must be that men dare not let themselves be seen through; that they know the result would be a signal failure for themselves, and so they adopt compulsory distance as the best subterfuge...

'Love, not fear, must be the chief and apparent motive of successful education; confidence, and willing and glad obedience, not external order and discipline, must be the chief result aimed at by the manager of the college I am speaking of. It would be trite to say, that the show of confidence and honest kindness will at once pull down all the defences of independence, which youth so often throws up as a protection from encroachment. But boys have no wish to be the enemy of their instructors, they have no wish to be disobedient, it is the fault of the latter that the space is so wide which severs them. Nothing will be effective till freedom has been accomplished, *and until teachers and masters cease to look on boys as their natural enemies.* The man who is punctilious in his exaction of attention to rigid rules, who has not got a considerable power in the discrimination of character, great command of temper, and a strong desire to do every thing in his power to win the heart and affections of those under him, rather than to achieve the victory of his own method and system, is not the man for a work such as I am advocating; and the result of the effort to carry through such a system will inevitably end in the disruption of the institution, and the return to a more corrupt life of those who have been partially redeemed from evil. It is only wonderful that a practice so contemptible has not been more destructive than it has been, and that the flimsy veil has not been more often seen through, which attempts to conceal selfishness, inability, and heartlessness. Such a plan is alike alien from reason, and the analogy of God's dealings with us; from these, at least, *we learn that the principle of love is one which bears long, and aims at the sacrifice of self to win souls to salvation.* Surely it is not in that type we learn to reject men for a first fault, and to keep up a cold distance between ourselves and those we profess to desire to save.'—Pp. 42—45.

This, we once more repeat, is surely the only work of the social reformation kind that really deserves the name. What less than the love here disclosed could ever have prompted, much less called into complete operation, a system of discipline and treatment at once so gentle and so effective, so kind and yet so powerful, so winning and attractive, and yet exercising so perfect and intimate a control over the whole character and being of those within its reach?

Others may get colleges together, and imitate step by step all that Mr. Monro has prescribed; but unless they study well also the spirit in which he works them, and take that with them too, their 'colleges' will be only so much money thrown away; the mere bringing such boys as these together is not *necessarily* an advantage, it may do more harm than good; and that even though they might be thereby enabled to live (as most probably they would) cheaper, and cleaner, and more comfortably. At first such an association would be like a club or a model lodging house, neither very harmful nor very profitable to the character of its inmates—perhaps it would be a little of each. But if such colleges are made, as they may be made, instruments in the hands of the civilizer, instruments in the hands of the educator, instruments in the hands of the priest; then do they at once become powerful to mould and to inform the youth within their walls, to raise him in the social scale, to make him from a mere animal a rational and cultivated being, from a sot or a libertine a sober and honest man; and from a godless heathen a devout and informed Christian. For such ends as these and in such a spirit we heartily commend to all our readers the zealous promotion and institution of Labourers' Colleges.

In conclusion, we would, in the present evil times, deduce a few words of hope and encouragement from the origin and success among us of such works as those which have given occasion to the present article. Facts like those on which we have been dwelling, speak with no uncertain voice, and tell of a vitality and strength to which few other generations of the Church can unhesitatingly lay claim. Twenty years ago, such deeds as these would not only have never been thought of; but if they had been thought of, it would have been impossible to realize them. Indeed, it is almost needless to remark, that what has been done in the parish of Harrow Weald, could never have been effected apart from Catholic principles. And on the other hand, such works as these are of those principles the most proper and legitimate fruit. Let those principles be *thus* developed, and we shall probably hear of but little success in the persecution which is everywhere imminent. Men who base themselves upon such works, and who know the secret of their strength, and keep within it, have nothing whatever to fear from this or any other persecution; society itself, in fact, depends upon them. It owes to them, after their several measures, its stability and existence; and it is an obligation which, in the long run, cannot fail to be recognised. We earnestly commend these considerations to all thoughtful upholders of the truth at the present crisis, and to all who in that crisis require comfort and encouragement.

ART. VI.—1. *A Letter to the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, in explanation of some Statements contained in a Letter by the Rev. W. Dodsworth. By the Rev.* E. B. PUSEY, *D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew; Canon of Christ Church; late Fellow of Oriel College.* Oxford and London: J. H. Parker.

2. *A Few Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London. By* WILLIAM DODSWORTH, *M.A., Author of 'A Letter to Dr. Pusey, on the Position which he has taken in the present Crisis.'* London: Pickering.

3. *Renewed Explanation in consequence of the Rev. W. Dodsworth's Comments on Dr. Pusey's Letter to the Bishop of London. By the Rev.* E. B. PUSEY, *D.D. &c. &c.* Oxford and London: J. H. Parker.

WHEN good and earnest men disagree, and call in question each other's conduct and opinions, the Gallios of the day will always have their triumph, and hold up Truth to scorn, as now shown afresh to be void of all certainty. But those who think more seriously look on and listen with a far different feeling, and while they regret that unity of judgment is so hard to attain, they fully expect from such differences some elucidation of points hitherto not clearly seen. Sometimes it is the Truth itself that needs to be made clear, sometimes the real scope and tendency of particular views and parties. Nor are these two cases to be separated by a hard line of distinction. We ought to assume that the Church aims at Truth, and that the words of a particular Church are rightly interpreted, when interpreted according to the Truth, and the mind of the Holy Spirit, though that truth may have been but imperfectly understood, and the guiding of that Spirit but imperfectly followed by the framers of her formularies. And a party, or even a sect, has in general some Truth for its main object, and though it may be led into such extravagancies as simply to require suppression, yet in dealing with its individual members, and sometimes even with the whole body, the first point of real understanding is to know the Truth by which it lives. This is far more essential to dealing rightly with men in error, than to be critically exact in acquaintance with their mistakes and fallacies. And it is the same with any complex movement of our own minds. If we wish to deal rightly with it, we must find out the truth which is at the bottom of it, and not judge of it by the mere superficial difficulties it may encounter, or the accidentally favourable

or unfavourable result of its contact with some particular circumstances. And when good men differ, and put forth their reasons against each other, the truly wise and serious will look rather for what they can find in the shape of solid Truth, than for the trifling results of argument about a writer's consistency in details, which chiefly concern his memory, and are not perhaps worth remembering.

Mr. Dodsworth is, indeed, right in maintaining that the point he has had chiefly in view is one of real importance, namely, whether Dr. Pusey can or cannot consistently take the moderate and conciliatory line he has taken in the controversies arising out of the Gorham case. This is, no doubt, a serious question, not materially affected, indeed, by the fact of Dr. Pusey's thinking or not thinking it wrong to assist the memory in acts of devotion by using a string of beads, but in itself well worth raising, and bringing to a fair issue. No one can blame Mr. Dodsworth for endeavouring to draw his friend to a more complete cooperation by proving to him that he was already, in all consistency, committed to it. But it is difficult to obtain from what he has written anything but a very confused notion of his grounds for such an opinion. Himself under the agitating influence of doubts relative to the lawfulness of remaining in the Anglican communion, he could not quietly estimate the reasonings of a mind firmly at rest in that communion, and undoubtingly identifying it with the Fellowship of the Holy Apostles. Nor could he reason truly as an Anglo-Catholic, while he assumed premises alien to his position.

He has succeeded, however, in drawing forth a statement of no small interest, and one which contains so much of the most precious material ever found in controversy, the fundamental, underlying truth, that it may well long outlive its immediate occasion. It is interesting to observe the movements of such a mind as that of Dr. Pusey, as they appear in his writings; and he is so full and so straightforward in his statements, that he exhibits always much more than ordinary writers, of his real processes of investigation, and the connexion of his views on different though kindred subjects.

He is charged with using many words, and yet it would be hard to show where he has wasted one. His whole meaning may require some trouble to find it out, but it is because he thinks, and leads his reader through a process of thought. Englishmen have been accused of aversion from thinking, and they certainly like to be saved the trouble when they can; but take it they must, if they would understand a man who has laboriously studied all Holy Scripture, and most parts of Theology and Ecclesiastical History, and thought much of all. One such man

may be content with giving his results in a compact theory, which you can either accept or reject without much consideration, and so dispense with labour; but though you may receive his notions or reject them, you are not much the nearer to understanding them, until you have yourself studied and thought. Another, like Dr. Pusey, is so conscious of this truth, that he will not present his results in a compressed formula, without first exhibiting enough of his process to enable the mind to give that formula some degree of reality. He cares little, one should rather say nothing, for himself, much for the Truth. 'Strike me, if you please, but hear me,' said the Athenian general, and it is very much the same with him. Never yet has he been drawn into personalities, or any of the lower arts of controversy. One notion pervades all his writings, aggressive or defensive; the aim to bring his readers to earnest thought on the whole subject under consideration: and his claim to call them to think, rests not on any assumption of superior genius, or of the credit of happy conjecture, but on the simple profession of having taken the trouble to inquire and to think himself.

Some, of course, will still skim his pages, simply to pick up conclusions, which they might have found more readily in his recapitulations, and to judge them by a preconceived standard. We must do so sometimes, and with some authors, and many will think that he has no claim to be made an exception. But when we take that course, we make up our minds to learn but little from our reading. We assume that we already know the main points and bearings of the case, and we read to judge, and perhaps to gain subsidiary information, rather than in order to master the leading truths which are in question. It is not too much to say, that one who takes up a volume or a tract from so industrious and thoughtful a writer, will do best to open his mind, if not to conviction, at least to new and larger views. He is likely thus to find something that will reward him for the perusal of pages that might otherwise be hurried over in vain, and with comparatively little interest; for what Mr. Dodsworth calls 'trying to say all that can be said on a subject,' when honestly done, and by a mind of sufficient power to do it effectively, is a boon to the reader which few authors can offer if they would, and still fewer are willing to afford.

In answering Mr. Dodsworth, Dr. Pusey had to meet a twofold attack; the direct charge of inconsistency, and the indirect charge of Romanizing. The first was Mr. Dodsworth's main object, and it really seems that in the simplicity of his heart Mr. Dodsworth did not much reflect on the furious storm he was calling up for his friend, by ascribing to him the practices named in his letter. He did not, as he says, mention them in order to

blame them, but to show what one who used them ought to have done in another case. He did not mean to call in what the daily Press calls the Laity, (going it seems by the dictionaries which say that 'lay' is the past participle passive of an Anglo-Saxon verb meaning 'to delude,' and signifies 'misled, led astray, deluded, imposed upon, led into error,' and is identical with 'lew'd' or 'lewd,') and the Bible 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' to shout 'Down with the Puseyites,' and batter church doors for the honour and glory of Protestantism. For his own credit, it is a pity that Mr. Dodsworth has done what posterity, if they read him, will stigmatise as descending to mean arts, in order to stir up perscution against the most peaceful of men. He has done it in simplicity, but if he values his own good name he will have done with it when fairly warned. His childish parading of Dr. Pusey's omission of the notice of the rosary, which he had himself overlooked in the sheets sent to him before publication, is unpardonable. Another such petty attempt to justify his most unjustifiable statement would put him fairly out of court with readers who have a sense of delicacy, or who are men of sense.

And first, as to his main argument; what has he proved? That Dr. Pusey has been always a maintainer of the sacramental system, and consequently, he thinks, ought to have been ready to go all lengths in insisting on the full declaration of the Doctrine of Holy Baptism by the English Church. By what process of reasoning the premiss was connected with the conclusion, does not clearly appear, nor can the connecting links be satisfactorily supplied. For the exact limits of the faith, and the mode of defining or defending them, are separate questions from that of the relation of human acts to Divine grace. That the faith was in some sort impugned by the judgment of the Privy Council, no orthodox Christian doubted. Dr. Pusey and Mr. Dodsworth were not much at variance as to the points in which it was or might appear to be so. But Dr. Pusey would have been content if the Bishops had promptly met, and noted the point of error most manifestly allowed by the judgment, that original sin is of itself a bar to the grace of baptism; thus indirectly impugning the whole authority of the Court, and showing that it could not be taken as representing the mind of the English Church. He refused to sign, it is not too much to say that he risked his life in his efforts to prevent others from adopting, any resolutions which would imply a condemnation of the English Church if she failed to assume immediately a strong dogmatic position. This it was that drew on him the attack of Mr. Maskell and Mr. Allies, which he has foiled in so masterly a manner in his letter to Mr. Richards, and its postscript. And this too was the occasion of Mr. Dodsworth's attempt to

separate him from that attachment to his spiritual mother, which is too deep-seated in his inmost soul to be shaken by a hundred pamphlets or a hundred persecutions. The storm he now endures has been raised simply because he would not condemn, or approach to condemning the Church of England, but was determined to fight her battle in and for her.

This phrase, 'the sacramental system,' is a good one in itself, but like most others that contain the word 'system,' it requires to be used with thought. Nothing is easier than to take up 'the sacramental system,' and then say, it requires this, and implies that, till no latitude is left for varieties of place, time, or circumstance, and the whole scheme of things appears frozen into a premature uniformity. Now it is not to be denied that the visible world is the counterpart of the invisible, and the vehicle of its actings. Nor was it ill said that 'every true monad is a perfect representation of the universe as viewed from that point.' Yet Bacon was not wrong, either, when he said that 'the human mind naturally expects greater uniformity than it finds in actual nature.' And he is a bold man who dares suppose that he has gotten hold of the one true and perfect sacramental image of the invisible, and can embody, in ritual and practice, the very counterpart of the courts of heaven. Which, forsooth, are the true rites? The Roman or the Greek? The modern or the ancient? Or does Truth change, and follow the last improvements? Was the Catholic Church deceived by the revived heathenism of the Renaissance? Ought St. Peter's to have been Gothic, or Westminster Abbey more like St. Paul's? Surely the Queen of Heaven is *circumamicta varietatibus!* The Church will not have exhausted the various outward forms in which sacred Truth may be fairly and truly embodied, before the Son of Man be come. There may be leading types, which appear in the manifold forms of Liturgy, Ritual, and Service, of Ecclesiastical and Cœnobitic organization, but who shall say that their variations have yet been exhausted, or their perfection yet displayed? But if we are to examine strictly the limits and bearing of the sacramental system, we must leave Dr. Pusey and Mr. Dodsworth for another occasion. Events have made the other part of the question, that which regards the positive facts of Dr. Pusey's teaching, of far more immediate importance.

For the present it remains, that Dr. Pusey has been long a supporter of 'the sacramental system,' be it what it may, and that, therefore, Mr. Dodsworth holds that he ought to have at once condemned the English Church for permitting it to be impugned. But Dr. Pusey's feeling about the English Church was not merely that of Æneas about the Trojan war, *quorum pars magna fui*, but *cujus pars sum*. He has always so entirely

identified himself with the English Church, as to consider his own resistance, and that of a large number of her members, not mere partisans of his own, as offered in her name and on her behalf; and he will not allow that she acquiesces in a public act, which, while many protest against it, she does not in any regular way affirm. He can wait for her action, though too long delayed, because he considers it already begun in the protest of her earnest and orthodox members.

But Mr. Dodsworth twits him with a change of mind, and half claims him as a reluctant convert to his own views of the necessity of the case. His date, unluckily, fails him. For the change was made, in consequence of a change of circumstances, before Mr. Dodsworth's letter came out. What might have sufficed in the first instance, would be a weak measure if taken too late. What might have appeared, if instant and unanimous, as the expression of the undoubted mind of the Church, once postponed and declined, would come afterwards but as a doubtful conclusion, and almost as a change of view in the Episcopal body. The lamentable unreadiness of our Episcopate at such a crisis was at least more likely to be the cause why Dr. Pusey was led to feel that we *must* have a more formal and regular action of our Ecclesiastical constitution, than any public goading with reasons he had heard urged in vain in private circles. Had they been ready, even informally, yet unitedly, to protest against the denial of the Faith, we might have been content to thank them for their earnestness in the cause of truth, and to bear with oppression from without, trusting to inward life even in the absence of complete organic action. But when our irregular method of proceeding evidently no longer suffices for the defence of vital truth, it becomes clearly our duty to call for regularity, to demand it, to insist on it, not to rest till we extort it from oppressors however resolute, from leaders however irresolute. Even in his change, Dr. Pusey has fully vindicated his own consistency. He has never wished to drive one out of the Church who could with any sort of fairness be retained in her communion. He has sought to win, not to expel. When he has raised his voice against error, it has been against that which touched most vital points; and his aim has been in any case to recall rather than to condemn. He has always made the greatest allowances for those who maintained positive truth, when they were unhappily led by indistinct views of it to be jealous of other truth; has always hoped that, if they remained within the pale of the Church, they would by degrees be restored to the full apprehension of her teaching. Why he should not continue to do this, has not been shown, will not be shown, cannot be shown. Let those who identify him with all that is harsh and

exclusive, read his own words. Nothing can be fuller of the tenderest charity for all who 'love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' In his preface to his volume of Sermons, in these his last statements of his own views, in short, wherever he has been led to mention the good and earnest portion of the evangelical party, it has always been with the same favourable and even affectionate regard.

But what is this, some will say, while he adopts and encourages half the corruptions of Romanism? Here, then, is the question to which Mr. Dodsworth has really led the attention of the (so called) 'Laity' of England, and possibly even of Bishops and Clerks.

It is a serious question. Has this learned, pious, and energetic teacher, after whom hundreds, if not thousands, of our clergy are named almost by common consent, been all along leaning towards Rome, imitating Rome, introducing amongst us corrupt doctrine, and superstitious, if not idolatrous, practice, taken from Roman sources? If there were no serious point of doctrine concerned, the very attitude which Rome assumes toward us would be enough to make the question serious. Is one of the most powerful, if not singly the most powerful, man in the English Church really betraying her cause to her mortal enemy?—for it is no less that Mr. Dodsworth has suggested, even if he has not intended to suggest it, to the English public, and to the authorities of the Anglican communion. The outcry raised by the 'Papal Aggression' drew, of course, fresh attention to his suggestions, and Lord John Russell gladly seized them to present to the nation, in place of certain acts of the ministers of the crown, which might otherwise have had to bear the brunt of its violent and over-excited displeasure. Meanwhile, how much was there in the facts? Mr. Dodsworth will not hear, indeed, of his statement being unfair; but then, what does it mean? Is it the facts, or the names given to them, that have caused such offence?

The materials now before us are sufficient to show beyond all question that the simple artifice, or mistake, whichever it is, by which Mr. Dodsworth has raised all this dust, is that of calling things by names which the English public do not understand. Of course, when an English clergyman writes to an English clergyman, it is supposed that he will use the common phraseology of the English Church. If he uses a new term, he will at least be suspected to mean a new thing. If he does so especially with a view to exhibit the doctrine or practice he speaks of as an approach to Romanism, he will, of course, be understood to mean something Romish. And there is a little moral fallacy, of a very refined nature, but not the less effective, which creeps

in here. When Mr. Dodsworth wrote his letter, he had begun to attach to the word 'Catholic' the sense of 'Romish.' Any one who will fairly consider this, with all the collateral points that bear upon it, will at once perceive how it affects the character of almost every clause in his statement, how it colours his view of every fact that he adduces. When Mr. Dodsworth says that a doctrine or practice is Catholic, he means simply that it is Romish. When Dr. Pusey says the same, he means that it belongs to the whole of Christendom, saving recent separations, and has done so from the earliest ages of Christianity. Hence Mr. Dodsworth sees in everything Catholic, as Catholic, an approach to the particular system of Rome. Dr. Pusey views each doctrine in itself, and considers it with reference to the Catholic Faith as delivered from the beginning, and to the whole Christian body, Roman, Greek, Anglican, ancient and modern. It is no wonder if two men who think so differently cannot quite agree as to how they ought to speak. Still, when his words had led to misunderstanding, Mr. Dodsworth ought frankly to have said they were true, but had been misunderstood, instead of labouring to fix on his very forbearing and friendly antagonist petty details which he had never treated as more than indifferent, and phrases which he had even studiously avoided. Of course he may think it a kindness to alienate a heretical episcopate from Dr. Pusey, supposing he will in the end be able to alienate Dr. Pusey from a heretical episcopate. But there are right and wrong ways of doing good, and some kinds of good ought, in honour and courtesy, to be left to work themselves out. It is to be hoped, for Mr. Dodsworth's credit, that he has not proposed this to himself as an end, or contemplated it more than an incidental result.

Another point, which Mr. Dodsworth, either studiously or very thoughtlessly, kept out of sight in his statement, was that much of what he represented as Dr. Pusey's teaching came solely out of translated and adapted books. It is true that in a question of positive doctrine a man fully commits himself to what he so authorizes, and even in less definite matters, Dr. Pusey would not think of disavowing what he had thus indirectly taught. But when the teaching is indirect, the matter not dogmatic, and the inference further indirect, surely there is room for some doubt whether a teacher can be fairly characterised by every tittle that he allows of another man's writing. His republishing any minor part amongst the rest of another's work proves no more than this, that he does not consider it mischievous or dangerous; not that he would so teach of his own mind and will. Dr. Pusey has stated his own principle in adapting books of devotion.

'My principle in my "adapted books" (as I have stated more at length in my letter) was to exclude nothing which was not opposed to any principle or rule of the Church of England. But I can imagine no principle upon which any member of the English Church should not use such devotions as these, or why he may not repeat again and again (as it is done in our anthems), "Blessing and glory, and wisdom, &c."'—*Renewed Explanation*, p. 31.

It would be very difficult to adapt them at all on any other principle without half re-writing them. But it is at once clear that on that principle you cannot fairly attribute to the translator every minute characteristic of the original writer. He is answerable, indeed, for anything false or mischievous, but it does not appear how he might teach on any point entirely of his own mind. Teaching slightly differing from his own in character is a difficulty on which an adapter must count. He must make allowance for it when he is considering whether to make use of a particular work or not. But still he is to be judged with some allowance for it on the other side. He may certainly admit some things, which he rather allows than positively teaches, save that in doctrine he must not admit that to be stated as matter of faith, nor in practice of positive law, which he does not himself believe to be so. Mr. Dodsworth's application of Dr. Pusey's adapted books implies a very much closer identification.

It is true there are those who will say, 'We do not like to 'have any judgment of our own. We wish to put ourselves 'absolutely into the hands of our spiritual guide. If he gives us 'a book of devotion, we take its directions as absolute rules, 'given us indeed by him, but coming through him from God. 'Whether in his own words or in another's, they are equally and 'absolutely binding on our practice.' But this is what Dr. Pusey has nowhere taught or encouraged. He has never sought to lead people to throw aside their own reason. When he gives them a book expurgated according to his own best judgment, he still wishes them to use it at their own discretion, and with the exercise of their own moral and spiritual powers on its particulars. Thus supposing a person to set the highest value on his judgment, or even to have adopted the rule of following his direction in the most absolute manner, such an one might still go to him to say, "I find in such a place mention made of the 'beads of the rosary; do you intend to enjoin, or strongly 'recommend the use of them?' And it would be nothing strange if he were to answer, 'that he had no intention whatever of 'recommending them as at all essential to the devotions in con-'nexion with which they were mentioned, but that he had 'retained the explanation of their use, both as interesting in 'itself, and as serviceable to any one who might think them a

'profitable help, the things themselves being such as involved 'no superstition, and a mere instrumental appendage to the 'devotion of repeating a certain number of times the same 'prayers.' He might leave the point open to the reader's judgment, as in all reason it is open. And the same with the Crucifix, the worship of which, in fact, he has most distinctly rejected. Only that in the mention of it he has preferred to use expressions that would admit the sense of a picture. Mr. Dodsworth is most unjust to him on this head, and chides him for in any sort apologising for loving to behold the image of our Blessed Lord crucified. Of course it would be absurd to apologise if there were no abuse, or no general suspicion of a serious abuse connected with such images. But when the common belief in England is that they are worshipped; and when there is but too much reason to think that they have been and are sometimes idolatrously used, surely there is no need to be ashamed of saying a few words to distinguish between what we allow and what we do not, what we recommend and what we do not. There is nothing wrong in making explanations to meet the charge of what would really be the saddest insult to Him, for whose sake alone we could have any regard to the image at all.

Much has been said about the principles on which it is right to judge of these matters, because they have been so strangely overlooked, both by Mr. Dodsworth, and by those who have quoted him throughout the country. Even now the mention of them has an appearance quite unduly apologetic, for in fact Dr. Pusey does not stand in need of more than a mere fraction of the allowance that may be fairly claimed for him, whether it is his consistency, or his position in the English Church, that he may be called upon to defend. The summary at the end of his Letter to the Bishop of London, and his 'Renewed Explanations,' in themselves a summary, will indeed have enabled most readers to form a tolerably accurate estimate of the bearing of this discussion on his character and position. But it may be worth while to notice one or two points which have been especially elucidated, and touched in such a manner as to confer a lasting benefit on the English Church, if his words do but obtain the attention they deserve. Much has been said that has an interest far beyond that of the present quarrel, and that goes far to bring good out of what must in itself be regarded as an evil.

The subject of Confession has been treated in a manner that will place it in a much clearer light than heretofore in the eyes of most English readers. Mr. Dodsworth's expression of 'administering the sacrament of Penance,' was a most gratuitous mode of giving countenance to the vulgar prejudice against

Confession as something distinctively Roman. Certainly, if that were a single instance of the fallacy, one might pardon Mr. Dodsworth for not reckoning on the absolute stupidity with which prejudiced men shut their eyes to the commonest and most familiar facts. Every one who will take the trouble to recollect what he has heard from his childhood, will acknowledge that it is, and always has been, the common practice of gaol chaplains to exhort criminals to private confession, that the privileged secresy of such confession is respected, and that it is for wholly spiritual purposes, distinct from any amends which may be further made to justice by the *public* confession of a crime punished by the law. To a reflecting mind, this case at once appears to involve the whole principle. 'He that said, Do not commit adultery, said also, Do not kill;' and this may be logically converted, 'He that said, Do not kill, said also, Do not commit adultery;' and further applied to the other commandments, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,' and the like.

The wilful and deliberate transgression of any one known Divine law places a man before God much in the same condition as a convicted criminal. If, then, the act of Confession is a salutary help to repentance in the one case, it may fairly be supposed to be so in the other. If the Church's Absolution conveys a benefit in the one case, it may fairly be supposed to do so in the other. If the one case needs a definite reconciliation with God, so does the other. Of course the way to enlighten the slow and prejudiced, but sensible and honest minds of Englishmen is, to show them that what the Church offers them is this plain straightforward thing. First, of course, to show them that what their own Church offers is this very thing that so many need, and then, if so be, that even the Roman 'Sacrament of Penance' is in fact the same thing, and that a great part of the prejudice against it has arisen from a misconception of its nature, and from the identification of occasional abuses with universal practice. In short, for one English clergyman to throw out in the face of the English public that another English clergyman 'administers the sacrament of Penance,' and enjoins 'Auricular Confession,' without any qualification or explanation, is an unjustifiable abuse of language, one which is calculated to deceive the unwary, and seriously to prejudice the cause of truth.

This is more especially the case when the person referred to has carefully abstained from using the term Sacrament in that application, without such explanation as tended very much to prevent its giving any false impression, and showed that in his qualified use of the term, he was only following the Church of

England. He had also avoided the terms 'Auricular Confession' and 'Penance.' In the terms, also, of 'encouraging if not enjoining Auricular Confession,' a false impression was conveyed; as if Dr. Pusey had been a kind of Apostle of Confession, and had gone about everywhere preaching upon it. The fact was, that his attention had been drawn towards Confession by persons coming to him for it, years before he preached at all on the subject.

'I have already explained that, for the most part, I have been simply passive in this matter. I have not preached upon the subject, except before the University, eight years after persons had first come to me to open their griefs. I have been thankful to minister to distress or anxiety whenever it has come to me. To myself, also, it has been a comfort to be thus employed (as I trust) by our Lord, to bind up the broken-hearted. I have been thankful to have been thus occasioned to exercise a pastoral office, instead of being confined to studies or teaching mainly intellectual. But I have not (as I said), "*enjoined* confession;" I have "encouraged" it mainly, by readily receiving those who applied to me by virtue of the direction of the Church. I have very rarely recommended it to individuals; and that as a single act, on the ground of special circumstances of the case. But your Lordship's published statement far more than covers anything which I have done, when you say, "It seems to me—that men are not to be exhorted, or even invited to perform it, except in the specific instances for which provision is made in the offices of the Church."'—*Letter to Bp. of London*, pp. 4, 5.

There is an extreme narrowness of mind in some of our pretenders to Catholicism, which makes them regard everything as a 'sham,' that is not done exactly after the modern Roman fashion. But Catholicism, in its true idea, is large, and embraces all ages, all countries, all rational modes of thinking, all allowable variations of laws, rites, and customs. There is a distinction of no small importance between the Roman confessional and ours, which goes far to justify the liberty allowed by the English Church, and stigmatised by some as an excessive laxity. The Roman confessional, though relating, in the first instance, simply to the 'forum conscientiæ,' to the inward state of the soul before God, yet extends in its operation to many things relating to the outward and visible condition, through its compulsory character. A man is known to confess, or not to confess. His participation of the sacraments on his death-bed depends on his confession. His being allowed Christian burial depends on it. Hence arises a strong temptation, in the worst cases, to seek a lax confessor, and a necessity for stringent laws about the fitness of the priest who is to be allowed to receive confessions, and the cases in which an ordinary priest is not allowed to absolve. Yet it appears that, after all, the strictness of the Church of Rome cannot prevent there being loop-holes

for laxity, and very easy conditions for gross offenders. With us, where confession is voluntary, much of this temptation is removed, and there is no reason to expect that people will seek out lax and corrupt absolvers. The Church of England does not contemplate the existence among her members of the gross superstition, that can imagine a pardon to be obtained from God by deceiving or bribing a priest. And she does not compel those, who do not for themselves desire this help to their reconciliation with God, to make confession to her ministers. Whether in this she acts wisely or not, the result is, that she is able with very much less risk to leave the choice of a confessor to the penitent.

Mr. Maskell and Mr. Allies, in quitting the Church of England, thought to strike a parting blow which would sever from her many Catholic minds, by casting a doubt on the validity of all absolutions given under her free system of choosing a confessor. It is curious enough to see their argument completely overthrown by Roman authorities, who are compelled by the necessity of the case, and by the practice of their own Church, to acknowledge the kind of jurisdiction 'in foro conscientiæ' which is claimed for priests in the Church of England. One of the hardest knots is, how to find a jurisdiction for the priest who is to absolve the pope. Common sense, however, usually carries the day in the end with the schoolmen, and is only exhibited in technical forms by their ingenuity, and that of their followers, the great canonists. Yet a very little study of them will be sufficient to make a cautious thinker pause before he allows a technical difficulty to master his practical convictions. A plain man's common sense may assure him that if he cannot, Vazquez or Suarez could have answered a pettifogging objector.

The subject of 'the propitiatory sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist' has been so often handled, and so well, that perhaps we have not gained much by the controversy; yet pp. 27—54 of the Letter to the Bishop of London will well repay the reader who wishes to learn what our best divines have said, and will engage him practically for half an hour, if he delights to meditate on the sacred subject to which they relate. But with respect to the 'adoration of Christ, really present on the altar under the form of bread and wine,' the pages next following are a permanent addition to our theological literature. There is not, perhaps, anywhere to be found a clearer statement of the doctrine of the Eucharistic presence, and of its connexion with our adoration of our Blessed Saviour. Delightful, cheering, edifying as it unquestionably is, to enjoy at all seasons the contemplation of the sacred pledges of his adorable presence, it is

better even to forego that delight, support, and edification, than to expose simple souls to the 'peril of idolatry,' or even of superstition in any degree approaching to idolatry. And experience proves so strongly the tendency of the human mind to localize its feelings of devotion, that we cannot but see strong reason for our own practice of withdrawing a temptation from the imagination, not only of the vulgar, but of the most devout and learned. Is the devotion necessarily paid to Christ Himself, because paid to the consecrated Host? Perhaps it is. But if this Presence is too absolutely localized in the mind, the idea of His majesty may thus be injured by the very help we use in realizing His presence. O that men could keep from tainting the hallowed air that breathes round His altars with the breath of controversy! But here, controversy is the penalty of superstition, and superstition the penalty of sin. The day of release seems yet far distant.

Pp. 54—80 of the Letter to the Bishop of London are indeed invaluable. It is to be presumed that any one who wishes to form a judgment will read the accompanying authorities in the work itself. (Pp. 39—56, cheap edition.) But the reader will not be displeased at having again before him the author's own words, full as they are of fervent piety and sound reason:—

'On the subject of the Adoration of our Lord at the Holy Eucharist, I have simply, I believe, on one occasion, retained the words, "Adore Him with profound reverence." I had disclaimed "language on this great mystery, implying (to speak reverently) a local confinement and humiliation of Him Who vouchsafes to feed us with Himself, which the Fathers would not, certainly do not, use." I fully accept the words of the Rubric at the end of our Communion Service, that "no Adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental Bread and Wine there bodily received, or unto any Corporal [*i. e.* Physical, Carnal] Presence of Christ's natural Flesh and Blood. For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians); [this would be acknowledged by Roman Catholics themselves;] and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here; it being against the truth of Christ's natural Body to be at one time in more places than one."

'I have explained the word "Corporal" by "Carnal" or "physical," because the framers of this rubric deliberately rejected the denial of the words "real and essential," which stood in the first articles under Edward VI., and substituted the word "corporal." "For a real presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharist," says Wheatley, "is what our Church frequently asserts in this very office of Communion, in her Articles, in her Homilies, and her Catechism." But the statement, that "Christ's Natural Body is in Heaven, not on earth," is the received doctrine, not of schoolmen only, but even of the Council of Trent. And so far from the Sacramental Presence of our Lord at all implying any Natural Presence of His Body, Divines even of the Roman Church have ruled that it even excludes it. "From the nature of the thing," says Lugo, "the Sacramental

Presence of Christ doth not require any Natural Presence of Christ." And he assigns as a reason the very reason assigned in the Rubric, "any definitive adequate Presence implies, that the subject is in such wise there *as not to be elsewhere;* therefore the Sacramental Presence of Christ doth not in itself require the Natural Presence; yea, rather it in itself requireth that Christ hath not any other presence than that."

'It is matter of faith that the Natural Body of our Lord is at the Right Hand of God "circumscribed" in place, "in a certain place of Heaven," says St. Augustine, "on account of the mode of a true Body." "Doubt not," he says, "that the Man Christ Jesus is now there, whence He shall come; and hold in memory and keep faithfully the Christian profession, 'He rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, sitteth on the Right Hand of the Father, and shall' not 'come' from any place than 'thence to judge both quick and dead.' And He shall so come, as the Angels' words testify, as He was seen to go into heaven, *i. e.* in the same form and substance of the flesh to which He gave immortality, but took not away its nature. According to this form, He is not to be thought to be diffused everywhere. For we must beware that we do not so establish the Divinity of the Man as to take away the flesh of His Body. For it followeth not, that that which is in God is everywhere in such wise as God is. God and Man are One Person, and Both is One Christ Jesus; everywhere by that which is God, in heaven by that which is Man." Whence Alexander Alensis says, that "Christ, according to His Human Nature, is *locally in heaven*, personally in the Word, sacramentally on the Altar." He allows also that "these two things must be conceded, that Christ as circumscribed or locally is contained in heaven; He is *not* contained as circumscribed or locally under the Sacrament." And Aquinas allows the other argument of the Rubric, "No body can be in several places at once; this does not belong even to an angel; for by the same reason it might be everywhere. But the Body of Christ is a true body, and is in heaven." His answer is, "That the Body of Christ is not in that manner in this Sacrament, as a body in place, which in its dimensions is commensurate with place; but in a certain special manner, proper to this Sacrament. Whence we say that the Body of Christ is on different altars, not as in different places, but as in the Sacrament. Whereby we do not mean that Christ is there only as in a sign, although the Sacrament is in the nature of a sign; but we understand that the Body of Christ is here, according to the mode proper to this Sacrament." And again, he speaks of "the presence of the Body of Christ, as it is spiritually, *i.e.* invisibly, and by the virtue of His Spirit," which He contrasts with the way in which "it is present by the mode of a body, *i. e.* in its visible form." But this Presence, which is not circumscribed, not local, not after the mode of a body, but spiritual only and Sacramental, is, so far, no other than our Divines have contended for. The Council of Trent itself (as I said) asserts, that "our Saviour Himself always sits on the Right Hand of the Father, according to the *natural* mode of being," and asserts only that "He is *sacramentally* present with us in many other places with His substance, in that manner of being, which although we can scarcely express in words, we can still, with thought enlightened by faith attain as possible to God, and ought most firmly to believe." Would that they had left it thus not expressed by words, and that both might have received with reverence the ineffable Presence of our Lord, to be our Food, and thus "to dwell in us and we in Him, be one with us and we with Him," without defining the mode!

'It was in this way that I thought of the Adoration of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, in the words which I have quoted, not as confined or contained in place, much less so as to involve any worship of the consecrated

elements. But believing Him to be present, I believed, with the Ancient Church, that He was to be adored as Present. It is the well-known saying of St. Augustine, "*No one* eateth that Flesh, unless he have first adored." "The rich also have adored the body of the humility of their Lord; they are not, like the poor, satisfied, so as to imitate Him, yet they have worshipped." I cannot think that these words, any more than those of St. Chrysostom, which are adduced controversially, imply any local adoration; I had no such thought in my mind. But, believing that He was then in an especial manner present, I could not but think that we knelt, not only as receiving so great a Gift, but in reverence for His Presence. "Think," says St. Chrysostom, "with what honour thou hast been honoured, what Table thou enjoyest. What the angels tremble when they behold, and do not even dare fearlessly to gaze on, on account of the flash of brightness streaming forth thence, with This are we nourished, with This are we commingled, and become the one body and one flesh of Christ."

'Let me quote the words of three unsuspected writers in our Church.'—Pp. 71—77.

Such a statement of the doctrine, and of its practical consequences, must be hailed by every one who is desirous of duly honouring the sacramental presence, without disparaging the Divine glory of our Blessed Lord, of worshipping Him as present at all times, with or without the aid of the sacred symbols. Nothing, indeed, can ever satisfy the curious mind, which longs for a perfect intellectual apprehension of Divine mysteries; but what we can attain is here fairly set before us, and in such a manner as may give rest to the weary spirit after wandering in the mazes of controversy. It is far from giving countenance to any such superstition as the superficial reader would infer from Mr. Dodsworth's words. If it in any degree relieves the Church of Rome from that imputation, so much the better. For it is not a first principle of reason, that whatever is Roman must be wrong, or must be as bad as it can be conceived to be. It is high time even for the public to have done with such assumptions. However, this statement does draw a clear line of distinction between Dr. Pusey's teaching, and that of real Romanizers in the English Church, who abhor as impiety, or despise as weakness, any caution or reserve in identifying the consecrated elements with the natural body and blood of our Blessed Lord. Perchance even some of them may be led to see that such caution may be used with reverence and piety. It is certainly not inconsistent with the spirit of Christian antiquity, and is implied in the very use of the word Sacrament, when understood as it was used by S. Augustine and S. Ambrose. Even the term Transubstantiation seems to be scarcely understood by some who insist on it, almost forgetting its metaphysical sense. Had that sense, in fact, been strictly preserved, the affirmation of it would be a mere scholastic refinement on the truth, instead of a positive error.

The reader must be tired of rosaries, to which Mr. Dodsworth

has drawn a most undeserved attention, as has been already remarked. Still it is not perhaps in vain that some may have read Dr. Pusey's chapter on repeating the same words in devotion, which was all that he ever 'recommended' in any sense in which the word can be fairly used. One would be sorry to think that this practice, considered in itself, had ever drawn down on it all the contempt and obloquy with which the mediæval practice of praying on beads has been assailed. Certainly two things have been assumed, as grounds of the general feeling which prevails in England on this subject, viz. that the recitation of such prayers became frequently a mere form, and that the devotions so used were mainly addressed to the blessed Virgin. And both these suppositions were at least founded on fact. For when the recitation of a hundred and fifty Aves and fifteen Pater Nosters was enjoined on simple folk, of no particular piety, it is not difficult to say how they would recite them. The best excuse for so doing is, that if they made any attempt at devotion, their minds would be meanwhile occupied with good thoughts. And certainly the ordinary proportion of the rosary was ten Aves to one Pater Noster. Dr. Pusey may at least be excused for thinking it would be of use to supply persons who valued this form of devotion, with words addressed solely to the Holy and Ever-blessed Trinity. And, as for the manner in which they are to be used, he certainly cannot be accused of encouraging mere formal and inattentive recitations.

With respect to the Crucifix, the obvious impression from Mr. Dodsworth's notice of it would have been, that he encouraged the *worship* of it; whereas the only use he can be properly said to have encouraged, is one wholly alien from worship, and anything like adoration he has in no instance, and in no way allowed, nor encouraged placing them in such a way as to excite the suspicion of it. The subject is a painful one here, owing to the strong national prejudice against images. Yet many persons of no particularly Catholic (not to say Romish) way of thinking, have Crucifixes, and at times derive profit from looking on them. Whatever prejudice there is against them is mainly due, no doubt, to the want of sufficient care in so using them as to avoid all danger or suspicion of idolatry, and perhaps no less to the actual attempts of some interested or superstitious persons to attach peculiar sanctity to particular images.

'Knowing the deep prejudice which English people in general have against the Crucifix, and yet feeling that any picture of our Blessed Lord, and a picture of the Crucifixion, and the Crucifix, were one and the same in principle, I did feel a difficulty when some two or three persons have asked me about the use of the Crucifix (not to be worn, but to be placed in a room,) as a means of aiding devotion in prayer, by contemplation of Christ Crucified. In my own judgment, I should much rather that persons should (in any way liable to observation and comment) use pictures of the

Crucifixion, on the very ground which I mentioned, that in this great conflict, in which the hearts of the people are to be won back to the depth of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, it is the part of Christian love to avoid, as far as it is consistent with the *full maintenance of the truth*, what may deter others from receiving it. I did not wish to promote the use of Crucifixes, in the popular sense of that use. I do think that it is right, to respect even mistaken prejudices. On this ground, in my adapted books, I substituted "at the foot of the Cross" for "at the foot of the Crucifix," or in the only place where I used the words at all, "representation of Christ crucified;" and this with the very object, *not* "to encourage the use of the Crucifix." I did so, lest an indiscreet use of it should aggravate existing prejudices. But when I was asked individually whether it was wrong to use a Crucifix as a help to devotion, I could not but say, that it was not in itself, provided that no prejudices were uncharitably shocked. Surely there are many things "lawful" in themselves, but which "are not expedient." I do think that "the use of Crucifixes" publicly is such now, because they are so much mistaken. But this advice given to individuals, with regard to our own circumstances, has absolutely nothing to do with any imputations on Roman Catholics. They were not even in my mind. Nor again, do I see why, with the avowed object of "removing the prejudice of some," I might not allege "the remarkable concurrence of Dr. Arnold," as well as "the Lutheran and Reformed bodies in Prussia." I see not why I should not try to remove prejudices in any lawful way; or why, if any are disposed to listen to me, I should not try to gain access to them, through those whom they will hear. Surely the *principle* of disarming prejudice in this way has the sanction of Holy Scripture itself, when even an inspired Apostle uses to this end even a Heathen poet, in speaking to Heathens, and argues as from his words: "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'for we are also His offspring.' Forasmuch *then* as we are the offspring of God," &c. There seems to me no great difficulty in a "position" in which one conceives something to be lawful, although not necessary, against which others in our Communion are deeply prejudiced, whose prejudices one would not wantonly shock.'—*Renewed Explanation*, pp. 37—39.

The special devotions to the Five Sacred Wounds have given offence to many; but it ought to be well understood that this way of speaking is not Dr. Pusey's, and that he characterises them as rather to our Blessed Lord 'in memory' or 'in honour' of his wounds than to those Wounds themselves. This simple statement is a sufficient defence. The part of his letter which relates to them (pp. 150—193, and 110—144, 2d Ed.,) cannot be read without profit, or without a strong impression of desire to 'take the wings of a dove' and 'flee away and be at rest' from the irreverence of our times. The 'strong language expressive of our incorporation into Christ' required little explanation, but what is given is a highly instructive comment on the mystical language of Holy Scripture. The word 'inebriate,' however, has given much offence. The best answer to attacks, after all, would perhaps be the old proverb '*de gustibus*,' for it is a question of taste. But Dr. Pusey has retained it, chiefly as being a scriptural word, believing that the marginal translation of Cant. v. 1, is the strict meaning of the text. This is only in his usual way, of taking things as he finds them so far as he can, and

religiously preserving every form of thought that he believes to have been sanctioned by the Holy Spirit. It may be said that the Book of Canticles itself is not for all readers. So it may be; but neither are those devotions meant for the swine, who could by any means attach a gross carnal notion to such a phrase. To others the word is not dangerous, whether it may seem in good taste or the contrary.

With respect to 'advocating counsels of perfection,' again, Mr. Dodsworth would seem to indicate that Dr. Pusey had insisted on the technical view of them. He may not have meant this, but he wrote so as to make others think so. Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. Groves, then of Exeter, published a pamphlet in which he insisted on voluntary poverty as the universal law of the Christian life, and set the example of acting upon it; and a sort of community of goods was established about the same time, amongst a number of persons of whose change of life there are still traces to be found. The consideration of their case must lead to one or two conclusions; either they were right, or the poverty repeatedly recommended in the Gospel is a *counsel*, not a command. There remain two possible views. It is a counsel to all, or a counsel to those whom Providence calls to it by ways that are short of making it an absolutely evident duty. The same may be said of the celibate life; and of voluntary obedience to superiors, as no exact scriptural recommendation can perhaps be found, (though there are many general recommendations of obedience to all constituted authority,) so it does not appear that Dr. Pusey has made a point of it beyond what is quite necessary for the performance of duty, and the renunciation of self-will. Strict obedience there must be, of course, in anything like monastic life. But all reasonable objection against this is removed by the temporary nature of the engagements which are taken in the establishments to which Dr. Pusey has given his sanction. What he has written on these last heads, though less full than on former ones, is worth a second and a third reading. He quotes, indeed, much from names with which his own will one day be reckoned, and that not as last or least; but his quotations are well chosen, and with his connecting matter, make on each of the subjects an essay of the most instructive character. Why Mr. Dodsworth thinks it needful to reply, or thinks he can do any good by replying, even in the way of harm to those whom he has quitted, except to those who have not read that to which he replies, is very difficult to make out. The most natural theory is, that conscience pricks a little at times without showing itself, and that he is uneasy at the wrong he has done, without being clearly conscious that he has done wrong. Were it not so, he could hardly be so sensitive

of the slightest reflection upon words that have drawn an almost unparalleled amount of obloquy on his friend. He does not like to think it is his own fault, or that others should think so, and no doubt most of the blame must rest on English ignorance and prejudice; but that ignorance and that prejudice were fully known to him, and ought to have been allowed for in anything he wrote about another, especially a friend then so nearly associated with him in more than one good work.

After all, the oddest appearance that has been called forth is Mr. Palmer's little letter of — recantation? It is like some of the pictures one sees of a comet with an owl's beak, or a sea-monster with a mouth in his tail. It is, in fact, a 'chimera,' engaged in the actual attempt to 'eat up second intentions.' The general possibility of this manœuvre was doubted by the schoolmen, and in the present instance there is a further question of fact, as to whether there be any second intentions to be found. He talks of 'retracting anything that may appear to extenuate the guilt of those who maintain Romish errors;' but what is the meaning of retractation in Mr. Palmer's mouth? It is lucky he has not inquisitors after him, or no man knows what he might recant! But, to speak seriously, he is far too sound a divine and too honest a man to retract his faith, and it was for that, and that alone, that Dr. Pusey quoted him, not for any maintenance of his own personal orthodoxy, much less agreement with his own particular views. If Mr. Palmer were to read over all that has been quoted, he would not find a single position, probably, that he would consider even incautiously expressed, and fairly liable to an interpretation that would countenance Romish errors. In the very point of the liability of Roman Catholics to the charge of idolatry, he has not gone beyond obvious inferences from unquestionable truths. His retractation, in fact, is hypothetical, and the hypothesis being false, so is the dependent proposition. There is, in fact, no retractation at all, and Mr. Palmer has said what he has said, and will say it as long as he lives; and every one who knows anything of theology will assent to it by the simple force of reason. Ignorant and prejudiced persons may possibly imagine that a great deal of what he has said borders on Romanism, because they call much Romish that is simply Catholic. But there is scarce one of these positions that can be even disputed without an entire surrender of the basis of Catholicity and antiquity. On mere grounds of private judgment, of course, anything can be asserted, and anything denied.

The English Church has taken a fresh start in a great part of her practice, she has been compelled to do so alone, through the exclusive influences which predominated in the Tridentine Re-

formation, and made it impossible for her to receive that as a whole. The consequence of this is, that, whether she will or not, she must both act and think. Liberty of action cannot long be refused her, if it were only that her work would interfere too much with the budget for the House of Commons to undertake it. And if she is to have liberty of action, thought will become even more necessary for her than it is at present. She owes much to writers who, like Dr. Pusey, really call upon her members to think, and afford them solid materials to think upon. Such is usually the character of what he writes, but his recent controversial works show a concentration of thought, and a power of combining materials, and a knowledge of the sources in which they are to be found, such as are given to few among mankind. People may think and will think more or less differently from him, but think they must, as this age proceeds on its course, and much must be done in which it would be well that many had thought more. The future decisions, like all other decisions of the Church, must be formed by the summing together of private judgments, we trust, indeed, under a divine influence, which makes them more than private judgments, as well as with a production and discussion of reasons, which makes an assembly far wiser than any but the most extraordinary individual. But still the perfectness of those decisions may be affected in a way that will greatly benefit or injure future generations, by the amount of study and thought which individuals are able to contribute. Many amongst us have an arduous task to come. If they cannot agree with the writer and thinker now in question, they may at least take a leaf or two out of his book. In diligence, reverence, steadiness of thought, patience in going wholly through a subject, good temper, forbearance, superiority to all personal considerations, he must be acknowledged to have set a worthy example, and one that can more easily be followed than equalled. His right to be held a Church of England divine, he has more than fully vindicated. To many, at least, he must have shown that the recent clamour against him has wholly missed its mark, and has been directed against a man of straw. But that is not all; in so doing, he has exhibited much of his own inner mind, and much of that of the Church. He has been even led, almost of necessity, to enter into some little part of his own history, and to explain what are those mysterious purposes and dark plots in which he has so long been engaged.—(P. 246, 1st Ed., p. 182, 2d Ed.) The world may now know, if it will, what is 'Puseyism,' or whether there be any 'Puseyism' at all, save Catholicism under certain conditions of time and place.

ART. VII.—*Foreign Reminiscences, by* HENRY RICHARD, LORD HOLLAND. *Edited by his Son,* HENRY EDWARD, LORD HOLLAND. London: Longman. 1850.

THE announcement of the 'Reminiscences' by Lord Holland, excited among political readers much curiosity, a curiosity which this volume will not satisfy. That satisfaction must be deferred till the appearance of the 'Memoirs' of his own time, still withheld. These desultory notes, however, may be taken as an instalment—all, perhaps, we may ever see—of the treasure in store for the next generation. They are, in fact, so much of Lord Holland's MS. 'Memoirs' as relate to continental affairs. But they have not a proper claim to that title, and are more fitly designated by the one they bear. For, according to the use of the word *Mémoires* by the French, who, as most familiar with the thing, ought to know best how to apply the word,—it denotes a relation, whether autobiographical or not, of the sayings and doings of the person himself whose name it bears. But of his doings, rather than his sayings, for, for reported conversation the same happy power of discrimination has invented the distinctive appellation of Ana, a word formed of the last syllable of the Latin adjectival form of the personal name. The '*gestes et dictz*' which had together made up the old *Chronique,* were in after time divided between the *Mémoires* and the Ana. The *Mémoires,* again, were distinguished from the *Souvenirs,* chiefly by the above-given difference, but also by the greater importance, gravity, and public interest attaching to the person described. Light anecdote and desultory gossip, professedly aiming no higher than amusement, would generally be expected under the term Souvenir. An ambitiousness and pretension which excites a smile is felt when the femme-de-chambre, or the thief-detector, dignify their own history with the name of Mémoires.

Lord Holland's Reminiscences are much wronged, however, when described as a collection of scandal and gossip; but they are not Memoirs, for they are not occupied with transactions in which he bore a part. They are memoranda of conversations, yet not notes of individual conversations, but general results of *salon* talk and opinion. They contain anecdotes, yet their strain is much above the level of anecdote. They have no style, and the book is not a composition, and yet has great unity of character. This character is one by which it belongs entirely to the last age. It is a book, we have said, not of an actor in, but of an observer of great events. For compare the book of

any equally able observer of foreign political affairs which would be written now,—with Mr. Laing's Observations, &c. for example. How in these latter, the persons are thrown into the shade, and the things stand out in the foreground. Character in the agents is not perceived, except as it may be illustrative of the age. The men are moved, not the movers. The observer's aim and tendency is to seek for the cause of revolution, and social state, of war and peace, prosperity or ruin, in outward things, not in the inward will and passions of men. The impelling forces of human progress are found by us in the external objects of desire, rather than in the peculiar combinations of reason, and the desires and propensities which make up character. Now in the mode of observation which prevailed during the Memoir-writing period, it was just the reverse—men were the subject that engrossed the observer, 'quicquid agunt homines, votum, spes, timor, ira, voluptas.' Things, *les choses*, are here what men do, the mere inert material in which the shaping and designing will exhibits itself. If there be any Divinity that controls our choice, if any exterior force not derived from our own internal self-moving power, it is fortune, opportunity, καιρὸς—this is the one only element of success which man does not create for himself, and with which his power goes no further than to improve it. The French Memoir in all its different phases, through the several very diverse cycles in which it may be grouped, has this common quality, that it brings forward the individual. It shows us much indeed of society, but it is unit by unit. We have human nature in the concrete, we hear nothing of humanity in the abstract. From Philip de Comines to the numerous cycle of Memoir-writers, male and female, which were the progeny of the revolution, this character runs through them all. Gross and chevaleresque knavery in De Comines, or refined artifice, the consummate duplicity and finesse of the masters of intrigue in the Cardinal de Retz—life enjoyed under the gilded slavery of the court of Louis XIV., the bold debaucheries of the Regency, or the new spring of mental energy and novelty of moral experience, in the ten years that followed '88, through all these varied scenes we stand in the great series of French Memoirs on one and the same point of view.

The late Lord Holland had some peculiar qualifications for an observer of this class. Debarred from public life in England by the long exclusion of his party from office, and from the House of Commons by his having become a member of the Upper House while still an infant, there remained for him only the part of the looker-on. It was impossible for the representative of the line of Fox, especially one endowed with Lord Holland's powers, to be indifferent to public affairs, to withdraw to his

estates, or to occupy himself with literature or paintings. He could not follow in the steps of his grandfather and uncle, but he did not therefore abandon the position of his house. At home his name was associated with the steady and consistent maintenance of constitutional doctrine, with generous sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted of every race and condition, with an enlightened philanthropy, with a character and manners in which the dignity and high spirit of his order appeared purified from the little prejudices of caste in which they are so often obscured or lost. When he travelled abroad, his keen interest in politics, and his favourable position for viewing them, led him naturally to inquire and observe. No man of his rank not employed in diplomacy, had so great a knowledge of persons and affairs in (at least) France and Spain. From his acquaintance with the subject, he could converse on French politics esoterically with M. de Calonne or with Talleyrand, while his non-connexion with government, nay, more, his position in opposition, removed the reserve which they must otherwise have felt before an Englishman so well informed. We have in him a collector and reporter of the impressions and talk—not the words, but the matter—of the best informed circles of Paris and Madrid, a reporter thoroughly competent to elicit, appreciate, and represent the best accredited opinion, without the warp and partiality which those who have been diplomatically mixed up in the transactions invariably betray.

And this leads us to remark one, and not the least valuable, characteristic of the book before us, and that is the paramount importance which the author evidently attaches to the authenticity of the facts or opinions—collected opinions, which he puts on record. The French Memoirs and Souvenirs, even after we have abstracted the forgeries, are of very inferior character in this respect. Even some of the genuine and most interesting *mémoires* leave us at the end in a very unsatisfied state of mind as to how much must be abstracted for hasty impression, misinterpretation of others' conduct, the ephemeral jealousies between rivals. Nothing indeed in this respect can exceed the Mémoires of the Duc de S. Simon, which, voluminous as they are—the first edition was in twenty-one volumes—may rank with Clarendon, if not above, in the ascertained and authenticated character of their contents. We feel that we are listening not only to a man of wisdom and experience, but to one who knows and values correctness. This constitutes the merit of Lord Holland's Notes. The reader for amusement might be disappointed in not finding there fresh lights and new effects with the old figures. One even tolerably well read in the times of the Consulate and Empire, will not find any great amount of novelty—

above all, he will meet little or nothing of that commodity so much in demand with the reader of new books, fresh anecdote. Much of this kind, which, when Lord Holland committed it to paper, was little known beyond select society, has since become the common property of all well-informed men, and not a little of it through the medium of Holland House.

We think we cannot do better than make some selections from that, the most interesting, though perhaps the least novel, portion of the notes, which is devoted to reminiscences of Napoleon. These we shall beg our readers to estimate not by the test of Have I heard that before? but by the test of authenticity. The true student of history knows how, along with all other mental acts which his study calls into play, there invariably goes a perpetual questioning of his author for the authority on which each separate proposition stands. This is, perhaps, the more distinctly experienced by the student in ancient than modern history. The reader of 'Grote's Greece,' for example, is called upon at every step for this exercise of the judicial faculty. He is invited along with each statement to consider the evidence on which it rests. We should never think, in forming our conception of heroes, of placing in the same compartment of memory a text from Thucydides, with a story derived from Plutarch. The same method should be carried into our modern reading. If this discriminating habit is more necessary in one part of the subject than another, it is so where the character of a great man is that subject. A hero is generative of legend. The thousand pens that have been occupied in contributing their quota of reminiscence to the biography of the greatest man of the modern world, have, of course, committed to paper much that is spurious and apocryphal. Of Lord Holland, we believe, it will be safely said, that he has recorded of Napoleon nothing but what was worth recording, and he has invariably given us the name of, and assigned the degree of credit due to, each witness whose deposition he has taken. We are now, if not additionally informed, yet able to arrange our old information much more satisfactorily according to the degree of evidence for the facts. On the whole we may pronounce the result thus gained by the perusal of this book satisfactory. It confirms throughout and on every point those general conclusions as to the Emperor's character and mind, to which all fair men have pretty well come. On one or two points of his policy Lord Holland takes a more indulgent view than we could do. On the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and on the imperial absolutist system, the interpretation to which Lord Holland leans will not be ultimately adopted by the historian; but even on these heads Lord Holland is never the advocate. He is im-

partial, but with a greater leaning to favour the Emperor than to blame him. He may be slightly tinged with the sentiment which the weakness and follies of the Restoration made, at the time he wrote—for the greater part of the Notes appear to have been made in 1826—react in favour of the Empire. But he will be found quite aware of the defects in character and policy which the brilliancy of Napoleon's genius have made no less conspicuous than his great and shining qualities. We would recommend any of our readers, after our extracts from Lord Holland, to go over the able and impartial draught of the system and character of Napoleon, presented in the seventieth chapter of Alison's History. Such a comparison will have the effect of establishing in the most decisive way the conclusions of each. The differences are no more than are found between two portraits of the same face painted by artists of different styles. Every leading and unmistakeable feature in the wonderful character is there alike in both. Yet the one is a sketch gathered from conversation during the life of the Emperor, and in Paris; the other the result of a careful study of the facts, and a large collation of the written authorities. They are two independent collections, and the conversational are entirely in harmony with the historical gatherings.

Among the persons from whose conversation the impressions here recorded were chiefly derived, after Talleyrand, Sebastiani, Bertrand, Belliard, Mechin, and others equally well-known, perhaps the most judicious authority was M. Gallois, the publicist employed by Napoleon to draw up the memoir on the peace of Amiens. Gallois was one of the few sober and unambitious men, who, while they had no connexion with the Bourbon and emigrant faction, yet declined to court the favour or to deserve the distinctions which the Emperor reserved for those who supported his measures unreservedly. Napoleon often conversed with Gallois in a friendly and confidential manner, 'but though 'favoured, and even caressed, that independent and modest man 'observed his growing impatience of contradiction, his propensity 'to war, and above all his determination as well as capacity 'of governing everything himself, and he resolved not to place 'himself in a situation where he could not both with honour and 'comfort express and follow his own opinions of right and 'wrong. He therefore declined the prefecture of Besançon, 'avoided other public employments, and voted silently and uni-'formly in favour of that party and those principles which were 'not hostile to the establishment or revival of any arbitrary 'power in the state.'

The reminiscences of Napoleon follow nearly the chronological order of his life.

'The ascendancy he acquired over his family and companions, long before his great talents had emerged from obscurity, were formerly described to me by Cardinal Fesch and Lewis Bonaparte, and have been confirmed since by the uniform testimony of such as knew him during his residence in Corsica, or before his acquaintance with Barros. When at home he was extremely studious, ardent in some pursuit, literary or scientific, which he communicated to no one. At his meals, which he devoured rapidly, he was silent and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Yet he was generally consulted on all questions affecting the interests of any branch of his family, and on all such occasions was attentive, friendly, decisive and judicious. He wrote at a very early period of his life a History of Corsica, and sent the MS. to the Abbé Raynal with a flourishing letter, soliciting the honour of his acquaintance, and requesting his opinion of the work. Persons who have dined with him at hotels and coffee-houses, when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me that though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained without exacting it, a sort of deference or even submission from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions and of other necessary articles, and in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected, and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts. Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished and the savings he made, without even the imputation of meanness, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of fifteen millions of francs a-year, are marvellous, and expose his successors, and indeed all European princes, to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets of Paris (*les halles*) dressed in plain clothes early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points on which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with the notion that the master's eye was everywhere. For instance, when the Tuileries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of their trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bellrope would cost? "J'ignore," was the answer. "Eh bien! vous verrons," said he; and cutting off the ivory handle called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain clothes, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as from himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the Palace. The Emperor struck a third off the whole bill, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because on *inspection* he had himself discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant. When afterwards in the height of his glory he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend M. Mechin, the Préfet, aware of his taste for detail, waited on him with five statistical tables of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce and commerce of the department. "C'est bon," said he when he received them the evening of his arrival, "vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil." Accordingly, he astonished all the

leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cyder, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department."—Pp. 210—215.

The testimony collected by Lord Holland to the extraordinary powers of Napoleon's intellect is, though not novel, yet well selected, and will be read with interest even by those who have endeavoured to form an impartial estimate of them. It is all drawn from the minute observation of those able statesmen and financiers, who, themselves men of power and genius for business very rarely found in any age in the high places of state, were yet unanimous in yielding, not to the will only of their master, but to the superior knowledge and unparalleled resources of the greater mind. Encountering him at the Council Board, and associated with him in the cabinet and the bureau, Talleyrand, Carnot, Cambacérés, were men much more likely to have revenged themselves for the contradictions and mortifications they there experienced by exposing afterwards his weak points, ignorance, blunders, misconceptions, had he been guilty of such things, than to have extolled, as they uniformly did, his minute and exact acquaintance with every branch of public service, his endurance of any amount of mental labour, his inexhaustible fertility of plan and suggestion. Such evidence must be rated very differently from the usual flattery of a courtly circle, which is ever on the watch to proclaim and to magnify any little trait of even ordinary capacity, which may from time to time irradiate the throne of an hereditary prince. Not that the imperial court was by any means free from the vice of adulation, but this base homage was rendered by the inferior creatures; the generals, and hommes d'état who had risen together with the Emperor, felt none of that distance which separates the born prince from even his haughtiest nobles; Talleyrand, an equal and a rival rather than a parasite, had often fairly measured his mind with Napoleon's, and thus gave his candid judgment on a review of those encounters:—'Il produisait beaucoup. C'est incal-'culable ce qu'il produisait,—plus qu'aucun homme, oui, plus 'qu'aucun quatre hommes que j'aie jamais connus. Son génie 'était inconcevable. Rien n'égalait son énergie, son imagination, 'son esprit, sa capacité de travail, sa facilité de produire. Il 'avait de la sagacité aussi. Du côté du jugement il n'était 'pas si fort; mais encore quand il voulait se donner le temps 'il savait profiter du jugement des autres. Ce n'était que rare-'ment que son mauvais jugement l'emportait, et c'était toujours 'lorsqu'il ne s'était pas donné le temps de consulter celui 'd'autres personnes.' M. Gallois, another most impartial witness, as he abhorred the imperial policy and had always stood aloof from his court, witnesses to the same effect. He spoke to

Lord Holland of the all-penetrating sagacity of Napoleon, his indefatigable diligence, his extraordinary knowledge of men and things, and his stern inflexible impartiality, as being efficacious substitutes even for a constitution:—

'His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters, and qualifications he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and, what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged with some surprise was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat any one of them even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties. In running over an account of expenditure he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon, "Mais le bataillon n'était pas là," said he, "il y a erreur." The minister recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinising spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error. His knowledge in other matters was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies, in 1801, astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws and usages of their country, but even the envoys from the insignificant republic of San Marino were astonished at finding that he knew the families and friends of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals as if he had been educated amid the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing to him overnight, in order to assist his deliberations . . . He astonished Captain Usher, at Elba, after dinner, by explaining to the Austrian commissioner the manœuvre of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general on subjects he did not understand, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of this term (which Napoleon had used), the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that Captain Usher assured me, he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred from such an exposition that the person making it had received a naval education and was a practical seaman. Yet, how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long as well as recently employed!

'On the same voyage (to Elba), when the propriety of putting into a harbour (I think Bastia) was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had acted in that capacity, and which on reference to the charts was found scrupulously accurate.

'When his baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa (which he named); upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described. Captain Usher having never heard of them during his services in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance many years afterwards to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruised in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," said he, "I thought it a discovery of my own, having just ascertained all you have told me about that creek by observation and experience."

'Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in reckoning, and his quickness in applying it, his labour both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most used to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve, and fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister.

'Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and for various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing the maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity. It must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice before his elevation; and such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters, that however employed he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine and others well acquainted with his habits took advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, and request. He liked to know everything, but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing from himself. His childish eagerness about cases led in one instance to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle.'

We shall conclude with a passage relating to his religious belief:—

'In the early periods of the revolution, he in common with many of his countrymen conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters both in conversation and in action with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed half in jest, half in earnest, a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and reproved infidelity, but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befall himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance, he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, upon the possibility of our being prevailed on to admit and even devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character, a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet an apprehension that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorize, the revival of *La Trappe* and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc, and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm discussion and in moments of strong emotion, such as at Fontainbleau in 1814, he implied a belief both in fatality and providence.

'He was at all times disposed to converse on metaphysical subjects, and curious in questioning well-informed priests on the foundation and nature of their faith. He was consequently disappointed on finding that the two ecclesiastics sent out to S. Helena, though selected by Cardinal Fesch, were men of limited understandings and no reading at all. The old man Buonavita, though his adventures in Spain, Mexico, and New York might afford some amusement, was grossly ignorant. He told Napoleon that he resembled the most able and fortunate of all Roman generals, Alexander the Great. Whether it be true or not that the Emperor condemned him for that historical blunder to read ten pages of Rollin every morning, and to repeat the substance of his lesson to him, he was certainly indignant that so uninteresting a companion had been appointed to him.'—Pp. 312, &c.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Letters Apostolic of Pope Pius IX., considered with Reference to the Law of England and the Law of Europe. By* TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L. London: Longman.

2. *Position and Prospects of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain and Ireland; with Reference to the Proposed Establishment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this Country. By* T. GREENWOOD, M.A., *Barrister at Law.* London: Ridgway.

3. *Letters on Church Matters. By* D. C. L. *Reprinted from the 'Morning Chronicle.'* Vol. I. London: Ridgway. 1851.

As was to be expected, the results of the 'Durham letter' have taken up the past quarter, and the best part of the Session of 1851. A move on the part of the Prime Minister so unlooked for, and in a political view so original and out of the common course, surprised every body, and raised anticipations as extraordinary. The expression of private and personal feeling on the part of one whose least words are held to be pregnant signs, and whose ordinary duty and habits bind him to reserve, were naturally taken as indicative of a purpose, for the accomplishment of which a statesman could not be supposed to be unprepared with the means. Up to the meeting of Parliament, all men asked, and with a sincerity of anxiety not often exceeded, what the Durham letter would bind Lord John Russell, and what enable him, to do. The solution is before us. Two results, one indirect, the other direct, are traceable to the state-paper in question. An ignominious relinquishment of office, and a return to it as ignominious—a relinquishment without producible grounds, and a return to it at the behest of a political Dictator, unrelieved, unfortified, unthanked;—a relinquishment, for whose real cause the world may hesitate between pique and artifice, but which, in either case, was as unworthy as it has proved futile—a return to office, but not to power, a return not on his own conditions, but those of necessity, enforced, not won, with all his pledges and all his colleagues; these are the indirect results which Lord John Russell may ascribe to his letter. Other difficulties, doubtless, he may have had, but without that, it is not likely that time would have been wasted in exhibiting to the English capital, on the anniversary days of the last French revolution, a mimic crisis and Provisional Government, as unexpected, as gratuitous, though we hope more innocent. The direct consequence of the Durham letter is the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

Framed in doubt and compromise, feeble to conciliate support, though strong enough to provoke something more than contempt, it has been stopped and challenged fiercely on the threshold of Parliament, been coldly and thanklessly defended, or contemptuously criticised by the large majority who have acquiesced in it, been condemned unequivocally by almost every independent statesman, has required and received corrections from its author, for grave faults arising from inadvertence and haste, before it had reached the second reading, has revived and strengthened the Roman Catholic party in Ireland, has enabled them, both there and in England, to say with reason, that they had at length become powerful enough to frighten the leader of the Whigs to the very verge of persecution, and that having tempted him to betray his consistency, they were able to make him betray it for a shadow.

The confusion of parties may keep Lord John Russell in office —it may be, for some time yet to come—a minister without policy and without command, whom all parties have now at an advantage, and can keep in check. Such a course of things is far from improbable. But his character as a statesman, we venture to say, is as irretrievable as that of a woman who has once lost her honour, or a tradesman who has once forfeited his credit. He has disclosed the limits of his resources and powers, on an occasion of his own creating. In a line of policy of his own choice and design, he has shown a poverty and shortness of thought, a recklessness of speech first, and a helplessness in conduct afterwards, which to have shown *once,* is fatal to all confidence and all respect. The 'crisis' has really been the trial and testing of Lord John Russell's capacity as a public man. The death of Sir R. Peel had left him for the first time to judge and act for himself. The salutary check of superior genius had been removed —that superior genius, which was as generous to guide opponents as it was too formidable for them to affront or trifle with. And *this* has been Lord John Russell's first public act. It is as if he wished to make his angry words and abortive statesmanship a foil to him who had just been taken away,—who, whatever may be thought of his measures, never spoke without having resolved, and never resolved in vain.

With this dead-lock to the political world, there is a lull, such as we have not had for some time, in the ecclesiastical. A lull, but nothing more, coming after the diversified excitement and anxiety of last year, and partly caused by the expectation that something important was going to happen in Parliament. Nothing of importance has happened there, unless the marked disinclination to enter on questions which bring little luck and little credit to those who meddle with them, and which, by the

prospect of religious conflict which they open, are beginning to disquiet politicians like Mr. Cobden, is in itself important. But in our present circumstances, the lull is not likely to be a long one; the storm may arise in a new quarter, or in the old one, but it is not likely long to sleep. Meanwhile, it may be worth while to use the interval to collect our thoughts.

First, as to the position of the Roman Church in relation to the English. That position has been fixed by the events of the last months, by solemn and authoritative acts, as one of aggressive hostility. This must be taken as settled. One country could not declare war on another in more explicit and unequivocal terms, than the Roman Church has officially and publicly declared war on the English.

Rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, the thing has been done. It is a new and distinct step on the part of the Roman Church—which she may justify, which she may excuse but for its tardiness—but which puts her and us in a different position. And it affects, and imposes duties on, all who are members of the body which is thus publicly attacked, and who as members of it have duties towards it.

We do not of course mean anything so unreal, as that there was no quarrel, no jealousy, no broad differences of temper, of doctrine, of purpose, leading to active and persevering antagonism on both sides, and dividing unequivocally one body from the other. Such there were; such were inevitable from the history and the principles of each side: such are inevitable, between bodies who disagree, and think their respective principles, and the success of them, of importance. There is no preceding friendship or unity broken by this act. The Roman Church as a body was as little favourable to the English, before it, or the English to the Roman, as it is now. But when a quarrel and conflict has gone on for a long time, without the highest authorities deeming it necessary or advisable to encourage and sanction it by public interference, the change is a real and a serious one, when authority on either side does break through its reserve, and makes the quarrel its own.

This the Roman Church has at length done, and this is the new feature in the case. It is not necessary to notice or discuss the qualifications and explanations, by which it has been sought in some quarters to extenuate or restrict the real significance of the Pope's act. No serious man doubts what it is—and it is surprising that men of station and character among the Roman Catholics, should have so far quailed before the consequences of their own measure, as to attempt to dissimulate them. We do not say that a new arrangement of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy might not have looked simply to internal convenience—or that

it must under all circumstances have worn this aspect of hostility; all we say is, that the present one does.

And further, in affixing this new character to our division, it is the Roman Church which has taken the initiative—rightly or wrongly, again we say, we, who are opposed to her pretensions, do not claim to judge. But she has done it. It is she who has first thought it expedient to give force and vigour to the quarrel, by taking it up authoritatively, after the lapse of centuries. It is she, first, who has thought the time come for engaging her public name in the religious conflicts in England —for committing herself solemnly to the task of procuring the overthrow of the English Church. The controversy has risen from books and individuals, to the great recognised authorities of Christendom.

Those who are engaged to the service of the English Church have no choice left them. A controversial position is inevitable. While the controversy was carried on between individuals, however those individuals might represent the general spirit of their respective bodies, others also had their right, as individuals, to judge of the necessity or the wisdom of controversy. They were not bound to think such an attitude, with its narrowing and fettering influence, a paramount and public duty. They might give themselves leave to decide how far the restrictions which such a position imposes on the freedom and largeness of Christian wisdom and charity—which it notoriously has imposed on the wisdom and charity of some of the greatest men of modern Christendom—might be relaxed; how far ground could be laid for removing, at some time still perhaps far distant, the differences and misunderstandings of those whom some of the calmest and deepest minds of Christendom have thought it no impossibility to reunite. But the case is now altered, seriously altered. It is impossible for those who owe any duty or allegiance to the English Church to overlook the public acts and public position of the Roman. Not by individual priests or Bishops, but by its highest authority, the Roman Church has set on foot a course of policy, of which the direct object is not merely to maintain its own ground, but to supplant and bring to nought the English Church. Those who have any reason for belonging to the English Church, who have taken their side with the English Church, are forced, by the simplest principles of public duty, to take the same position, to which the body of which they are members has been driven. They have no right, under such circumstances, to choose their position for themselves. They may lament to see jealousy and caution coming in where there ought to be forbearance and frank good-will; but they are not masters of the times and seasons, and when our brethren

attack us, in what we believe to be our true and providential position, we have no choice between owning ourselves wrong, or defending ourselves like men.

This prospect, dreary and disappointing as it is, we, for our parts, are prepared deliberately to accept. We can see no other. We do not see how we can evade the obligation of defensive war. The occasion of it has not been provoked. The English Church has not provoked it. The English State has not provoked it; it would be trifling to suppose that the insults and misrepresentations of Exeter Hall, not unparalleled on the other side of the Channel, had provoked it. Provocation, however, it is probable, was not wanted. It wants only the principles of the Roman Church to justify, nay, to enforce it, and in the same way, the existence of the English Church justifies and renders obligatory our resistance.

Yet it might have been thought that this renewed struggle was not necessary. It might have been thought that in the present state of Christendom, amid the dangers to the faith, and the misery of the nations and their increasing multitudes, each Church might have found room enough to do God service, without making it a primary object to traverse and uproot the work of the other. It might have been thought, that in the nations in which each had taken root, each possessed its peculiarly appropriate field; each could bear its witness, its emphatic and special witness, to truths and principles to all appearance specially entrusted to its charge, and for the sake of that witness faithfully borne, be excused, at least before the rest of Christendom, for shortcomings tolerated, and corruptions left unreformed. It might have been so thought at least by those who, in the present state of Christendom, fail to trace anywhere those unequivocal marks of absolute perfection, which can alone justify the claim to universal and exclusive predominance; but who *can* trace in most parts of it, more or less clearly, efforts sincere and zealous, to keep alive and hand on the lamp of Christian faith, and fulfil the obligations of Christian charity. They at least, to whom the shattering and dislocation of the visible Church, its division into bodies, none of which can any longer, with a shadow of reason, claim to be the one and only Church of the Redeemer,—to whom the wreck, yet not the utter ruin and loss, of the Church seems as indisputable as a *fact*, as the reason of it is too clearly disclosed by history,—who cannot help feeling, with shame and indignation, the hollowness, and, if urged by intelligent men, the mockery, of those pictures of a faultless Church contrasted with error and sin—itself never mistaking, never faithless, never wrong—a picture rudely belied by every page of history, and yet prescribed as the only conceivable fulfilment of

Christ's promise, and our only amulet against unbelief;—and who yet can recognise, amid the weakness and the sin, the repentance and the zealous labours of Christians, that God's truth and law have never yet failed in the world since the day of Pentecost, and can discern in the great institutions of the visible Church, in east and west, the visible instrument of its preservation—they at least may think, and on their principles may think without inconsistency, that Rome and England both had work to do, which the other could not, and was not intended to do—they at least may think that the Roman Church might have found a nobler and a wiser employment than, not merely providing for its scattered children in England,—this we are not speaking of,—but lifting up war once more against a Church, which by its spirit and its usages, as much as by its profession, has kept up faith among men as successfully at least as Rome has; which if it stops short of the Roman rigour in enforcing doctrine on all who learn of her, teaches it, as the Bible teaches us, in no faltering language, to all who will hear. But Rome has left us no choice. Till we can be persuaded that the deep impressions of history and experience are insignificant, that a bold theory is a cure for all misgivings, a warrant for disbelieving what seems most true, and believing what seems most unimaginable, for valuing what we cannot but suspect, and speaking contemptuously of what we once honoured,—till we can be persuaded that the accidental balance of eloquence and talent, a balance which may be altered in the most fearful manner to-morrow, is a safe ground for religious ventures, we who believe that God's ordinary dispensation of grace is, for England, committed, with all their shortcomings, to the Bishops and clergy of England, cannot but resist what claims, without apparent Divine mission, to interfere with it.

Yet we come to this controversy, at least we cannot help feeling so, all the better prepared by the events of the last years; by that very movement of interest in, and sympathy with, the Roman Church, which many look upon with such unmixed condemnation,—which has resulted unquestionably in the loss to us of many, our friends at once and our examples—and may fairly be treated as one of the causes of the present attempt. Those who argue from this that the interest and sympathy ought not therefore to have been felt, would do well first to determine whether the feeling them could have been helped,—whether whatever their results now, they were not inevitable. When in a time of great activity of mind, undetermined to any pressing interest, a new subject is opened,—when that subject is one, on which after long and bitter strife the time at last seems to have come, when men can examine and discuss calmly and fairly—

when it is one involved at first sight in the darkest charges, and met with the strongest prejudices—when on a closer view many of these charges appear plainly and palpably groundless, and on many more, misunderstanding seems possible—when, further, the bright side of the subject is at length allowed to come out, marked with the clearest and noblest characters of truth and good—when it appears that this bright side, always existing, has long been kept out of sight by representations of the dark one, received by custom, and exhibited with bitterness—representations, generally undiscriminating, generally exaggerated, not seldom grossly false—when, further, this subject was one the most solemn which could interest deep and serious minds, and was invested with all the grandeur of a long history, of great men and of great things done—when all this, the result of leisure to attend unbiassed to the plain witness of historical fact, broke on the public mind, we do not merely say it was natural, we say it was inevitable, that the effects should be as unexpected, as the cause was novel and strange. It was like the discovery of a new continent, the opening of a new mine; and human nature must be other than it is, when the sudden disclosing of a new prospect to its imagination and a new field for its affections and its hopes, shall fail to draw it irresistibly in the new direction. Men found that, in fact, they had misunderstood, misrepresented, calumniated the Roman Communion; that they had not simply undervalued it, that they had thought ill, and spoken fiercely, of what, if on anything on earth, God had in many parts of it set his seal. It might do in books to talk of Antichrist, but that would not get rid of the plain fact of the saintliness of S. François de Sales, and S. Charles Borromeo. We had been accustomed to talk of formalism, and we came upon a whole popular literature, extensive and in full use, directed with the deepest and simplest wisdom to the regulation of the heart and will. We had talked of ignorance, and we found libraries of deep and learned authors; and schools of Christian doctrine, and companies, like little armies, of Christian brothers, to teach the poor. We had talked of the childishness, the absurdity, the unreasonableness of Roman dogmas; we found a fabric of theology, unequalled in subtlety and perfection of system, the legacy of ages, but of their intellect as well as of their prejudices, colossal and all-embracing, yet harmonized by the process of gradual growth; and for the world at large, clear, well-weighed arguments, to which we had not the answer ready—theories comprehensive and brilliant as any to be found in philosophy or politics. We had talked of relaxation of morals, and of Christian zeal; and we found, in hospitals, and in missions at the ends of the earth, the bands of the Sisters of Charity. These facts were nothing new; any one might have known them; they

could not be done away, they could not be hidden; but they were new to us in England, they were new as realities to the public at large. Will any one say, that the view could have been shut out?—will any one skilled in the laws of social changes say, that the revulsion caused by such a new aspect of things, once held to be so different, either could have been prevented, or has produced effects unprecedented, and out of proportion with their cause?

It was impossible, when the misunderstanding which prevailed in England about the Roman Church came to be acknowledged, but that many minds should be shaken; it is no wonder that to some of the keenest, most thorough-going, tenderest, most generous, the sense of grievous injustice done, quickened by the consciousness of faults at home, should have made the shock insupportable. We are far from saying that the view which such persons took was the right one, either of their own or of the Roman Church. We are here neither excusing nor blaming. Each separate case of change had its own determining circumstances, and peculiar look; and some are as touching and solemn in their history and upshot, as others are directly the reverse. The whole result of the conversions, on the other hand, to the interests of Christian religion, presents, as it seems to us, not one point of hope or consolation. But that such conversions should take place, when serious men's eyes were opened to the reckless and self-complacent ignorance with which it used to be the fashion to talk of the Roman Catholic Church, seems to us as little matter for astonishment, as it is one to expend blame or complaints about. Responsibility is too widely shared, for it to be safe to fix it exclusively anywhere. But what has happened might be a lesson to those who think, that a good cause, and present opinion on their side, may dispense them from the necessity of measuring their charges, and putting meaning into their words. We owe it very much to those who, in their self-satisfied security, thought every imputation fair, and every argument a good one, against Popery, that the undeniable excellence and glories of the Roman Church have at last come back upon us with such dazzling and tremendous effect.

And hence, in spite of losses and disappointments, and all the bitterness and perplexity which they have entailed on the English Church, we are better prepared, by what has taken place, as we said before, to hold our ground. A feverish time of novelty and anxious inquiry, which must have come some time or other, has passed over us; we cannot say it is gone; but we may begin to learn from it. Much folly and much falsehood, of every kind, ought by this time to have been disposed of and cleared away; and in our resistance to the Roman claims, we ought to know more accurately the conditions of the question between us, and the

grounds on which it is really to be argued or fought. It is a great thing, if, as we hope, we have got within reach, within sight at least, of real grounds.

We cannot help feeling further that it is a great thing that we are past in some measure that stage of controversy, in which the conventional uncharitableness of disputants made them think it necessary to blacken to the utmost the Roman Church. Doubtless, the popular cry will probably long be what popular cries usually are, indiscriminating and coarse, even when not groundless. But there are those whose office it is to keep up a purer and truer feeling about the questions which all are interested in, though all do not understand them. They at least may now, as they are bound to do, speak of Rome, as possessing in no scanty measure the attributes of a Christian Church. They are no longer bound to the degradation of explaining away what is most noble in work or sacrifice, of hardening themselves against what is most lofty in aspiration, most graceful and winning in character, of discovering foul motives for the purest charity, of laughing off with vulgar scoffs all forms, and rules, and rites of religion—in order to keep up with a received mode of arguing. They are set free from this. They can acknowledge that Rome redeems her great scandals and her inflexible arrogance, with great virtues and great self-devotion,—balances the unchecked superstition of the many, with unrivalled solicitude for the hearts of the few; the unreality and falsehood so largely and freely used to prop her vast system of devotion and government, with individual sacrifice and piety, with individual consecration of intellect, of the most severe reality. It is a great thing that we have come to this knowledge. True, it was within our reach before; but it was not realized. It has enlarged our sphere of thought, it has elevated our standard of Christian character and duty. Great lessons, and in some points, novel ones, personal models of self-devotion, charity, and laborious zeal have been set before us; and the world is not yet so good as not to want them, not to be improved by them. The greatest communion of Western Christendom is no longer, as it once seemed to be in popular ideas, a desert peopled by idolaters and monsters; but a real Church, composed of men, who, with all their sins, live and die as we do, in Christian faith and hope;—with evils apparently as incurable as our own, yet in many ways pointing us out the path, in the attempt to cure them.

And with this recognition of the real, though alloyed excellences to be found in the Roman Church, has come another advantage,—we have been awakened, rudely perhaps, yet salutarily, from our self-sufficiency. It was a habit of very natural growth, by no means peculiar to the English Church, and mixed up with other feelings, many of them very excusable,

and some perfectly right ones. None but one unqualified to pronounce—ill-disposed by habit, or with a mind overbalanced by controversy—will calmly say that an English churchman or an English divine has nothing to be proud of in their Church, unless he add that such feelings belong to no churchman and no divine in any church. But the habit was a mischievous one of being satisfied with our own religious position, of living on as if the rest of Christendom really had no present existence. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this was the popular feeling, as much as it is the popular notion in Sicily or Spain, that we do not believe the Creed. And no one can think with any pleasure of the pompous annunciations of the purity of our faith, and the incomparable perfection of our system, by which very good and genuine men used to think it necessary to attest their love of their Church. These were the heir-looms of a quiet and respectable time, not without a certain decent and appropriate grace on the lips of those who first used them, but painfully empty on ours. The eulogies of a bland and indulgent courtliness suit ill and sound strange in more stirring and anxious times. We have been taught, sharply and unceremoniously—but it may be one of the most valuable lessons we have had—that we are far from being perfect. Comparisons, in which we used to think ourselves safe, have turned out not to be so completely to our advantage; where we thought ourselves alone, we have found ourselves in company; where we thought ourselves singular, we have found ourselves matched and anticipated, often excelled; where we thought ourselves invulnerable, rude scrutiny has forced on us the knowledge of manifold weakness; where we were wont to boast, we have been reduced to apologise.

We have had our humiliation—it may be, God grant it, in good time. For the days are coming, if ever in this world, when it will be in the highest degree dangerous for institutions to claim for themselves an excellence that exists only in theory; to depend much on the assertion of a perfection, believed in by the sentiment of admirers — maintained by a one-sided rhetoric, but negatived continually in detail and separate instances by what all see and know. Now, if ever, we believe, they may gain credit, full and fair credit, for what they really are; but they will find it hard to persuade the world of what they are not. This discipline of disappointment has, as it seems to us, prepared us, in a way in which nothing else could have prepared us, for taking up our true position in the face of Rome, for measuring both ourselves and her truly, and for holding on, without flinching and doubt, to that position, as a real and an encouraging one.

For the strength of Rome is also her weakness. What has *told* on so many minds in the last few years is indeed a spell,

but it is a spell which is in perpetual peril from experience. To bid men believe on the strength of a bold theory, supported by a powerful yet one-sided array of facts, that there is a Church on earth, which has never deviated from her Lord's will, and is incapable of deviating,—guided by men, yet never guided wrong, and which no ignorance or sin of man ever can guide wrong,—this has been the method which has appealed with such effect to the hopes and the doubts of many. The Roman Church, through her modern champions, claims to have nothing to amend in her theory; nothing to apologise for in her history; nothing in the official and authoritative determination and acts of her rulers, to regret or excuse; never to have sanctioned what was unchristian, or tolerated what was false. Whatever she has been or done, in the various changes of hundreds of years, that is what she ought to have done, and ought to have been. One rule of judgment, one standard supersedes all reason and all criticism, alike in feeling, in doctrine, in discipline, and ritual—that which, as far as it can be ascertained, is the *de facto* rule of Rome. It is a theory which in fact excludes the conditions of human agency in the direction of the Church.

They are indeed bold men, who have undertaken on such a theory to convert England; but it is a theory which they require for their claims. They require a theory, and they require a theory of exclusive faultlessness and infallibility. It is not enough to show that we have many faults and deficiencies, that in many things they are our superiors, in order to prove that God leaves us no choice but unconditional submission to the Roman see. It is not because Rome is better, if so be, than we are, that she has the right to unsettle, to overthrow, to exclude us from the Christian covenant, but because she only is the Christian Church; because while we are human, she is divine; where we falter and are perplexed, no shade of doubt rests on the clearness of her authority. Far less than this is enough to warrant a defensive position, in Romanist or Anglican; practically to the Romanist, for if he feels the scandal of his communion, he ought also to be alive to the Christian excellence of the ground-work of its teaching and discipline; theoretically to the Anglican, who knows no reason to expect that God will absolutely keep corruption and error, any more than He absolutely keeps sin, out of His Church; and who looks for the communication of truth by the Church in a method different indeed from, but not out of analogy with that of the Bible—a method, of which it is not a characteristic, that it excludes the possibility of mistake, while all Christians believe that none who ever followed it earnestly, failed to find guidance, not perhaps clear, but sufficient. But it is very different when the position taken is not defensive but aggressive;

when Anglican or Romanist claim to supplant the other. To extinguish the claims of either communion in favour of the other is a very different thing, in point of difficulty, from exposing abuses, or contrasting with them boasted excellences. Each body has lasted too long, has done too much service to religion—each has gained too strong a hold on its people—each shows too clearly, after all deductions, the large and broad features which have belonged in all ages to the Christian Church, wherever she was planted, to be assailable by the other with any prospect of success, except on some very sweeping and conclusive principle.

The instinct or the foresight of controversy wherever it has been aggressive, have not been at fault on this necessity. In the proselytizing days of Protestantism, the cry of Antichrist was the successful engine against Rome. And now Rome cannot hope to gain on England, cannot hope for conquest on a large scale, by merely appearing as a Church, free, it may be, in some points, from our defects, more careful to reconcile anomalies in theory, more complete in its organization, more attentive to special great points of practice and discipline, and, in those points, accordingly, proportionably more successful. No mere differences of degree, balanced at once by other differences equally important, are enough to support the pretension of converting England. Nothing is enough, but a claim which throws all differences of degree into the background, and sweeps all detail away. Our deflections from the ideal of the Christian Church, if such an ideal can be found or traced by man, are no reason for giving way to a communion which is merely different in its deflections. If we are to yield, it must be to the ideal itself, realized and manifest. And unless the Roman theory is true of the perfection of the Church, and the Roman Church, in fact, exhibits that perfection, the Ideal is not before us.

The cry of Antichrist against the Roman Church has been amply disposed of by history and experience; but history and experience make short work also with the antagonist extravagance—the idea of perfection. It does, indeed, seem strange to turn from the controversial pages of Bishop Newton, to books like the Spiritual Combat, or Challoner's Meditations, to labours like those of Francis Xavier and Vincent de Paul: but it is equally strange to turn from the pages of Bellarmine, De Maistre, or Dr. Newman, to the annals of Baronius. It is equally strange to come fresh from ingenious demonstrations of the necessity of certainty in religion, to the history of scholastic theology and the Roman Catholic schools of Paris and Flanders. It is equally strange to come from burning sentences on the

consolations of infallible religious guidance, to read in that saddest history of Port Royal, what Rome could do to give light to the perplexities of some of the deepest and most earnest of her children: to pass from eloquent celebrations of unity, to the records of the bitterest divisions not reconciled, not softened, not healed, only hushed up and veiled over: from glowing panegyrics on the benignant, yet firm wisdom of the decisions of the Holy See, to the details of the vile and miserable intrigues on which those decisions often depended; to pass from the contemplation of the heroic submission of many of those who bowed to them, to the meanness and weakness of those who gave them, and the cruelty or selfishness or vindictivess of those who were able to procure them. It is strange, we quite admit, to cross the Channel with the sentences of Dr. Macneile ringing in our ears, and find such a work of self-denying religion going on as we may find in the schools and hospitals of Rouen and Paris. But it is equally strange to contrast, on the spot, our recollections of the theology of Bossuet or Milner, with the popular religion of Italy and Spain.

No; history is not niggard in its testimony to the grandeur and imposing height and power of the Roman Church. To history, its cause in this country is deeply indebted. History has been read more fairly and more carefully, and the Roman Church has been no small gainer by it. But history is a stern auxiliary; she may be trusted to right in time the slandered, and to rebuke the boaster; but she is hard to press into the service of the ambitious, and not very willing to help out the theorist.

Here, then, we are on better ground than we were. If we have been taught sober thoughts and language about ourselves, and to measure our accusations against others, we may claim with good right not to be bound to their illusions. If we have admitted the good of the Roman Church, it is no reason why we are bound to shut our eyes to its scandals and mischiefs. They are attested by the same class of informants. These informants will support reasonable and limited statement; they will not bear out declamation. They will silence the charge of apostasy against Rome; they will justify the reality and the strength of her zeal for religion; but they are inexorable and not to be silenced about her great misdoings and great failures; they know nothing of unmixed excellence, of systems never at fault, never showing signs of derangement, never degenerating, in the extremities of their change.

It is this imperfection, this mixed character, which is the real broad answer to the Roman claims on our submission. It is this, which is our strength against her. She is not what she claims

to be, what she must be, to warrant her in speaking as she does. The reality of the case will not reach to the point required by the theory. She is not, in life, in the working out of the trials and difficulties which arise in the world, what she is in the pages of her divines. Their complete theory does not answer to the broken and troubled scene which it is meant to represent; if it partially fits it to-day, the correspondence is interrupted to-morrow. Their unchecked flow of lofty or tender sentiment, of triumph or of confidence, jars painfully with a course of things in which they are as exposed as others to disappointment and change. Borne up and verified for the time, it may be, by instances fresh and full in the public eye, their words find a violent contrast, when instances of an opposite kind occupy the view. The writers may themselves be proof against all shocks. They may allow no exception to abate their confidence. But their books, any more than those of her extreme opponent, are no adequate exponent of that alloyed and shifting character, with which she meets us, in real activity. They will make no admissions, as their antagonists will make no allowances. But the actual system, if it claims the one in common with every thing where man is at work, cannot be screened, and is not honoured by the refusal to concede the other. Plainly and visibly, if any thing can be plain and visible in this world, it has suffered deeply, permanently, organically, to all appearance irretrievably—for the sins and the ill counsel of its children and its rulers. Its mixed character is fatal to its exclusive claims. Its evils and weaknesses disqualify it for superseding other parts of the church, which if they also bear, in different ways, the stamp of mortal infirmity, have been real and adequate representatives of God's visible kingdom, and have taken deep root in the habits and traditions of their own people. Its resolute insensibility to its own shortcomings, imposing as may appear for the time the self-reliance which this implies, is in reality ominous in days of inquiry, when men will know the whole truth; as rendering more marked and emphatic, in the eyes of those who will not fail to draw the inference, the necessity which is felt for a theory, and its real inapplicability.

It is here, which is our true ground for resisting the claims of the Roman Church on our submission, that the argument against them is to be sought. Our real argument is not that she is Antichrist or Apostate, but that she is not what she claims to be—and feels that, for her purposes, she *must* claim to be,—the whole Christian Church. We shall not succeed, we may be sure, in proving that, compared with other Christian bodies, she deserves nothing but condemnation and abhorrence; but it will not be difficult to show that she presents exactly the same

mixture and contrast of good and evil elements, customs, principles, tendencies, which in different ways and different degrees mark every other part of professing Christendom. We shall not be able to persuade serious and fair men, that the good in her is not good; but the same seriousness and fairness will in the long run also resist and make hopeless the attempt to persuade them, that her evil is not evil, or that the good which they admit, however mysterious may be the phenomenon of juxtaposition and confusion, excuses or extinguishes the evil which is equally palpable.

This evil side of her real working and course in the world, evil policy, evil doctrines, evil practices, and still more evil shifts to hide or justify them, to harmonise them with a theory to which they are fatal, we have no choice but to urge and insist upon. In doing so, we are not causelessly attacking others, who are in many points, it may be, better than ourselves; we are not wantonly throwing stones, unmindful of our own danger. If the perfection and certainty which the Roman Church proclaims and offers to all, educated and untaught, were to be found, it would indeed be a great departure from all that we know by experience, and have been taught by Scripture, of God's dealings and providence; but if real, it would be a departure, which if we wondered at, we might well adore. But it is madness to blind ourselves with an imagination which we cannot realize, and call it faith. We know well our own sorrows. In reality, in spite of the charge against us of self-complacency, English writers of all classes have been remarkably careless about disguising them. If we have been pompous and magniloquent in the general, in particulars, at least, our fault has not been patching up and making secrets of what would tell against us. But it is not an experience which disposes us to sympathize with the attempts of others to gloss over their own evils, nor is it a reason why we should allow them to do so.

Speaking therefore, generally, the one insuperable barrier to the revived power in England of the Roman Church, is this broad contrast which she cannot but obtrude on men's minds between theory and reality; that in a great moral and religious system, dealing in the widest extent with all that concerns man in this world and the next, she professes, as the basis of the confidence she claims, an unerring certainty and technical precision—which, if found at all in human experience, is found only partially, in special departments of thought or practice, and in them in proportion as they diminish in the vastness of their scope and application—which is anything either seen or promised in Scripture. And the effect of this unreality is not diminished by the

terms of unrestrained enthusiasm which its champions and recommenders apply to the system. Their satisfaction is so uninterrupted, that it ceases to be natural, and seems like the result of will. Their self-gratulation wearies by its monotony, and provokes by its resoluteness. Their ingenuity in fencing with exceptions is too universal to be trustworthy; it is a dangerous position to be obliged, and a dangerous gift to be able, to wrest everything, as it turns up, to our own side of the question. The impression produced is simply that of an habitual and importunate self-complacency, of which the best apology is that it is forced,—that a theory requires it; but it can as little be counted on to disguise or make up for the defects of that theory, as it is a winning or persuasive feature, however it may bespeak sanguine confidence, in the party of which it has become a characteristic. None ought to know this better than the advocates of the Roman Church; they have been keen to see, and merciless to expose, the paper theories, the incautious grandiloquence, the weak though often sincere enthusiasm of their opponents. The world has often laughed with them, and often not without reason; they might have learnt in that the difficulties which embarrass their own cause. Roman boastfulness is not likely to attract, where common sense has disgusted us with our own.

There is sufficient reason then, it seems to us, in spite of the various advantages gained of late years by the Roman Church in England, for thinking them very insufficient pledges of its success on a large scale. The hopes and the fears which are flying about on all sides like the froth of the sea, are equally inconsiderate and short-sighted. And we believe that few thinking men, even of those who express them, seriously expect them to be realized. But they may become fruitful sources of mischief and confusion, in their effect on political and ecclesiastical measures. Their effect on our political measures has been already disclosed. The spectacle of helplessness and embarrassment, of blind efforts, of a make-believe legislation not daring to effect its end, of ministerial despair sinking lower and lower, and recognising the fatal sign in the one measure which Parliament was willing to let them have in any shape they pleased,—this, the exhibition of the present session, not often paralleled in the dishonour which has attended it, is the fruit of fears only half-believed in, and of a popular cry ill-understood, and followed without clear purpose. Statesmanship baffled, character destroyed, government crippled, public business deranged, a legislation which those who are not hostile to, are ashamed of, the boasted sense and practical wisdom of Englishmen made a laughing-stock to the world,—these are the answer to those

views of policy, the arguments for which are exhausted in the pamphlet of Mr. Greenwood, and the learned and very instructive volume of Dr. Twiss. They have only proved the singularity of our position, and the advantage which has been taken of it; but both have exaggerated the political importance of the advantage, and certainly neither has shown how that importance, if real, is to be neutralized or diminished.

It is to be hoped that the warning so signally given in the political world against meddling with difficulties under the influence of irritation or alarm, or external pressure, will not be lost on those with whom, according to the present state of things, all responsibility must rest in ecclesiastical government.

The lapse of time, no very long one, has brought other warnings. But a short time back, the fear of Romanism was held by many a sufficient justification for any transgression of the laws of fair and just dealing, for any rude mode of cutting knots that were difficult to untie at once. It was the excuse for much cowardice—the palliation of much wrong—the pretext for much insolence. It suspended the ordinary laws of public opinion, and rules of personal conduct. The plebeian bully of a provincial municipality, or the aristocratic profligate, whose licentiousness was the proverb of the country side, forgot themselves with impunity and without shame, and found for a moment applauding listeners, while they rebuked clergy for heresy, and bishops for indifference. No language then seemed intemperate, no demands unreasonable, which appealed to this fear: under cover of it, great projects were suggested or disclosed, forces were mustered, enthusiasm raised, resolutions passed, signatures paraded; rumours circulated of fundamental changes—of parliamentary justice and reformation, long provoked, and at last inevitable. That fear which seemed to justify the strongest measures, seemed also capable of bringing them about.

Symptoms were not wanting at the time, that the cry, though loud and eager, was an indifferent basis on which to found hopes of practical measures—that its violence and extent were no pledge of its permanence—that difficulties which were overlooked or despised on platforms, would make their appearance in parliament—and in truth, the meeting of parliament seemed to dispel illusions. It was the signal for a return, if not to greater calmness, at least to more measured expressions. Fears and expectations which had become wild from the contagion of sympathy, were sobered by the presence of a counter opinion, which held them cheap, and a judgment which rebuked them.

The progress of this change is chronicled almost day by day, in the vigorous and able letters of D. C. L., which will remain

as instructive contemporary illustrations of a very curious passage of our history. We will quote from the letter of January 24 what were then the proposed intentions of the revolutionizing party, and his own misgivings; and from that of February 25, the practical result:—

'An announcement of his lordship's intention has appeared in another morning contemporary of yesterday. This communication professes to be official, and is honoured with the position and the type which are reserved for paragraphs coming from authority.

'It commences with a tolerably accurate recapitulation, cast in the phraseology which the quarter from which it emanates would naturally give it, of the report, adding (a fact new to me) that a private version fixed upon the Duke of Bedford as the peer who was to bring the scheme forward in the House of Lords at the very commencement of the session. It then continues [the *italics* are mine], "*We are enabled to state* that there is no truth whatever in the report. We can say this *most positively* on behalf of the noble lord who presided at the meeting, and we believe we are equally justified in saying it for the other noblemen, members of Parliament, and private gentlemen, under whose auspices the meeting took place. But we have much pleasure in adding, that the noblemen and gentlemen alluded to have determined on using every means in their power to obtain, immediately on the re-assembling of the legislature, a Royal injunction to restrain the Puseyites from inculcating principles and practising ceremonies which are wholly unsanctioned by anything within the boards of the Prayer Book. The effect of this will be to turn out of the Anglican Church, by one fell swoop, the whole brood of the Tractarian clergy."

'The party which Lord Ashley represents know that the Prayer Book is against them. That sovereign act of diplomacy which they meant to be the master-stroke of their policy, the seal of their doctrine—the Gorham judgment—brought this out unmistakeably; and it is clear that they feel it. For years and years they never tired of declaiming against that "soul-destroying heresy," baptismal regeneration; they never ceased wondering how men could be so wilfully blind as to pretend to see it in the Prayer Book. At length the important day came, and the expected judgment was delivered. This document is compelled, in every portion of its tortuous argument, to own that the scouted doctrine stands confessed through all our formularies, while so audaciously arguing that the rejection of it is compatible with the honest acceptance of them and of the emoluments thereon possibly depending. Any one who wishes corroborative evidence of this fact will find it in a series of able papers, by one who himself thoroughly disbelieves the doctrine, entitled the "Great Gorham Case," attributed to the pen of Mr. Binney. A striking article, also, in the current number of the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, "The Battle of the Churches," while pleading for a scheme of Church Reform for which even Lord Ashley, I think, would be unprepared, acknowledges that, as the Church of England now stands, the "large party" are its most consistent members.

'The upshot of the whole affair is very simple. Lord Ashley and his party are tired of the *status in quo* in the Church of England. They see that the development of that Church, so long as her essential character remains unchanged, must tend to the diffusion of her true principles. They have, in their hour of fancied triumph, learned at what a cost of principle that dear-bought victory has been gained. They have, therefore, taken the desperate resolve of endeavouring to change that character, and force new principles upon that Church. A fixed scheme like this may well

afford to shift its views of policy. A few days ago the most approved course may have been to attack the Prayer Book openly; now we have the best authority for knowing that it is decided, at first, at least, to endeavour to undermine it. But the character of the attempt remains unaltered, and the real danger unabated. Most earnestly, then, do I trust that no Churchman will allow himself to be lulled into a false security by the vague and temporary denial of one single count of the indictment contained in Lord Ashley's letter. The object of the party he represents is to throw sound Churchmen off their guard; and admirably does his lordship attempt to do so. If we relax one iota of our vigilance on account of that letter, we help on the consummation of our own undoing—a catastrophe which, if we will, we can avoid.'—*Letters*, pp. 45, 47, 48.

The result is thus told: lively as is the account, it scarcely does justice to the absurdity of the consummation:—

'It is sufficient to state, that liabilities, recklessly contracted in haste, had to be compounded for by a puritan reformation in the Church of England, undertaken by Lord John with a mixture of craft and of sincerity, —craft as far as it helped to evade the persecutions with the promise of which he had striven to delude country meetings—sincerity so far as he longed from his heart to set his foot more completely than he had done through the trick of the Manchester Bishopric, the realities of his distribution of high patronage, the "unostentatious" policy of the Committee of Council on Education, and the bold immodest violence of the Gorham judgment and rejection of the Bishop of London's Bill, upon any remaining liberty of doctrine or discipline which the English Church might yet possess—and driven on by his novel allies with all the vehemence of intolerant and self-satisfied fanaticism. The lumbering impertinences of the National Club, and the selection of St. Barnabas' Church by the thieves of London as the scene of their exploits for several successive Sundays, swelled the panic and encouraged the Reformers. The purifier of the House of Commons was looked upon to repeat his former triumphs in a sweeping alteration of the Church. A Parliamentary campaign was announced against High Churchmen, as an event of the suddenly "glorious, pious, and immortal" Russell Administration, and the announcement was made good in its extremest days. But what a fulfilment! The attack comprised no demand for a Royal Commission—no recapitulation by my Lord Ashley of well-digested imputations, and of influential names, affixed, without much forethought, to a specious document. It turned out to be a stray shot, inopportunely fired off by a metropolitan member, in the interest of a few constituents, against a quiet, unoffending clergyman, of so flimsy a nature that two or three facts, briefly stated by a friend of the inculpated man, disposed of it completely. This shot was yet the explosion of the mine. It brought up upon his legs that noble lord whom the House of Commons fancied, while it listened to him, was the chief adviser of the Crown. It wrung from him the statements that nothing could be done in Parliament, and that the Primate of All England did not think of going to Parliament except in the acknowledged contingency of requiring to crush the Rubric, and not being able otherwise to do so. It elicited from the universal good sense of the House the unmistakeable expression of feeling that it ought not to, and that it would not, meddle with such matters. Sir Robert Inglis, amid loud cheers, gave this sentiment substance and expression. Mr. Hume, coming to the assistance of the Lydian party, could only arrive at a charge as frivolous as the former, against another clergyman who was brother to a Cabinet Minister; and with the interval of a hearty laugh at Lord Dudley Stuart, the members, who had been

sitting on pins during the whole discussion, waiting for that Budget which was never to arrive, found themselves hurrying out of the house, their heads full of anything but the weal or woe of the Church.

'And so, amid horrible grinning mockeries of his early and his later glories, after a division on Parliamentary Reform, and a discussion on Church amendment—such a division and such a discussion!—Lord John Russell determined his dictatorship.'—Pp. 54, 55.

It is by this time clear that the popular fear of Romanism, though a very real and deeply seated feeling, was, in the form in which we have seen it displayed lately, both exaggerated and artificial. It is not really strong enough to support those who would use it to enforce violent measures; it is not strong enough to compel the reluctant to bow to them. Many a man, we will venture to say, regrets at this moment that he made so much of, and yielded so easily to a force, which a little more courage, a little more patience, a little more confidence in his own judgment, would have enabled him to stem;—about whose real strength, as well as its real fairness, he was not even then without misgivings. At any rate, the time of outcry is gone by; the opportunity is passed, for those who were disposed to take advantage of it; and prudent men, on whom responsibility rests, may with little danger of disturbance reconsider, weigh, measure, and compare the difficulties which though lately seen in one quarter only, exist in others also.

For most assuredly, the dangers that threaten us from the Church of Rome, however we may estimate them, are neither the only ones, nor the greatest which threaten us. Among others, one is prominent,—one on which a good deal has been said of late years by many of those who are now acting as if they held it cheap. It is the danger of governing the English Church by theory.

It has been repeated in the disputes of the last few years by friends and enemies, in praise and in condemnation of the English Church, that she is the reflex of the English nation. In a sense it is true. The English Church is differently circumstanced from any other branch of the Church; different in her history, different in her traditions, different in her feeling, different in her spirit. Those who consider that such differences leave no room for conformity in other points of view with the rest of the Church, and insist upon them in order to separate her off from the one great body, are bad logicians, and worse judges of what connects and separates men; they forget how compatible great special differences may be, with complete identity of object, principle, and even party. But they are not wrong in the fact of the English Church having her characteristic peculiarities. And these peculiarities, doubtless, depend in her case, as in the case of other churches, on the people among whom she is planted.

She has shared their fortunes; she displays their features; and her condition is affected by their institutions, their habits of thought, their tastes, and their sympathies. In this she is not singular. The same thing may be said of the Church whether in France or Italy, Greece or Russia. And those who taunt us with being but the image of the popular will, had better first determine what share the popular will, displayed in other but not less effective ways, has had in moulding and keeping to its mould the functions of the Church, in those places where they are represented as most perfect.

For our own part we have no difficulty in admitting that in one very important respect the English Church does partake of the character of the nation. It is extremely patient of, and extremely indifferent to, theoretical anomalies. Those who identify principle with theory,—who think principle secured and guaranteed by theory, and only by theory,—have always found their advantage here against the system of the English Church; and always will find it. But it is not a great practical advantage; for the same audience which will listen to ingenious exposures of incoherencies and contradictions, will be for the most part very incredulous of the power of a more consistent theory, though it may save appearances, to cure or to prevent evils. Theoretical anomalies have not been found inconsistent with the energetic and successful development of very marked principles of law, of government, and of policy in the English state; and they have not been more incompatible with a real and uniform character, with continuous and not unsuccessful labour, on the part of the Church.

If this has been forgotten or unfairly used by controversialists, we fear that it is in danger at this moment of being forgotten by some of those in whose hands is now vested the responsibility of governing the Church; by none more than some of those who have, at various times, expatiated in no very measured or well-considered terms of eulogy, on this unsystematic character of the English Church. It is among those very men who are never tired of talking of the comprehensiveness, the breadth, the large tolerance of the English system,—of its many-sided and free spirit, its disregard of rigid uniformity,—who have often urged it so as to obscure her character as a witness and teacher of any definite truth,—that a disposition is found to keep out of sight some of the most salient and indisputable features of her system, to ignore some of the most momentous and eventful facts in her history, and to treat the complicated and delicate organization of her living body, as if the key to it was to be found in a coarse formula of a single theological doctrine, or in an audacious political gloss

on the supremacy of the Crown. In those who wish to revolutionize the Church, like the Dean of Bristol, and that singular representative of the laity, who finds no subject beyond his powers or proof against his extravagance, the author of 'Modern Painters,' and 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,'[1] this is natural enough: but in those who wish to govern the Church, maintain, improve, and strengthen it on its existing basis, it is the direct course to fatal confusion.

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[1] 'The schism between the so-called Evangelical and High Church parties in Britain, is enough to shake many men's faith in the truth or existence of Religion at all. It seems to me one of the most disgraceful scenes in ecclesiastical history, that Protestantism should be paralyzed at its very heart by jealousies, based on little else than mere difference between high and low breeding. For the essential differences, in the religious opinions of the two parties, are sufficiently marked in two men whom we may take as the highest representatives of each—George Herbert and John Milton; and I do not think there would have been much difficulty in atoning those two, if one could have got them together. But the real difficulty, now-a-days, lies in the sin and folly of both parties; in the superciliousness of the one, and the rudeness of the other. Evidently, however, the sin lies most at the High Church door, for the Evangelicals are much more ready to act with Churchmen than they with the Evangelicals; and I believe that this state of things cannot continue much longer; and that if the Church of England does not forthwith unite with herself the entire Evangelical body, both of England and Scotland, and take her stand with them against the Papacy, her hour has struck. She cannot any longer serve two masters; nor make curtsies alternately to Christ and anti-Christ....

'But how to unite the two great sects of paralyzed Protestants? By keeping simply to Scripture. The members of the Scottish Church have not a shadow of excuse for refusing Episcopacy; it has indeed been abused among them; grievously abused; but it is in the Bible; and that is all they have a right to ask.

'They have also no shadow of excuse for refusing to employ a written form of prayer. It may not be to their taste—it may not be the way in which they like to pray: but it is no question, at present, of likes or dislikes, but of duties; and the acceptance of such a form on their part would go half way to reconcile them with their brethren. Let them allege such objections as they can reasonably advance against the English form, and let these be carefully and humbly weighed by the pastors of both churches: some of them ought to be at once forestalled. For the English Church, on the other hand, *must* cut the term Priest entirely out of her Prayer-book, and substitute for it that of Minister or Elder; the passages respecting absolution must be thrown out also, except the doubtful one in the Morning Service, in which there is no harm; and then there would be only the Baptismal question left, which is one of words rather than of things, and *might easily be settled in Synod, turning the refractory Clergy out of their offices, to go to Rome if they chose.* Then, when the Articles of Faith and form of worship had been agreed upon between the English and Scottish Churches, the written forms and articles should be carefully translated into the European languages, and offered to the acceptance of the Protestant churches on the Continent, with earnest entreaty that they would receive them, and due entertainment of all such objections as they could reasonably allege; and thus the whole body of Protestants united in one great Fold, would indeed go in and out, and find pasture; and the work appointed for them would be done quickly, and Antichrist overthrown.

'Impossible: a thousand times impossible!—I hear it exclaimed against me. No—not impossible. Christ does not order impossibilities, and He *has* ordered us to be at peace one with another. Nay, it is answered—He came not to send peace, but a sword. Yes, verily: to send a sword upon earth, but not within his Church; for to his Church He said, "My peace I leave with you."'—*Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, pp. 48—50.

For a long period, the English Church, in spite of the glaring theoretical anomaly, has had very little government beyond the routine functions of its rulers. Things have been let alone, under the impression that the general spirit of the body might be trusted, for its guidance and control. The interference of authority has been avoided; those who possessed it declined to use it. They have declined the responsibility which belongs to political rulers, of watching, feeling and directing it; of suggesting improvement, and initiating great measures; of leading, and, except in rare cases, of repressing opinion. They have sat still, and allowed things to take their course; if not always without alarm, yet with a confidence, far from shortsighted, though it may not always have been the mark of zeal and industry, in the energy and principles of the Church. Such a state of things was anomalous, inconvenient, and not very creditable. Those who are at the head of things are not there merely for show or their own honour: they ought, in Church as in State, to guide and lead. They ought, in order to do this, to be identified, as rulers in the State are, with the feelings and interests of those whom they guide; to sympathize with their interests, to be familiar with their habits of thought, to be able to trust and to be trusted. Ecclesiastical government does not differ from political in these requisites for its healthy and effective exercise. The absence of these in later years has suspended it to a great extent among us. It was, as we said, a defect from which we suffered, and which required amendment. But it was a negative evil. If the Church authorities did little to help or direct their clergy, they left their clergy to find the best compensation which the nature of the case, and their own sense of their wants suggested. Such a state of things, if it was far from ideal perfection, far from what might be desired or hoped for, had at least the merit of being natural. If there was no assistance, there was no interference.

A variety of circumstances, some of them of the most opposite character, have of late combined to invite once more into activity, powers which have long been more or less in abeyance. And they have shown a disposition to obey the call. We may reckon it, we trust, among the signs of reviving energy in the English Church, that her bishops have shown themselves more than ever sensible of their authority; have shown themselves to feel that the posts they hold are posts not only of distinction, but of practical leadership. But while such a change of feeling is an essential step in the improvement of the Church, it is one of the oldest of truisms that reviving powers are accompanied with great and peculiar hazards. They are untried and unproved. Their extent and limitations are ill understood, and like new remedies,

they seem remedies for everything; equal to all that they can be applied to, or that can be required of them. And the mischief and confusion which they may create, if they take a wrong direction, or are applied on wrong principles, may easily be, as they often have been, quite out of proportion with the evils which it was intended to meet.

It is a matter of the deepest import for the future fortunes of the Church, how the bishops employ that authority, the sense of which has been of late forced on them. For, as is obvious, the anomaly of their inactivity has, as yet, but given place to other anomalies equally great. The revival of their sole authority, unaccompanied by anything to guide, inform, or balance it—by any of the older traditional powers of the Church, or of corresponding newer ones,—and before there can be custom or a common understanding to harmonize it with the order of things into which it is suddenly imported,—the revival of this sole authority, without the revival by its side of what has always gone along with it in the Church, a system of recognised constitutional law,—may turn into as fruitful a source of evil as it is capable of being a blessing. And, from the absence of these guiding restraints of a system which practice has wrought into shape,—of such a system as directs the holders of political, of judicial, of military power, the personal responsibility of the existing bishops is more than ordinarily tasked. It is a responsibility so peculiar, so unparalleled by that which rests on the administration of other offices of great trust, defined, as that is, by well-known rules and limits, that it seems an unfair burden. But it is the clear growth of the time. When the office was accepted, its coming tasks and trials were not below the horizon. It is too late for any one to complain of them now.

The danger is, as we said before, that they should govern by theory. Doubtless, in government, as in other things, theory is a desirable, and if sound and comprehensive, a valuable guide; but circumstances at a particular time, may make sound theory very difficult to master; and in government, if anywhere, a mistaken or inadequate theory is much more unsafe and pernicious than a practical sense of surrounding realities, more anxious not to miss them, than to reconcile them. True, the latter course may in weak hands lead to a sacrifice of principle, as the former also is often but a shift of weakness, ignorant how to carry out principle and misapplying it; but no one has seriously thought over history, civil and ecclesiastical, without seeing how it has been the great trial and proof of the purest and highest men in directing public matters, less to apply a theory, than to master the complexion and bearing of present facts. In the present condition of the English Church, it is certainly

far more important to those who are charged with its government, not to misconceive its facts, than to shape their measures by the rules of a theory.

It is, for instance, a view entertained by many, that at the Reformation, the English Church was, once for all, purified and settled. That epoch is made the single point of departure, for its whole history since its independence, and the opinions of the leading men in it at that period, the conclusive standard by which its doctrine and spirit are ever after to be measured. An appeal to the Reformation or the Reformers is on this view held to be decisive on every question, as if the Church had no authorities, no teachers, no ties, no recollections of older or later days, equal in weight and interest to these. The Reformation, its influence, its opinions, its work, are taken as all-sufficient for every need of the Church; what happened before or after it must be judged by it—right and subsidiary, if in harmony with it, or with certain views arbitrarily defined as *the* Reformation principles—wrong and intolerable, if diverging.

It is not to our present purpose to criticise particularly this view, or to reduce the importance of the Reformation, and the weight of its determination, within their true limits. No one, of course, can dispute its momentous influence on the history and character of the later English Church. And further, to date the English Church from it, to make its teaching, and the principles that were then most prominent, the complete and exclusive standard of the English Church, is an intelligible and convenient view. It is, so long at least as it is expressed in general terms, a coherent theory. And those who identify themselves with the Reformers, and hold, or think they hold, their system of doctrine pure and unadulterated, may think it a clear theory to act upon. But it is not the theory of the real English Church. It is not a theory to which her history, the actual course which events took in her, the documents which formally characterise her, the established results of the maxims, authorities, principles, which have a recognised place in her system, can be at all adapted. Her attitude, her teaching, was *not*, as a matter of fact, fixed at the Reformation; and the principles of that time were not the exclusive principles to which subsequent authorities held themselves restricted, in what they did to improve and reform. What they did, further, has lasted, and is as much an integral and legitimate portion of our ecclesiastical system, as what the Reformers did. Later men also have to be consulted, are as a matter of fact consulted, as great constitutional names, in questions of English doctrine and practice. We have as much right to fix *the* Reformation at 1611, as a century earlier. Its divines and principles have in-

fluenced English theology, and in no accidental way. Under their auspices, a form of doctrine has made good its ground among us, which laid far broader foundations than the views of the Reformers, and made no scruple of ignoring or correcting them. Andrewes and Laud, Jeremy Taylor and Barrow, Bull and Waterland, represent nothing accidental and exceptional in English spirit and teaching. They present themselves with no mere plea to be tolerated. They speak, as representing English doctrine, with an authority which owes nothing and yields nothing to Cranmer and Parker. They mould thought where Cranmer and Parker have but the influence of a name, and speak scarcely more persuasively than their old rivals of the schools. And, whether, or not, they can be harmonized with Cranmer and Parker, no one would dream of identifying them.

A theory which looks to the Reformation alone as containing all that is to govern the development of the English Church, is a theory which stumbles against realities at every step, and, whatever may be private wishes or opinions, is perilous in the extreme, as a ground of public policy. It is a theory or device to break up the English Church, but not to govern it by.

Again: the last year has brought out, in a modern shape, a very old theory respecting the supremacy of the Crown. It seemed a serviceable one for certain purposes, and was adopted; and the public, long accustomed to the broad phrases of liberal philosophy, was taken by surprise by the sight of statesmen urging and maintaining, apparently in earnest, the claims of the Tudors. The forms of ancient despotism came in awkwardly enough in Whig orations, but they did come in notwithstanding, in all their antique hardness and rigour, without qualification or explanation. But it was for a purpose. Statesmen, it may be said, must be judges, in trying emergencies, of the auxiliaries and appliances which it becomes them to call to their aid. They cannot, perhaps, always be nice. They must content themselves at times with what will for the moment confound and puzzle an inconvenient adversary. But it would indeed be a serious thing, if the temporary resource of a hard-driven ministry were accepted as a vital reality by Archbishops and Bishops. It would be a serious thing indeed if they allowed themselves to be so enslaved to a formal and one-sided theory,—which, as recent events have made unmistakeably clear, is absolutely powerless to guard even the external dignity of the Church,—as to lose sight of the fact that it is at this moment the most unsubstantial of fancies, except so far as it can be interpreted into an unbalanced and unchecked control, by the Ministry of the hour, over the independent action of the Church.

Once more: the last eventful year, among other things,

brought out clearly the great dislike felt by a party in the English Church to what they call 'Rubrical observances.' There is abundance to remark on the nature of the outcry, on the things objected to, the reasons for objecting, the competency of the objectors, the spirit of the complaints, their own position towards the Church of England. But this is not to our purpose. It is perfectly natural that ceremonial, as such, and ceremonial as carried out in many of the cases attacked, should find many to dislike and censure it. This dislike and censure was expressed in no measured terms, and has been more or less attended to by Ecclesiastical authorities: but along with this clear proof of a wide dislike, came out also, that, except perhaps in some extreme points, the party complained of had the Prayer-book on its side; and, further, that the party who were forward in making the complaint, had, on some most important points, not of detail but of principle, the Prayer-book clearly and unquestionably against them. We are not speaking of other grounds these persons might have for claiming a tenable position in the English Church; we speak only of this one point in the controversy. They have been forced to admit that, on the whole, those who have made a point of trying to carry out the Rubric cannot be condemned by the Rubric. The system, which the Prayer-book is adapted to, which it countenances, and appears to contemplate, is not theirs, but their opponents'. And it is become equally clear that they who disparage the efficacy of the Sacraments, have to use Offices which take it for granted without ambiguity, and make it fundamental; that they who account the Priesthood as one of the worst corruptions of Christianity, have to submit to an Ordinal which in the clearest way proclaims it. These points are as clear as any general facts, short of the certainty of physical phenomena, can well be conceived to be; there is no limit to the power of theory to blind its advocates, but there is a limit to its power of keeping realities out of sight to the world in general.

Into specific occurrences that have marked the last three months we are not now going to enter. The Bishops of London and Ripon may have had reasons which they are not bound to give to the world at large, for thinking that in difficult circumstances they were acting for the best, in the part they have taken respecting S. Barnabas and S. Saviour's. Whether in these particular cases their authority was rightly and fairly exerted, whether that authority has gained by those proceedings, whether respect for it and confidence in its wise and paternal exercise has been strengthened, may be a grave question; but as separate administrative acts, in which each Bishop used his discretion and acted on his own opinion and responsibility as an individual, they are past and over. We shall not re-discuss them.

But if these are to be taken as specimens and omens of the general policy which our ecclesiastical rulers propose to follow, if they mean more than decisions, whether right or wrong, under certain special circumstances,—if a system which is hoped for and expected by many, is foreshadowed in them, and they indicate what the High Church party are to expect from the authority of the English Bishops, they are signs of coming mischief and confusion more portentous than any other, because they are signs of increasing blindness to realities, of increasing readiness to sacrifice deliberately truth and fairness to the menaces of the many or of the great, increasing inability to face prejudice and clamour, increasing insensibility to the real strength, real dangers, real weapons of the Church.

The Bishops cannot alter things. There may be powers which can, rightly or wrongly, cause great and fundamental changes in the constitution of the English Church; but, we must be allowed to say, it is not the authority of her Bishops, singly exerted, or even collectively. They cannot alter her documents; they cannot prevent men from reflecting on them, comparing them, acting on them. The Bishops may place themselves in contradiction with the spirit of their own office, by siding against Church principles in favour of their ancient and plain-spoken opponents; whether our Bishops are likely to gain by such a course may be questioned, but one thing is certain, that they will not be the arbiters of the result. If Church principles are cast out, it will not be by them. If a violent and popular revolution does not overthrow the stronghold of these principles, the authority of the Bishops is not strong enough to eradicate them. By a combined and systematic opposition to them, they may either make a display of personal weakness, or, they may earn the honour of preparing the way for more consistent and more thorough-going levellers. But to have the English Church as it is at present, and to purge out of it its old Catholic elements, and those things by which Catholic elements live and grow and are reproduced continually, is an incompatible combination, beyond the power of man.

It is indeed idle to talk of checking by such means the progress of Romanism. Whatever be its tendencies, whatever be the influences, whether exaggerated or not, by which it attracts minds to itself, they are absolutely out of the reach of such measures; they will not be so much as touched by a mere policy of counteraction in the opposite direction. Whatever be the prospects of Rome in this country, they most assuredly will not suffer by crushing ancient principles and sympathies in the English Church. We should all be much wiser probably if we did not allow the supposed advances of Rome to influence so strongly our opinions and measures; if we weighed more soberly what is

inevitable, and what is likely, in days of great excitement and widening knowledge. That such a system as that of Rome should make converts, should be continually making them, cannot seem strange to any one, who has thought with seriousness and intelligence on religion and its history; that it should make them in numbers sufficient to give it deep and wide hold in England, is inconceivable. England is, indeed, worth struggling for, and it is no wonder that Rome makes us fight for it. But a battle is not lost because it cannot be fought without loss of men. We should be wiser, it seems to us, if in the stir and ferment of revived religious feeling, and thought, and activity, we laid our account for the loss of some of our fellow-workers, without allowing it to divert us from our objects, any more than we ought to allow it to damp our zeal. But however this be, the interference which Lord Ashley asks for, and the Primate dares not either to promise or refuse, would be, as a measure against Rome, most fruitless: indeed it would most directly further her aims.

Fruits it might bear, indeed. There are those, doubtless, whose hands it would strengthen, and whose objects it would promote. There are purposes, grave and deeply reaching purposes, now in contemplation by very thoughtful and determined men, to whom it would be no nugatory help. There are many within and without the pale of the English Church, who take deep and increasing interest in her course and fortunes; but think her too exclusive, too narrow, too much attached, not merely to certain forms accidentally unpopular at the moment, but to the antiquated idea of forms and dogmatism in general. They are keenly and eagerly urging the more complete 'Protestantizing' of the Church of England. What they mean by this, if any one could be ignorant, has been hinted significantly enough, both in Parliament and by the press. In one case the indication of principles and purposes has been disclosed, we cannot help thinking, somewhat prematurely. The 240,000 who have lately approached the Primate, with Lord Ashley as their representative and spokesman, to invoke his interposition to put down forcibly opinions and men who are obnoxious to them, come forward as zealous churchmen, and ostentatiously appeal to the archbishop's 'supreme spiritual authority' in the Hierarchy of the English Church. Words, doubtless, of respectful, though it may be, overstrained deference for his high office, and loyalty to the system which gives it its meaning and greatness. But coincident with the address to the Primate, appears another move on the part of Lord Ashley and his friends. It is the complement to the address, and points out clearly its direction and drift. Formally addressing the authorities of the Church

one day, Lord Ashley, as formally, opens negotiations with the authorities of Dissent, the next. He is a bold, and, we suppose, a sanguine man, to have shown his hand so soon.

We leave our readers to consider for themselves the report of this conference, and the significant comments on it of the most radical of the daily journals; they show who are preparing to work together, in the cause of Church Reform—in what spirit, and on what terms:—

'"GREAT ANTI-PAPAL LEAGUE.—Yesterday the foundation was laid of *a religious League, which promises to become the greatest of the kind which modern times have witnessed.* A number of noblemen, gentlemen, clergymen of the Church of England, and Dissenting ministers of various denominations, met in Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, for the purpose of consulting together as to what ought to be done by *Evangelical Protestant denominations,* with a view to arrest the aggressions of Popery. Among the noblemen and gentlemen present were the Earl of Ducie, Lord Ashley, Sir Culling Eardley Smith, the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, the Rev. W. W. Champneys, the Rev. Edward Auriol, the Rev. T. R. Birks, the Rev. Dr. Morison, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, the Rev. Dr. Bunting, the Rev. Dr. Beecham, the Rev. Dr. Steane, with a great number of eminent laymen. The meeting lasted three hours, and was characterized throughout by the greatest unanimity and cordiality. It was resolved that duly organised and most energetic measures shall be forthwith adopted in order to enter the arena with the hosts of Popery."'

On this the 'Daily News' remarks—

'The speeches of Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Cardwell, and Mr. Sidney Herbert disclose another and a new and perhaps a greater risk. For these able and influential and cautious gentlemen, whilst in words repudiating all sympathy with the Court and the Church of Rome, in argument adopt its interpretation of the meaning of religious liberty, and support its practical application of that liberty; *in order that they may be able hereafter to claim for the Church of England that immunity from State control, that freedom of internal action, that synodical power, and that complete overthrow of the royal supremacy, in matters ecclesiastical, which Cardinal Wiseman demands for the Church of Rome. And how that which is given to the Roman can be refused to the English Church passes all logical comprehension . . . This comes of fostering, and encouraging, and paltering with such monstrous ecclesiastical figments and fables as apostolical succession, as Church authority, as the sacramental system, as a sacrificial and mediatorial priesthood. By the support and succour which our Bishops have given to these engines of sacerdotal craft, they have raised a spirit which nothing but the most determined and resolute popular demonstration can quell, and which, as Lord Ashley significantly said, the oldest amongst us may not live to see laid—which threatens to invade our families and to disturb society, as already it has broken in upon the bonds of political parties.*

'With such a prospect before them, and in the face of such a Parliamentary union as that we have referred to, it is not surprising that the most serious alarm should be entertained by the representatives of the leading orthodox religious bodies in this metropolis; and it is natural that, in their alarm, they should for awhile consent to overlook their denominational differences of opinion, and come together, take counsel of each other, offer to each other the hand of friendship and of union, and resolve to make both a common and a separate demonstration against the common enemy. *Accordingly, on Tuesday, under Lord Ashley's auspices, a body*

of Churchmen who act with that noble lord, met in this spirit some of the representatives of the four great divisions of the Protestant Nonconformists, and agreed on making an appeal to the Protestant feeling and principle of the country; content, under present circumstances, to take Lord John Russell's measure as the *minimum* of national resistance to this foreign insult and aggression, but resolved, if that be rejected, to demand larger protection for their common faith; and a sub-committee was then appointed to organise a great aggregate meeting and a series of denominational meetings in favour of the measure now before Parliament.

'Thus, then, an opportunity will be afforded to the country of indicating whether any change of opinion has occurred in the public mind since it spoke out so intelligibly and distinctly a few months ago; whether it adopts or rejects the Tractarian interpretation given by Mr. Roundell Palmer and Mr. Sidney Herbert to religious liberty; whether it is willing to accept the policy indicated and represented by Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham; whether it desires with Lord Stanley to postpone, until an indefinite inquiry is over, legislation; or, whether it will 'come at once to the succour' of Queen Victoria and her prerogative, attacked and insulted by Cardinal Wiseman, and defended and vindicated by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston.

'*For such an agitation we should under a less imminent emergency, have little taste; but forced upon us by Roman Catholic ambition and Tractarian co-operation, it shall have the best support this journal can give it, if conducted with tolerance, and in that large and comprehensive spirit which can effectually repel insult without in the least shackling opinion.*

Such is the programme, vaguely but very significantly announced, of the proposed movement. Under the thin disguise of meeting 'Papal aggression,' it really aims at deep and thorough-going changes in our own Church. Do we need to be reminded of what the Puritans used to call 'Popery' in the Church of England? Does any one suppose that the mixed body, of which Lord Ashley is the leader, and the *Daily News* the future systematic supporter, will, by 'Popery' in the Church, mean *less* than the Puritans?

With this design just unmasked, we at length receive the announcement, on authority which we should be glad to believe mistaken, that the Bishops are resolved to move also. A large majority, we are informed,—twenty-three out of the whole number,—have at last agreed on issuing a joint declaration as to how the formularies and rubrics of the Church are to be regarded, interpreted, and observed. This declaration is intended to be taken as a condemnation of High Church views by the collective Episcopate.

While we write, this Declaration has not, we believe, been published. We cannot tell what considerations may be even now affecting the question of its publication or suspension; but we should think that their Lordships must have perceived, in the process of penning it, reasons of no trifling moment for pausing before they are irrevocably committed to it. They have found it, if we are not mistaken, no easy thing to draw it

up, and very unsatisfactory when drawn up. The first draft of it seems to have been framed under such misconception of the bearings of the whole subject, that it would have committed the signers of it to errors and mistakes of the most serious kind. Dangers in this quarter were soon pointed out. It was, so fame says, amended—altered—once and again modified, restricted, made less stringent, and less pointed. Some letters, signed 'A Canonist,' in the *Morning Chronicle,* made but too clear the inextricable difficulties which beset the attempt, especially if in any way the paper presumed to limit the Catholic terms of doctrine. Their Lordships have, we believe, persevered in resolving to issue something, if for no other purpose, for the undignified one, that they have promised 'to do something,' a phrase which has now a peculiar and stereotyped force. Whether they have succeeded to their own satisfaction—whether they have been able to produce a document which says what they would wish to say, or what they meant to say at starting, we may be permitted, under the circumstances—circumstances of our law and history, as well known to all the world as to them—to doubt.

Again, we cannot help hoping that this and other considerations may lead the Bishops to pause. We earnestly trust that the warning, so significant, so undeniable, now presented by a body far more accustomed than themselves to the work of legislation, of the humiliation and dishonour which attend the attempt to make laws in order to meet a cry, which cannot be met without either committing wrong or exposing weakness, will not be lost on them. But if they are bent on this vain endeavour to satisfy those who will not be satisfied, they must not be surprised, if the strict and entirely technical value is set on their act by those against whom it is directed. They must expect that those who, in popular opinion, are to be condemned by it, who by the general bearing and effect of it are intended to appear as a condemned party, will take it for what it is worth, and for no more. *Their Lordships have no power, as they well know, either, by themselves, to make laws for the Church, or, in an irregular and informal manner, to interpret them.* If their proposed declaration attempts to do either of these things, they must be too well aware, both of its illegality, and of its unconstitutional character, to expect seriously that it will settle anything. If, on the other hand, they solemnly commit themselves to an act, professedly intended to carry great weight at an important crisis, which yet they are obliged to make as unmeaning as possible, and which nothing but wholesale changes will enable them to enforce, they are either perilling gratuitously their own authority, or, under the unhappy persuasion, it may be, of trying to avert a revolution, they are making themselves its pioneers and leaders.

NOTICES.

'Across the Atlantic,' (Earle,) is the title of a light, not ill-tempered, work on men and manners in the United States. The writer's lightness occasionally evaporates into froth; his gaiety merges not seldom into sneering and scoffing on serious subjects. But though he is not without burlesque —though he is once or twice tedious — he often surprises with keen and sensible remarks. His aim is not high; but he generally hits the mark. At the same time, bearing in mind that we are at this moment subjecting ourselves nationally to much of the flippant off-hand observation of foreigners, we must protest against the fairness of judging a whole nation's social state by its boarding-house aspect and its hotel manners. No country can endure this standard of judgment, least of all England. We seek to be judged by what strangers have little chance of intermeddling with. We greatly and most egregiously fail in particulars which are most on the surface. The brutality of our lower ranks—the manners of our cads and cabmen—our miserable public buildings—our middle-class cookery—our dress—our climate—the nocturnal display of vice in our streets—the poverty of our galleries of pictures and antiquities—these constitute our most palpable aspect; and many things which make the fascination of a continental city are the least and worst part of London. And yet what else will our visitors for the most part see, and by what else can they judge us? On the very eve of asking the whole world's opinion of us, we are more than ever disposed to plead for charity and discretion in judging about others.

Mr. U. W. Morgan's 'Vindication of the Church of England,' (Rivingtons,) in connexion with Lord Feilding's secession, is a very compact and clear, as well as temperate, statement of the Church of England's position. We do not know, for its size, a more intelligible and fair manual: we noticed an occasional strain on the scriptural argument, as in the application of several texts at p. 71.

'Speculation,' (J. H. Parker,) is a moral tale on the evils of the commercial vice of that name. Its title is ambiguous, and its execution not remarkable.

'The Calendar of the Anglican Church Illustrated,' (J. H. Parker,) is by far the fullest work which has appeared on the subject. It gives, with copious illustrations, and references to existing examples, the entire English Hagiology; the second part of the work contains the lives and emblems of the saints, local and foreign, in whose honour any English churches are dedicated. Some of the cuts, from a prayer-book of the last century, we think out of keeping with the general tone of the book. With respect to joint dedications, such as are mentioned at p. 95, there is often no other connexion than the accidental, and perhaps recent, incorporation of two parishes. It is quite true that King Charles the Martyr is the 'only

instance of a post-reformation dedication,' p. 42; but was it to religious or courtly motives that we owe a succession of west-end parishes and churches named after S. James, S. Anne, and two after S. George?—the statue on the top of Bloomsbury Church looks very like a tutelar. We by no means concur in the compiler's preference (p. 113) of German to Italian art. We recommend this valuable work without hesitation.

Bagster's 'Blank-Paged Bible' adopts a neat and compendious device for inserting short MS. notes. They are kept to the right hand of the page—a great convenience for writing. We should have been more completely satisfied with this publication had it been the Bible of the Church of England, which, omitting the Apocrypha, it is not.

'The Monthly Packet,' (Mozley,) we deem a considerable advance on the cheap magazines for Churchmen: it is at the head of its class, and quite *the* book for young people. Papers entitled 'Sunlight in the Clouds,' struck us a good deal.

'The Penny Post,' (J. H. Parker,) is, we think, better in plan than in execution. To compete with the sort of publication against which it desires to measure itself, it requires some manliness and variety—more power and less prosiness—more sinew and less sermonizing.

We are glad to welcome with approbation a promising and able contemporary, 'The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal.' Its own powers would sufficiently recommend it; to this, however, it adds the authoritative sanction of the Church in whose name it appears.

Mr. H. Barraud is familiarly known to most of our readers as the artist of the exceedingly popular plate of the 'Three Choristers.' A group of school-girls shortly afterwards appeared as an agreeable pendant. Mr. Barraud has recently published three other clever prints, completing the series. They are a general congregational group,—'Baptism,'—and 'Visiting the Sick.' From particular reasons they are not likely just now to acquire the popular success of their predecessors; but artistically we think them by no means inferior, that of Baptism perhaps more so. We do not know any series more suitable to the rooms of a Church of England family. The engraving is very creditable.

'Whitaker's Clergyman's Diary,' and the 'Family Almanack,' both published by Mr. J. H. Parker, are very successful. The latter is quite a remarkable compendium of information about educational matters, schools and their endowments and exhibitions, &c., the masters, and their present state.

We hardly see why Messrs. E. A. Freeman and Mr. G. W. Cox should have taken so much pains in the Preface to their 'Poems, Legendary and Historical,' (Longman,) to show that they are not mere imitators and plagiarists. A true criticism would never have imputed this. Although Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Macaulay have writen ballads, Messrs. Freeman and Cox may claim their own place in the choir of poets, on their own merits, apart from their immediate predecessors. Poetry has schools and normal forms: Homer was not the earliest writer of cyclic lays, nor was Shakspere the first English dramatist. And as far as we see, the present

writers have quite enough of pith and power to vindicate their independent claims to a hearing. Ballad poetry, in its modern sense, is a recognised form of art; not the highest, but a sufficiently pleasurable, phase of it. Its cast is the vivid and picturesque; it addresses the senses rather than the inner feelings. It sweeps on like a procession on a frieze: it does not seek to concentrate emotion and soul in a single picture or figure. Messrs. Freeman and Cox have, we think, worked in a free and liberal spirit, as well as swell of language. Properly enough they have not forgotten the conventionalisms of their style (occasionally to an exaggeration, as in the perpetual reiteration of common-place epithets—'holy' dead, and 'holy' cause, and 'holy' pile, and another 'holy,' in a couple of stanzas, pp. 202, 203,)—and the poems are very lively and buoyant. Still it is a style of composition which soon palls; partly, perhaps, because affecting so pointedly the natural, it is, in fact, very artificial. Mr. Cox has added a single poem, 'Recollections of Childhood,' of a higher and more truthful range, which exhibits considerable skill and promise. By the way, it is a strange oversight in a writer who knows, or affects to know, anything of Spain, to talk of Cordōva—'From Calpe to Cordova,' p. 88.

An elaborately annotated edition of 'Wilson on the Lord's Supper,' has been published by Mr. Cleaver. A great amount of valuable and, under present circumstances, important ritual information, is contained in the additional matter. Indeed, it is quite a manual of authorities on ceremony, fitly appended to a manual of devotion.

Professor Hussey's Lecture on the Supremacy,—'Rise of the Papal Power,'—(J. H. Parker,) exhibits much learning and principle in a condensed but available form.

To professional and advanced Numismatists we believe that Mr. Noel Humphreys scarcely proposes to address himself in his new volume, 'Ancient Coins and Medals,' (Grant and Griffith,) but we can safely say that he has produced a remarkably elegant and instructive volume for the general purposes of literature. It is curiously illustrated by *relievo* stamps, which are actual transcripts in metallic paper of the coins themselves. These stamps are imbedded in thick cartridge boards. The process is by a Mr. Barclay, and an admirable one. Much popular information is contained in the descriptive and historical notes. At p. 3 we detected an inaccuracy—typographical perhaps—where, in distinguishing between 'coin' and 'medal,' the words 'latter' and 'former' are transposed. And at p. 4, Mr. Humphreys blunders about 'aristocratic parishes of western London, in which two titled personages hold the office of churchwarden, while the two sub-officers, termed sidesmen, perform all the duties of the office.' 'Sidesmen' are not confined to parishes occidental or aristocratic; nor do they ever perform, there or elsewhere, the duties of churchwardens. They generally succeed to the office of churchwarden, as in certain corporations the aldermen become mayors, the assistants become deans, and the deans successively merge into president. But the sidesmen, or sidemen, are the 'synod-men,'—'if any be of custom,'—they are assistants to the churchwardens, and afford a curious testimony, by the presentations required of them, that episcopal visitations are still theoretically Diocesan Synods,

and include something more deliberative and fraternal than the mere quadriennial Charge into which these occasions of counsel and advice have practically fallen.

In a recent notice of Mr. E. A. Freeman's valuable work on Llandaff Cathedral, we inadvertently and incorrectly stated 'that the ground plan had no scale,' and that 'we could find no measurement in the volume.' In the plates opposite pp. 27, 28, 50, both scale and measurements are given. We can only apologize, not attempting to account, for our error.

We have received from Dr. Burnett a thoughtful volume, 'The Philosophy of Spirit,' (Highley.) The author, dissatisfied with the coarse definition of spirit as 'imponderable matter,' which has received undue currency in the sceptical schools of recent physicists—a definition which, in fact, besides being ambiguous, tells nothing—investigates the nature of spirit itself. He assigns to entity two forms, the material and immaterial. Immaterial entity he divides into its phenomena, such as light, electricity, motion, life, &c. Hence he shows the existence of spirits different in kind and degree, which kinds are analysed. Substantially there is nothing to object to in this theory; but surely 'phenomena' is not the term for these various orders and kinds of spirit. The old term, in its old sense, *form*, would be more adequate.

Mr. E. S. Kennedy's 'Thoughts on Being,' (Longman,) are chiefly important to ourselves in their theological—apart from their metaphysical—aspect. Without adverting to his ancient antecessor, Mr. Kennedy does little more than revive the teaching of Origen, both as to the eternal preexistence of all spiritual natures, including the human soul, and as to the merely remedial nature of punishment, or 'probation,' after death. The old Alexandrian speculations on the resurrection of the body are also reproduced by this writer.

'Ann Ash,' (J. H. Parker,) is a pretty little story, even an affecting one. The closing scene has one palpable deficiency, significant enough. Here is a pattern Christian dying in a pattern way: she is daily visited in her last illness by an exemplary clergyman; his pious conversation, his reading and prayers are faithfully recorded; the last scene is minutely drawn,—but not a hint of the Christian's *viaticum.*

Dr. Whewell has added another to the services with which he assists the Cambridge study of moral science, by a reprint, accompanied with an English synopsis, of Sanderson's famous lectures, 'De Obligatione Conscientiæ,' (J. W. Parker.)

Archbishop Whately is said to be the author of two little volumes of Lectures, 'Scripture Revelations respecting Angels,' and 'On the Apostles,' (J. W. Parker.) They are addressed to the parishioners of Halesworth. In vigour, and precision, and life, they maintain their writer's reputation for style, while for practical and religious purposes they far exceed anything which we remember from the same pen.

We have just received from Dr. Jarvis, the admired American divine, the first volume of his Church History, 'The Church of the Redeemed,'

(Boston, Simpson; London, Cleaver.) This volume takes in the range from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. As far as we are at present enabled to judge, it is highly creditable to the learned author's research and industry. Our daughter Church is, we are glad to hope, acquiring sufficient consistency and calm, not only to produce but to value other such contributions as those of Dr. Jarvis to the old-fashioned stores of sound learning. We hope to be enabled to take up the general subject of Scripture chronology, not forgetting Dr. Jarvis' Introductory Volume, which has been for some time before the public.—It is with great regret we notice the death of Dr. Ogilby: one well-known, and wherever known loved, among ourselves. His attainments were of a high rank: and his character singularly attractive.

We have a high respect for Mr. Ruskin. In his own line of criticism and taste he stands without a rival; and there is so much earnestness and truth, as well as grace, about all that he has hitherto produced, that we are loth to express exactly what we feel about his present pamphlet on Church matters, published under the affected title of 'Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,' (Smith and Elder.) Its ignorance is a little surpassed by its insolence—its faults of principle are about equal to its faults in style: and in grateful sympathy with the writer's well-earned reputation, we can only say that, for himself, the sooner this *escapade* is forgotten the better.

That curious document, the Circular of the National Club, did what it never intended, good service to the Church, when it brought out from Mr. Colin Lindsay his 'Letter to the Duke of Manchester,' &c. (Masters.) This 'defence of the orthodox party' is able and full, and does the writer—a layman of promise—considerable credit. But this is a question not very likely to be settled either by argument or law. They to whom the first appeal is urged consider themselves trustees of the popular will rather than guardians of the Church's law. Liberalism has always its spice of tyranny; and we may expect to see a combination which failed to unite in defence of the Church's doctrine, significantly unanimous against the Church's discipline. What we have to guard against is that vice of the times which, afraid to appeal to true power, appeals to *quasi* authority; which, in the case of a Cabinet Minister, hectors through the penny post and falters in Parliament; which, in other quarters, is scared at the notion of a provincial synod, but rejoices in 'a meeting of the Bishops now in London.' Now, a Bishop's business in matters of law is not deliberative, but simply executive. He has not to make the law, nor to pronounce moral disquisitions about it, nor to suggest modes of evading it, nor to complain that it is not a popular law. It is law—law for him to administer; not to make suggestions and recommendations about it. It is to reduce the matter to a patent absurdity to be asked to believe, for example, that there are lodged in each of our twenty-eight English Bishops—to say nothing of the twelve Irish and twenty-five Colonial Prelates—sixty-five independent standards of infallibility, by virtue of which each may singly, upon the plea of pledged canonical obedience, claim of his Clergy to accept without murmur or legal remedy, the Bishop's own private unproved presumption of what the law of the Church of England is; either in doctrine—and of this we are

reminded by the painful 'Statement of the Clergy of S. Saviour's, Leeds,' (Leeds: Morrish,)—or in ritual and the ordering of services, as we are still more grievously put in mind by Mr. Bennett's affecting 'Farewell Letter to his Parishioners,' (Cleaver.) This we say is, as a legal position, simply untenable; something worse it is morally, remembering from whom this claim to infallibility is likely to proceed. To deny the infallibility of the Church Catholic—of Œcumenical Councils—of uninterrupted and consentient tradition—and, with the same breath, to exercise it individually, *proprio motu*, in a study at Lambeth, requires only to be fairly looked in the face. Such a claim we do not expect to see explicitly advanced; it will come in a more subtle and dangerous guise; it will be more ensnaring to conscience, and more harassing to principle, to be called upon to stand out against an implied Episcopal *consensus*—against a suggested voice of the Church, and against un-authoritative authority, and extra-judicial judgment—than against a plain and manifest infringement of law. And the danger is proportionate to the vagueness of the claim. The most vicious of all law proceedings is that pseudo-legislation, which, under the popular show of deliberating and deciding, puts forth documents which are valueless and useless in law. If the official is precluded from administering the law—or if there is no law to administer—or if the case is not one amenable to law, it is undignified in the judge to write a pamphlet, or make a speech about the case, and then suggest, even though he should not assert, that this shall be taken for the judgment of the Court.

In connexion with this important subject, most of our readers have perused the able 'Letters of D. C. L. from the Morning Chronicle,' (Ridgway.) They are just what the occasion requires—pointed, neat, epigrammatic, and condensed. *Letters* they are not; and we think it a literary mistake to couch many of the current essays and observations of the day in the unsuitable form of letters. Letters should be addressed to an individual; to be hortatory or invective is their function. A letter does not become such by merely putting 'Sir,' and 'Truly yours,' at the head and tail of an Essay. The Letters of Junius, to which it is the fashion to compare D. C. L., are superior to the present series in this only—that they answer to the epistolary idea. Junius is bitter, malignant, personal; and his telling part is the *tutoyer*. D. C. L. is picturesque, rapid, and close; his heart and nervous system are engaged as well as his pen; and in the way of easy illustration, pointed allusion and grasp of subject, as well as in principle, these compositions deserve, what they will secure, a more permanent hold upon the mind than they could maintain in the columns of what is now the ablest of the daily newspapers.

Of a better omen is the 'Correspondence between the Bishop of Chichester and Mr. Henry Newland, with a reference to the Churchwardens' Memorial, &c.' (Masters.)

To Mr. Gresley, always 'good at need,' we have to return thanks for 'A Word,' and 'A Second Word' of 'Remonstrance' with the Evangelicals, (Masters.)—Of a higher range, and of a severer cast, is the same writer's forcible 'Letter to the Dean of Bristol,' (Masters.)

The papal aggression storm has blown over: there is a good deal of what is turbid and unseemly left; but in all that one sees of the popular mind, there is less chalk and more charity. The most remarkable pamphlet on the subject is Mr. Welby Pugin's 'Earnest Address on the Establishment of the Hierarchy,' (Dolman.) We cannot afford to sneer at the dissensions of other communities; but certainly a religious body which embraces Lords Beaumont and Shrewsbury, Mr. Anstey and Mr. Ward, Mr. Tierney and Father Ignatius, Drs. Rock and Newman, Fathers Prout and Faber, must have as much difficulty in dressing its ranks as we have to compel Lord Ashley to keep any other step with his religious comrades, than that solo at drill commonly called the 'goose-step.' Mr. Pugin has an awkward knack of saying the most inconvenient things in a quiet quaint off-hand way, at which his co-religionists can hardly know whether to laugh or to wince. There is almost a grotesque air in his way of putting things, that, were we not aware of his undeniable earnestness, might make us doubtful of his purpose. But there is a plain wild force and freshness in his views which is very telling. It is not so much in the facts, but in the way, and quarter, in which they are put. Thus, it must be strange to a Roman Catholic to be reminded by a Roman Catholic that Fisher's 'accusers are 'Catholics, his jury are Catholics, his executioner a Catholic, and the bells 'are ringing for high mass at S. Paul's, as an aged Bishop ascends the scaffold 'and receives the martyr's crown,' (p. 3.) Mr. Pugin assumes, of course, that the Reformation was a very bad thing; but he puts it, to say the least, in an uncommon light, when with very great truth he reminds, not us, but others, that all the ruin, and plunder, and sacrilege connected with it, 'was brought about before a single professed Protestant appeared on the scene,' (p. 4;) that 'the spoiler of Lincoln's glorious church was the Catholic Archdeacon, Dr. Heneage,' (ibid.;) and that 'the shrine of S. Thomas was plundered while the canons sang mass in the choir,' (ibid.) The restoration under Queen Mary Mr. Pugin views merely as a continuation of the principle—accidentally only taking a Catholic direction—of the religious power of the Regale. As to the Post-Reformation Anglican Bishops, Mr. Pugin is not disposed to ignore their 'zeal of the olden time,' their many noble foundations and works of charity and piety, and contrasts at a very visible premium the 'names of Hacket and Cosin' with the seventeenth century Prince-bishops of Liege and Germany. Then, about the melancholy farce of the *congé d'élire* acted in the Anglican Chapter-Houses: 'a monstrous impious proceeding,' (says Mr. Pugin,) 'and yet 'this was practised in old Catholic times, with only this difference, that the 'Pope had a veto on the election. But there was just as little freedom of 'voting; and it is sickening to reflect that reverend-looking men, in splendid 'copes, have performed this farce beneath the fretted vaults of the glorious 'old chapter-house, just the same as their surpliced successors,' (p. 14.) Finally, by way of showing at what results the unabated genius of a religious system—and this not the Anglican—has, as an historical fact, arrived, he tells us of France, that 'exclusively Catholic country,' where 'every one went to mass,' and 'where no Protestants were to be seen or heard,' but where a 'consuming fire of unbelief, concealed under a green sur-'face, was rapidly gaining ground; and in an incredibly brief space this

'exclusively Catholic country publicly denies—the very existence of a 'God,' (p. 29.) Mr. Pugin is, under one aspect, the most important writer whom the Papal Aggression has brought out.

We look upon the 'Rev. Edward Edwards, Rector of Penegoes,' with a sort of reverential curiosity. His appearance is as that of a Megalonyx, or Pterodactyle, or any other extinct fossil anomaly. His habits and habitat alike challenge a severe inquiry: it is only by faint and broken analogies that we can trace such an old-world type. His aspect is pre-adamite. As Mr. Edwards does not 'object to a little pleasantry, even on serious subjects,' (p. 3,) he will not grudge us the rare luxury of a smile, when we recognise in him the solitary living example of an extinct organization. Mr. Edwards, in his 'Letter to the London Union on Church Matters,' (Hatchard,) assures us of the existence of a compact body of Churchmen—whose project, however, was abandoned shortly before the appearance of the first Tract for the Times, (p. 14,)—who were really doing all the Church's work, refuting enemies, collecting defences, building schools and churches, and so on, whose efforts and successes were marred by the rise and progress of Tractarianism. They had been at work, and were 'rapidly progressing in the Church LONG before the Tracts made their appearance,' (p. 15.) We have often heard of this Sacred Band, as we have met with vague declamations and vaticinations about what England might have been had it not been for the Norman invasion. We cannot contradict the estimate which such as Mr. Edwards or Mr. William Palmer form of their own possible achievements; there is no arguing with those who, in the calm solid certainty of the past, still stand stoutly on the evanescent participle future in *rus*. We can, in the case of the coming man who did everything but come, only take refuge in probabilities: the εἰκότα, at least, are left, by which history may pronounce on the dynasty which never reigned. And judging from his present performance, we should not say that Mr. Edwards was likely with a fair field, unsullied by the Tractarian dragon's teeth, to have 'fulmined o'er Greece, and shook the arsenal.' However, we leave Mr. Edwards in the full enjoyment of his own retrospective glances at that happy futurity which was never to be: the history of events that have not yet happened is a fertile theme for imagination—not a barren one for self-complacency.

The celebrated 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte,' has been appropriately followed up by 'Historic Certainties respecting the Early History of America,' (J. W. Parker,)—a title, by the way, scarcely answering to the contents, which are chiefly concerned with the affairs of Europe. We are not aware whether these two works are attributable to the same clear-headed and remarkable writer; but the recent publication is quite worthy to stand by its well-known predecessor. The principle of refutation which, with so much depth and force, as well as wit, Dr. Whately applied nearly thirty years ago to 'Hume's Theory of Miracles,' is now used as a test of the critical system of Dr. Strauss and the recent 'History of the Jewish Monarchy,' of Mr. Francis Newman, and this with complete success. The only crudity is the adoption of the clumsy device—Swift's, if we remember right—which inverts the names of places and persons: thus, 'Ecnarf,' for France, is just tolerable; but 'Nedews,' 'Rednaxela, ruler of Aissur,' and 'Votalp, one of the captains of his host,'

could not be much more hideous in pure Sclavonic itself. We may mention that the ninth Edition of the 'Historic Doubts' has a clever expansion of the sceptical theory to the existing state of France under the President.

If you ask a dealer in old books whether his trade has suffered any remarkable change during the last fifteen years, he will tell you that it has suffered a most remarkable one, with respect to a class of books which used to be the drugs of his back-shop, and his horror when he bought an *emigré* priest's library in the gross, but which he now finds *literally* worth their weight in silver,—the rituals and ritualists of the unreformed Western Church. We are led into this train of thought on seeing before us in a row two editions of the 'Hymns of the Old English Church,' bearing date 1850 or 1851, and a third brochure, which professes to be their translation. We are in more ways than one glad at the spectacle; not only does it show that the Church of England has an authoritative psalmody of rather more ancient date, and rather more universal authority, than the most enthusiastic devotees of Tate's and Brady's Lyrics, or the most orthodoxly high and dry patrons of the dissenter Watts's strains, can claim for the objects of their admiration, but it also proves to certain friends of our own that there is an antique and a national mine of catholicity in which it is open to them to dig for the sustenance of their devotion. The first of these, one of the neat and creditable publications which emanate from Mr. Masson's active press at Littlemore, comprises, without any attempt at critical acumen, but in a very portable shape for practical use, the entire hymns of the Sarum Breviary, with those in the York one, and the summer portion of that of Hereford, where they differ, added. The second is a work of a higher literary character, being a critical edition of the 'Hymnarium Sarisburiense,' (Darling,) formed upon a collation of thirty-two MSS. The different readings are all given, and the hymns of the Canterbury, York, Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and other English uses, subjoined at their proper places, in a smaller type. We wish every success to a publication so laborious, and in every respect so interesting. At present the first volume only, comprising those in the Ordinarium and the Proprium de Tempore, has appeared. The third of our group, 'Hymns of the old Catholic Church of England,' edited by Dr. Paul Boetticher, (Halle, 1851,) is an undeniably curious production. It is, in the first place, curious that a German should think of translating the hymns of the old Catholic Church of England into English; and it is in the second place curious that he should fulfil his promise by translating those he found in modern Roman books of devotion. In plain words, the title is a catchpenny; but the wine within needed no such a bush. Where could we find such a translation of the first verse of the Veni Creator as—

> 'Spirit creator of mankind,
> visit every pious mind,
> and sweetly let thy grace invade
> such hearts, o lord, as thou hast made?'

Really, we must introduce Dr. Paul Boetticher to the Protestant Defence Committee, to help them in remodelling our Ordinal; or perhaps he might be acceptable in regulating the vernacular services at the Oratory of S. Philip Neri.

Mr. S. Robins' 'Argument for the Royal Supremacy,' (Pickering,) is written with moderation, and shows diligence and reading. He seems, however, to have made the mistake which he at times imputes to his opponents, of making the precedents and arguments of one time apply without qualification to the circumstances of another. The question is a practical one; and to tie ourselves up by the events and results of former times is as unpractical a way of meeting it as to pass them over without notice. The Civil power has had influence and restraint on the Church at most times, but in varying measures at varying times. The real question for us to consider now, is, what is the measure suitable to the special circumstances of our own time. Our times are plainly different, politically and otherwise, from the time of Charles I., Henry VIII., Theodosius, and Constantine. People who on broad grounds of theory make the Supremacy fatal to the catholicity of the English Church, may do what they can with the instances of State interference dwelt upon by Mr. Robins. They dispose of the assertion that such supremacy was never tolerated in Catholic times. But they certainly do not prove that what was safe and wise then is safe or wise now; or that what, after all, was a compromise between rival influences adapted for one set of circumstances, requires no alteration in its terms, or in its practical working, to make it satisfactory, when a confessedly new set of circumstances have appeared. His arguments to show that the present state of the compromise *is* a satisfactory one, have, to our minds, neither novelty nor persuasiveness.

Two Letters, exhibiting depth of feeling and vigour of principle on the 'Embarrassment of the Clergy in the matter of Church Discipline,' (Boswell,) have been reprinted from the Morning Post. The writer, 'Presbyter Anglicanus—and he appears to be speaking from experience—warns the Bishops that the existing state of things is not only harassing and perplexing, but intolerable—that the machine will not work—that a general disorganization is all but present. And he calls upon the Bishops to speak: at the same time reminding them that when they 'meet in voluntary council, they ought to have been meeting in Synod, and that they '*alone* are resolving points on which it is the province of the entire Church 'to speak,' (p. 11.) We cannot, with the amiable writer, see the use of asking for authority, which at the same breath we admit to be of no force except as private opinion.

[NOTE ON ARTICLE ON ORATORIANISM, &c. p. 154.]—Mr. Pugin has begged us to explain that when, in our article on Oratorianism and Ecclesiology, in our last number, we stated that he was a convert from a merely nominal Anglicanism, we were in error. He informs us that he was distinctly what is now comprehended by the term Anglican before he joined the Roman Church. He cannot expect us to approve of the latter step; but we have in another place borne testimony to the very warm manner in which he expressed himself in the communication about the Catholic characteristics of our Communion, so different from the language too common among the 'converts.' It should never be forgotten that a 'secession' made before the great 'renewal' among us, stands on a very different ground, both morally and intellectually, from that of those which have more recently taken place.

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